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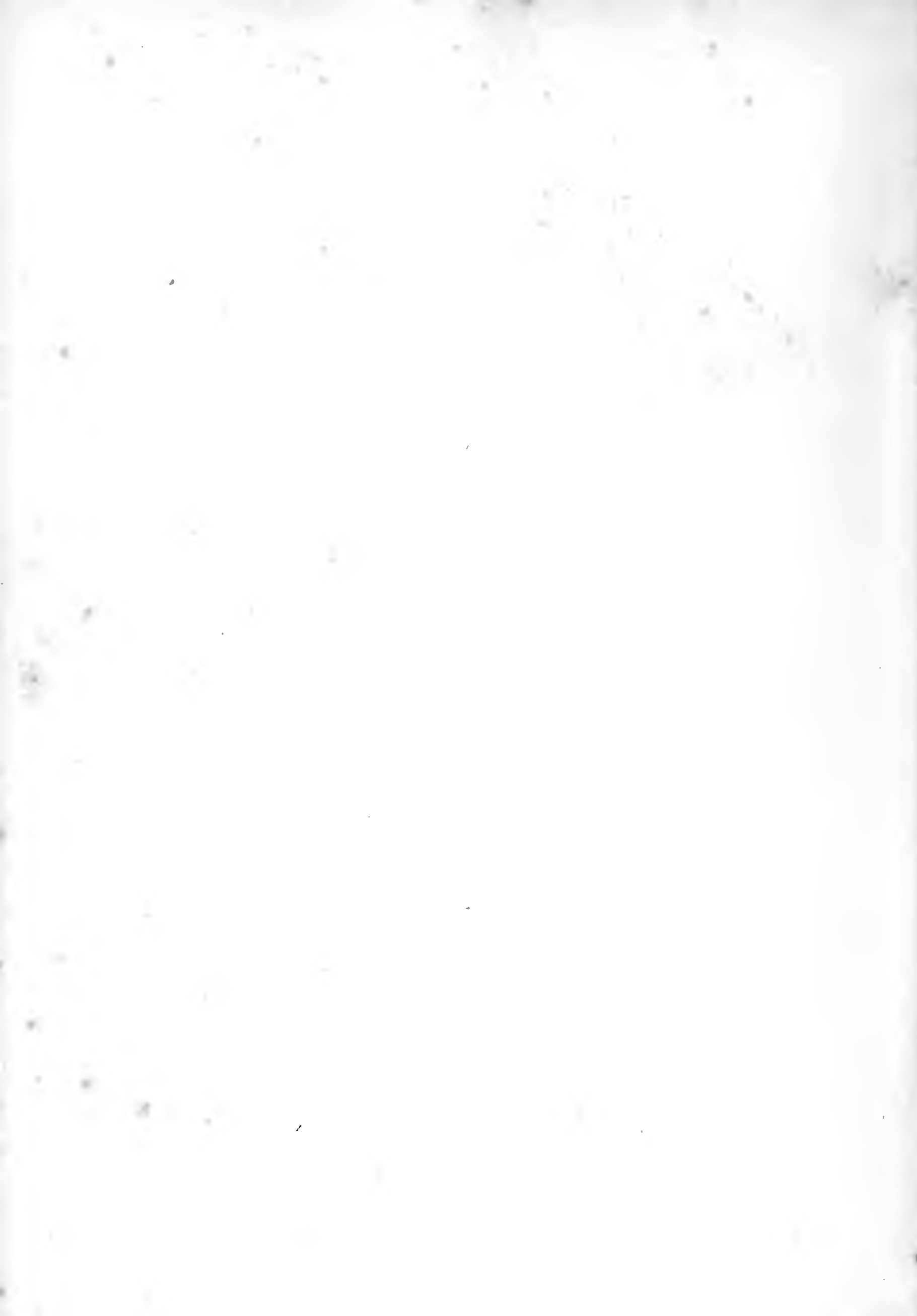
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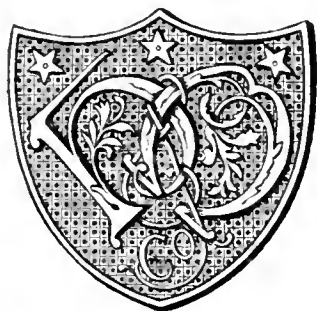




THE  
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH  
POPULAR BALLADS

EDITED BY  
FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

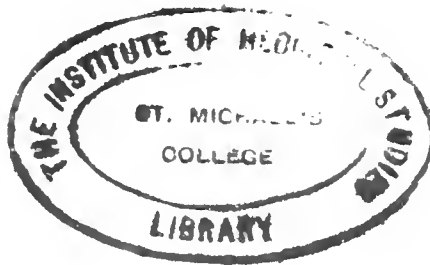
PART I



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To  
*FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, ESQ.,*  
OF LONDON.

*MY DEAR FURNIVALL:*

*Without the Percy MS. no one would pretend to make a collection of the English Ballads, and but for you that manuscript would still, I think, be beyond reach of man, yet exposed to destructive chances. Through your exertions and personal sacrifices, directly, the famous and precious folio has been printed; and, indirectly, in consequence of the same, it has been transferred to a place where it is safe, and open to inspection. This is only one of a hundred reasons which I have for asking you to accept the dedication of this book from*

*Your grateful friend and fellow-student,*

*F. J. CHILD.*

*Cambridge, Mass., December 1, 1882.*





## ADVERTISEMENT

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IT was my wish not to begin to print 'The English and Scottish Popular Ballads' until this unrestricted title should be justified by my having at command every valuable copy of every known ballad. A continuous effort to accomplish this object has been making for some nine or ten years, and many have joined in it. By correspondence, and by an extensive diffusion of printed circulars, I have tried to stimulate collection from tradition in Scotland, Canada, and the United States, and no becoming means has been left unemployed to obtain possession of unsunned treasures locked up in writing. The gathering from tradition has been, as ought perhaps to have been foreseen at this late day, meagre, and generally of indifferent quality. Materials in the hands of former editors have, in some cases, been lost beyond recovery, and very probably have lighted fires, like that large cantle of the Percy manuscript, *maxime deflendus*! Access to several manuscript collections has not yet been secured. But what is still lacking is believed to bear no great proportion to what is in hand, and may soon come in, besides: meanwhile, the uncertainties of the world forbid a longer delay to publish so much as has been got together.

Of hitherto unused materials, much the most important is a large collection of ballads made by Motherwell. For leave to take a copy of this I am deeply indebted to the present possessor, Mr Malcolm Colquhoun Thomson,\* of Glasgow, who even allowed the manuscript to be sent to London, and to be retained several months, for my accommodation. Mr J. Wylie Guild, of Glasgow, also permitted the use of a note-book of Motherwell's which supplements the great manuscript, and this my unwearied friend, Mr James Barclay Murdoch, to whose solicitation I owe both, himself transcribed with the most scrupulous accuracy. No other good office, asked or unasked, has Mr. Murdoch spared.

Next in extent to the Motherwell collections come those of the late Mr Kinloch. These he

freely placed at my disposal, and Mr William Macmath, of Edinburgh, made during Mr Kinloch's life an exquisite copy of the larger part of them, enriched with notes from Mr Kinloch's papers, and sent it to me across the water. After Mr Kinloch's death his collections were acquired by Harvard College Library, still through the agency of Mr Macmath, who has from the beginning rendered a highly valued assistance, not less by his suggestions and communications than by his zealous mediation.

No Scottish ballads are superior in kind to those recited in the last century by Mrs Brown, of Falkland. Of these there are, or were, three sets. One formerly owned by Robert Jamieson, the fullest of the three, was lent me, to keep as long as I required, by my honored friend the late Mr David Laing, who also secured for me copies of several ballads of Mrs Brown which are found in an Abbotsford manuscript, and gave me a transcript of the Glenriddell manuscript. The two others were written down for William Tytler and Alexander Fraser Tytler respectively, the former of these consisting of a portion of the Jamieson texts revised. These having for some time been lost sight of, Miss Mary Fraser Tytler, with a graciousness which I have reason to believe hereditary in the name, made search for them, recovered the one which had been obtained by Lord Woodhouselee, and copied it for me with her own hand. The same lady furnished me with another collection which had been made by a member of the family.

For later transcriptions from Scottish tradition I am indebted to Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay, whose edition and rendering of the racy West Highland Tales is marked by the rarest appreciation of the popular genius; to Mrs A. F. Murison, formerly of Old Deer, who undertook a quest for ballads in her native place on my behalf; to Mr Alexander Laing, of Newburgh-upon-Tay; to Mr James Gibb, of Joppa, who has given me a full score; to Mr David Loudon, of Morham, Haddington; to the

late Dr John Hill Burton and Miss Ella Burton; to Dr Thomas Davidson.

The late Mr Robert White, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, allowed me to look through his collections in 1873, and subsequently made me a copy of such things as I needed, and his ready kindness has been continued by Mrs Andrews, his sister, and by Miss Andrews, his niece, who has taken a great deal of trouble on my account.

In the south of the mother-island my reliance has, of necessity, been chiefly upon libraries. The British Museum possesses, besides early copies of some of the older ballads, the Percy MS., Herd's MSS and Buchan's, and the Roxburgh broadsides. The library of the University of Cambridge affords one or two things of first-rate importance, and for these I am beholden to the accomplished librarian, Mr Henry Bradshaw, and to Professor Skeat. I have also to thank the Rev. F. Gunton, Dean, and the other authorities of Magdalene College, Cambridge, for permitting collations of Pepys ballads, most obligingly made for me by Mr Arthur S. B. Miller. Many things were required from the Bodleian library, and these were looked out for me, and scrupulously copied or collated, by Mr George Parker.

Texts of traditional ballads have been communicated to me in America by Mr W. W. Newell, of New York, who is soon to give us an interesting collection of Children's Games traditional in America; by Dr Huntington, Bishop of Central New York; Mr G. C. Mahon, of Ann Arbor, Michigan; Miss Margaret Reburn, of New Albion, Iowa; Miss Perine, of Baltimore; Mrs Augustus Lowell, Mrs L. F. Wesselhoef, Mrs Edward Atkinson, of Boston; Mrs Cushing, of Cambridge; Miss Ellen Marston, of New Bedford; Mrs Monerieff, of London, Ontario.

Acknowledgments not well despatched in a phrase are due to many others who have promoted my objects: to Mr Furnivall, for doing for me everything which I could have done for myself had I lived in England; to that master of old songs and music, Mr William Chappell, very specially; to Mr J. Payne Collier; Mr Norval Clyne, of Aberdeen; Mr Alexander Young, of Glasgow; Mr Arthur Lauren-

son, of Lerwick, Shetland; Mr J. Burrell Curtis, of Edinburgh; Dr Vigfusson, of Oxford; Professor Edward Arber, of Birmingham; the Rev. J. Percival, Mr Francis Fry, Mr J. F. Nicholls, of Bristol; Professor George Stephens, of Copenhagen; Mr R. Bergström, of the Royal Library, Stockholm; Mr W. R. S. Ralston, Mr William Henry Husk, Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, Mr A. F. Muri-son, of London; Professor Sophocles; Mr W. G. Medlicott, of Longmeadow; to Mr M. Heilprin, of New York, Mme de Maltehyecé, of Boston, and Rabbi Dr Cohn, for indispensable translations from Polish and Hungarian; to Mr James Russell Lowell, Minister of the United States at London; to Professor Charles Eliot Norton, for such "pains and benefits" as I could ask only of a life-long friend.

In the editing of these ballads I have closely followed the plan of Grundtvig's Old Popular Ballads of Denmark, a work which will be prized highest by those who have used it most, and which leaves nothing to be desired but its completion. The author is as much at home in English as in Danish tradition, and whenever he takes up a ballad which is common to both nations nothing remains to be done but to supply what has come to light since the time of his writing. But besides the assistance which I have derived from his book, I have enjoyed the advantage of Professor Grundtvig's criticism and advice, and have received from him unprinted Danish texts, and other aid in many ways.

Such further explanations as to the plan and conduct of the work as may be desirable can be more conveniently given by and by. I may say here that textual points which may seem to be neglected will be considered in an intended Glossary, with which will be given a full account of Sources, and such indexes of Titles and Matters as will make it easy to find everything that the book may contain.

With renewed thanks to all helpers, and helpers' helpers, I would invoke the largest coöperation for the correction of errors and the supplying of deficiencies. To forestall a misunderstanding which has often occurred, I beg to say that every traditional version of a popular ballad is desired, no matter how many texts of the same may have been printed already.

F. J. CHILD.

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## RIDDLES WISELY EXPOUNDED

**A. a.** 'A Noble Riddle Wisely Expounded; or, The Maid's Answer to the Knight's Three Questions,' 4to, Rawlinson, 566, fol. 193, Bodleian Library; Wood, E. 25, fol. 15, Bod. Lib. **b.** Pepys, III, 19, No 17, Magdalen College, Cambridge. **c.** Douce, II, fol. 168 b, Bod. Lib. **d.** 'A Riddle Wittily Expounded,' Pills to Purge Melancholy, IV, 129, ed. 1719. "II, 129, ed. 1712."

**B.** 'The Three Sisters.' Some Ancient Christmas Carols . . . together with two Ancient Ballads, etc. By Davies Gilbert, 2d ed., p. 65.

**C.** 'The Unco Knight's Wowing,' Motherwell's MS., p. 647.

**D.** Motherwell's MS., p. 142.

THE four copies of **A** differ but very slightly: **a**, **b**, **c** are broadsides, and **d** is evidently of that derivation. **a** and **b** are of the 17th century. There is another broadside in the Euing collection, formerly Halliwell's, No 253. The version in The Borderer's Table Book, VII, 83, was compounded by Dixon from others previously printed.

Riddles, as is well known, play an important part in popular story, and that from very remote times. No one needs to be reminded of Samson, Œdipus, Apollonius of Tyre. Riddle-tales, which, if not so old as the oldest of these, may be carried in all likelihood some centuries beyond our era, still live in Asiatic and European tradition, and have their representatives in popular ballads. The largest class of these tales is that in which one party has to guess another's riddles, or two rivals compete in giving or guessing, under penalty in either instance of forfeiting life or some other heavy wager; an example of which is the English ballad, modern in form, of 'King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.' In a second class, a suitor can win a lady's hand only by guessing riddles, as in our 'Captain Wedderburn's Courtship' and 'Proud Lady Margaret.' There is sometimes a penalty of loss of life for the unsuccessful, but not in these ballads. Thirdly, there is the tale (perhaps an offshoot of an early form of the first)

of The Clever Lass, who wins a husband, and sometimes a crown, by guessing riddles, solving difficult but practicable problems, or matching and evading impossibilities; and of this class versions **A** and **B** of the present ballad and **A-H** of the following are specimens.

Ballads like our 1, **A**, **B**, 2, **A-H**, are very common in German. Of the former variety are the following:

**A.** 'Räthsellied,' Büsching, Wöchentliche Nachrichten, I, 65, from the neighborhood of Stuttgart. The same, Erlach, III, 37; Wunderhorn, IV, 139; Liederhort, p. 338, No 153; Erk u. Irmer, H. 5, p. 32, No 29; Mittler, No 1307 (omits the last stanza); Zuccalmaglio, II, 574, No 317 [with change in st. 11]. A knight meets a maid on the road, dismounts, and says, "I will ask you a riddle; if you guess it, you shall be my wife." She answers, "Your riddle shall soon be guessed; I will do my best to be your wife;" guesses eight pairs of riddles, is taken up behind him, and they ride off. **B.** 'Räthsel um Räthsel,' Wunderhorn, II, 407 [429, 418] = Erlach, I, 439. Zuccalmaglio, II, 572, No 316, rearranges, but adds nothing. Mittler, No 1306, inserts three stanzas (7, 9, 10). This version begins: "Maid, I will give you some riddles, and if you guess them will marry you." There are seven pairs, and, these guessed, the man says, "I can't give you riddles; let's marry;" to

which she gives no coy assent: but this conclusion is said not to be genuine (Liederhort, p. 341, note). **C.** 'Räthsellied,' Erk, Neue Sammlung, Heft 3, p. 64, No 57, and Liederhort, 340, No 153<sup>a</sup>, two Brandenburg versions, nearly agreeing, one with six, the other with five, pairs of riddles. A proper conclusion not having been obtained, the former was completed by the two last stanzas of **B**, which are suspicious. **C** begins like **B**. **D.** 'Räthselfragen,' Peter, Volksthümliches aus Österreichisch-Schlesien, I, 272, No 83. A knight rides by where two maids are sitting, one of whom salutes him, the other not. He says to the former, "I will put you three questions, and if you can answer them will marry you." He asks three, then six more, then three, and then two, and, all being answered, bids her, since she is so witty, build a house on a needle's point, and put in as many windows as there are stars in the sky; which she parries with, "When all streams flow together, and all trees shall fruit, and all thorns bear roses, then come for your answer." **E.** 'Räthsellied,' Tschischka u. Schottky, Oesterreichische Volkslieder, 2d ed., p. 28, begins like **B**, **C**, has only three pairs of riddles, and ends with the same task of building a house on a needle's point. **F.** 'Räthsellied,' Hocker, Volkslieder von der Mosel, in Wolf's Zeits. für deutsche Myth., I, 251, from Trier, begins with the usual promise, has five pairs of riddles, and no conclusion. **G.** 'Räthsel,' Dittfurth, Fränkische V. L., II, 110, No 146, has the same beginning, six pairs of riddles, and no conclusion.

\* **D** 4, What is green as clover? What is white as milk? comes near to English **A** 15, **C** 13, **D** 5, What is greener than grass? **C** 11, **D** 2, What is whiter than milk? We have again, What is greener than grass? in 'Capt. Wedderburn's Courtship,' **A** 12; What is whiter than snow? What is greener than clover? in 'Räthselfragen,' Firmenich, Germaniens Völkerstimmen, III, 634; in 'Kranzungen,' Erk's Liederhort, p. 342, 3; 'Traugemundslid,' 11; 'Ein Spiel von den Freiheit,' Fastnachtspiele aus dem 15n Jahrhundert, II, 555; Altdutsche Wälder, III, 138. So, What is whiter than a swan? in many of the versions of Svend Vonved, Grundvig, III, 786; IV, 742-3-7-8; Afzelius, II, 139, etc.; and Sin is blacker than a sloe, or coal (cf. **C** 15, Sin is heavier nor the lead), Grundvig, I, 240, 247; IV, 748, 9; Afzelius, II, 139. The road without dust and the tree without leaves are in 'Ein Spiel von den Freiheit,' p. 557; and in Meier, Deutsche Kinderreime, p. 84, no doubt

Some of the riddles occur in nearly all the versions, some in only one or two, and there is now and then a variation also in the answers. Those which are most frequent are:

Which is the maid without a tress? **A-D, G.**

And which is the tower without a crest? **A-D, F, G.**

(Maid-child in the cradle; tower of Babel.)

Which is the water without any sand? **A, B, C, F, G.**

And which is the king without any land? **A, B, C, F, G.**

(Water in the eyes; king in eards.)

Where is no dust in all the road? **A-G.**

Where is no leaf in all the wood? **A-G.**

(The milky way, or a river; a fir-wood.)

Which is the fire that never burnt? **A, C-G.**

And which is the sword without a point? **C-G.**

(A painted fire; a broken sword.)

Which is the house without a mouse? **C-G.**

Which is the beggar without a louse? **C-G.**

(A snail's house; a painted beggar.)\*

A ballad translated in Ralston's Songs of the Russian People, p. 356, from Buslaef's Historical Sketches of National Literature and Art, I, 31, resembles very closely German **A**. A merchant's son drives by a garden where a girl is gathering flowers. He salutes her; she returns her thanks. Then the ballad proceeds:

'Shall I ask thee riddles, beauteous maiden?

Six wise riddles shall I ask thee?'

'Ask them, ask them, merchant's son,

Prithee ask the six wise riddles.'

'Well then, maiden, what is higher than the forest?

Also, what is brighter than the light?

a fragment of a ballad, as also the verses in Firmenich. The question in German, **A** 4, Welches ist das trefflichste Holz? (die Rebe) is in the Anglo-Saxon prose Salomon and Saturn: Kemble, Sal. and Sat. 188, No 40; 204; see also 287, 10. Riddle verses with little or no story (sometimes fragments of ballads like **D**) are frequent. The Traugemundslid, Uhland, I, 3, and the Spiel von den Freiheit, Fastnachtspiele, II, 553, have only as much story as will serve as an excuse for long strings of riddles. Shorter pieces of the kind are (Italian) Kaden, Italiens Wunderhern, p. 14; (Servian) 'The Maid and the Fish,' Vuk, I, 196, No 285, Talyj, II, 176, Goetze, Serbische V. L., p. 75, Bowring, Servian Popular Poetry, p. 184; (Polish) Wojciecki, I, 203; (Wendish) Haupt and Schmalzer, I, 177, No 150, II, 69, No 74; (Russian) Wenzig, Bibliothek Slav. Poesie, p. 174; (Esthonian) Neus, Ehstnische V. L., 390 ff, and Fosterländskt Album, I, 13, Prior, Ancient Danish Ballads, II, 341.



Also, maiden, what is thicker than the forest?  
 Also, maiden, what is there that's rootless?  
 Also, maiden, what is never silent?  
 Also, what is there past finding out?  
 'I will answer, merchant's son, will answer,  
 All the six wise riddles will I answer.  
 Higher than the forest is the moon;  
 Brighter than the light the ruddy sun;  
 Thicker than the forest are the stars;  
 Rootless is, O merchant's son, a stone;  
 Never silent, merchant's son, the sea;  
 And God's will is past all finding out.'  
 'Thou hast guessed, O maiden fair, guessed rightly,  
 All the six wise riddles hast thou answered;  
 Therefore now to me shalt thou be wedded,  
 Therefore, maiden, shalt thou be the merchant's  
 wife.' \*

Among the Gaels, both Scotch and Irish, a ballad of the same description is extremely well known. Apparently only the questions are preserved in verse, and the connection with the story made by a prose comment. Of these questions there is an Irish form, dated 1738, which purports to be copied from a manuscript of the twelfth century. Fionn would marry no lady whom he could pose. Graidhne, "daughter of the king of the fifth of Ullin," answered everything he asked, and became his wife. Altogether there are

thirty-two questions in the several versions. Among them are: What is blacker than the raven? (There is death.) What is whiter than the snow? (There is the truth.) 'Fionn's Questions,' Campbell's Popular Tales of the West Highlands, III, 36; 'Fionn's Conversation with Ailbhe,' Heroic Gaelic Ballads, by the same, pp. 150, 151.

The familiar ballad-knight of A, B is converted in C into an "unco knight," who is the devil, a departure from the proper story which is found also in 2 J. The conclusion of C,

As soon as she the fiend did name,  
 He flew awa in a blazing flame,

reminds us of the behavior of trolls and nixes under like circumstances, but here the naming amounts to a detection of the Unco Knight's quiddity, acts as an exorcism, and simply obliges the fiend to go off in his real character. D belongs with C: it was given by the reciter as a colloquy between the devil and a maiden.

The earlier affinities of this ballad can be better shown in connection with No 2.

Translated, after B and A, in Grundtvig's Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, p. 181: Herder, Volkslieder, I, 95, after A d.

## A

a. Broadside in the Rawlinson collection, 4to, 566, fol. 193, Wood, E. 25, fol. 15. b. Pepys, III, 19, No 17. c. Douce, II, fol. 168 b. d. Pills to Purge Melancholy, IV, 130, ed. 1719.

- 1 THERE was a lady of the North Country,  
 Lay the bent to the bonny broom  
 And she had lovely daughters three.  
 Fa la la la, fa la la la ra re
- 2 There was a knight of noble worth  
 Which also lived in the North.
- 3 The knight, of courage stout and brave,  
 A wife he did desire to have.

- 4 He knocked at the ladie's gate  
 One evening when it was late.
- 5 The eldest sister let him in,  
 And pin'd the door with a silver pin.
- 6 The-second sister she made his bed,  
 And laid soft pillows under his head.
- 7 The youngest daughter that same night,  
 She went to bed to this young knight.
- 8 And in the morning, when it was day,  
 These words unto him she did say:
- 9 'Now you have had your will,' quoth she,  
 'I pray, sir knight, will you marry me?'
- 10 The young brave knight to her replied,  
 'Thy suit, fair maid, shall not be deny'd.

\* 'Capt. Wedderburn's Courtship,' 12: What's higher than the tree? (heaven). Wojcicki, Pieśni, I, 203, l. 11, 206, l. 3; What grows without a root? (a stone).

- 11 'If thou canst answer me questions three,  
This very day will I marry thee.'
- 12 'Kind sir, in love, O then,' quoth she,  
'Tell me what your [three] questions be.'
- 13 'O what is longer than the way,  
Or what is deeper than the sea?
- 14 'Or what is louder than the horn,  
Or what is sharper than a thorn?
- 15 'Or what is greener than the grass,  
Or what is worse then a woman was?'
- 16 'O love is longer than the way,  
And hell is deeper than the sea.
- 17 'And thunder is louder than the horn,  
And hunger is sharper than a thorn.
- 18 'And poyson is greener than the grass,  
And the Devil is worse than woman was.'
- 19 When she these questions answered had,  
The knight became exceeding glad.
- 20 And having [truly] try'd her wit,  
He much commended her for it.
- 21 And after, as it is verifi'd,  
He made of her his lovely bride.'
- 22 So now, fair maidens all, adieu,  
This song I dedicate to you.
- 23 I wish that you may constant prove  
Vnto the man that you do love.

## B

Gilbert's Christmas Carols, 2d ed., p. 65, from the editor's recollection. West of England.

- 1 THERE were three sisters fair and bright,  
Jennifer gentle and rosemaree  
And they three loved one valiant knight.  
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree
- 2 The eldest sister let him in,  
And barred the door with a silver pin.
- 3 The second sister made his bed,  
And placed soft pillows under his head.
- 4 The youngest sister, fair and bright,  
Was resolved for to wed with this valiant knight.
- 5 'And if you can answer questions three,  
O then, fair maid, I will marry with thee.
- 6 'What is louder than an horn,  
And what is sharper than a thorn?
- 7 'Thunder is louder than an horn,  
And hunger is sharper than a thorn.'
- 8 'What is broader than the way,  
And what is deeper than the sea?'
- 9 'Love is broader than the way,  
And hell is deeper than the sea.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 10 . . . . .  
'And now, fair maid, I will marry with thee.'

## C

Motherwell's MS., p. 647. From the recitation of Mrs Storie.

- 1 THERE was a knight riding frae the east,  
Sing the Cather banks, the bonnie brume  
Wha had been wooing at monie a place.  
And ye may beguile a young thing sune
- 2 He came unto a widow's door,  
And speird whare her three dochters were.
- 3 The auldest ane 's to a washing gane,  
The second 's to a baking gane.
- 4 The youngest ane 's to a wedding gane,  
And it will be nicht or she be hame.

- 5 He sat him down upon a stane,  
Till thir three lasses came tripping hame.
- 6 The auolest ane's to the bed making,  
And the second ane's to the sheet spreading.
- 7 The youngest ane was bauld and bricht,  
And she was to lye with this unco knight.
- 8 'Gin ye will answer me questions ten,  
The morn ye sall be made my ain.
- 9 'O what is heigher nor the tree?  
And what is deeper nor the sea?
- 10 'Or what is heavier nor the lead?  
And what is better nor the breid?
- 11 'O what is whiter nor the milk?  
Or what is safter nor the silk?
- 12 'Or what is sharper nor a thorn?  
Or what is louder nor a horn?
- 13 'Or what is greener nor the grass?  
Or what is waur nor a woman was?'
- 14 'O heaven is higher nor the tree,  
And hell is deeper nor the sea.
- 15 'O sin is heavier nor the lead,  
The blessing's better nor the bread.
- 16 'The snaw is whiter nor the milk,  
And the down is safter nor the silk.
- 17 'Hunger is sharper nor a thorn,  
And shame is louder nor a horn.
- 18 'The pies are greener nor the grass,  
And Clootie's waur nor a woman was.'
- 19 As sune as she the fiend did name,  
He flew awa in a blazing flame.

## D

Motherwell's MS., p. 142.

- 1 'O WHAT is higher than the trees?  
Gar lay the bent to the bonny broom  
And what is deeper than the seas?  
And you may beguile a fair maid soon
- 2 'O what is whiter than the milk?  
Or what is softer than the silk?
- 3 'O what is sharper than the thorn?  
O what is louder than the horn?
- 4 'O what is longer than the way?  
And what is colder than the clay?
- 5 'O what is greener than the grass?  
And what is worse than woman was?'
- 6 'O heaven's higher than the trees,  
And hell is deeper than the seas.
- 7 'And snow is whiter than the milk,  
And love is softer than the silk.
- 8 'O hunger's sharper than the thorn,  
And thunder's louder than the horn.
- 9 'O wind is longer than the way,  
And death is colder than the clay.
- 10 'O poison's greener than the grass,  
And the Devil's worse than eer woman was.'

A. a. *Title.* A Noble Riddle wisely Expounded:  
or, The Maids answer to the Knights Three  
Questions.

She with her excellent wit and civil carriage,  
Won a young Knight to joyn with him in mar-  
riage;

This gallant couple now is man and wife,  
And she with him doth lead a pleasant Life.

Tune of Lay the bent to the bonny broom.

WOODCUT OF  
THE KNIGHT.

WOODCUT OF  
THE MAID.

c. Knights questions. Wed a knight . . .  
with her in marriage.

- a. Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, and I. Clarke.
- b. Printed for W. Thackeray, E. M. and A. M.
- c. Licens'd according to Order. London. Printed by Tho. Norris, at the L[o]oking glass on London-bridge. And sold by J. Walter, in High Holborn.

*In Rawlinson and Wood the first seven lines are in Roman and Italic type; the remainder being in black letter and Roman. The Pepys copy has one line of the ballad in black letter and one line in Roman type. The Douce edition is in Roman and Italic.*

- A. 1<sup>1</sup>. c, i' th' North: d, in the.
- 3<sup>1</sup>. c, This knight.
- 5<sup>1</sup>. a, b, c, d, The youngest sister.
- 7<sup>1</sup>. b, d, The youngest that same. c, that very same.
- 7<sup>2</sup>. a, with this young knight.
- 9<sup>2</sup>. d, sir knight, you marry me.
- After 10, there is a wood-cut of the knight and the maid in a; in b two cuts of the knight.*
- 11<sup>2</sup>. c, I'll marry. d, I will.
- 12<sup>1</sup>. c omits in love. 12<sup>2</sup>. b, c, d, three questions.
- 14<sup>1</sup>. d, a horn.
- After 15: a, Here follows the Damosels answer to the Knight's Three Questions: c,*

The Damsel's Answers To The Knight's Questions: d, The Damsel's Answer to the Three Questions.

17, 18. b, c, d, thunder's, hunger's, poyson's, devil's.

18<sup>2</sup>. d, the woman.

19<sup>1</sup>. c, those.

20. a, b omit truly.

21<sup>1</sup>. b, c, d, as 'tis.

- B. *The burden is printed by Gilbert, in the text, "Jennifer gentle and Rosemaree." He appears to take Jennifer and Rosemaree to be names of the sisters. As printed under the music, the burden runs,*

Juniper, Gentle and Rosemary.

*No doubt, juniper and rosemary, simply, are meant; Gentle might possibly be for gentian. In 2 H the burden is,*

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme:

*curiously varied in I thus:*

Every rose grows merry wi thyme:

*and in G,*

Sober and grave grows merry in time.

- C. 18. "Vergris in another set." M.

- D. *MS. before st. 1, "The Devil speaks;" before st. 6, "The maiden speaks."*

## 2

### THE ELFIN KNIGHT

- A. 'A proper new ballad entituled The Wind hath blown my Plaid away, or, A Discourse betwixt a young [Wo]man and the Elphin Knight;' a broadside in black letter in the Pepysian library, bound up at the end of a copy of Blind Harry's 'Wallace,' Edin. 1673.
- B. 'A proper new ballad entituled The Wind hath blawn my Plaid awa,' etc. Webster, A Collection of Curious Old Ballads, p. 3.
- C. 'The Elfin Knight,' Kinloch's Anc. Scott. Ballads, p. 145.
- D. 'The Fairy Knight,' Buchan, II, 296.
- E. Motherwell's MS., p. 492.
- F. 'Lord John,' Kinloch MSS, I, 75.
- G. 'The Cambrick Shirt,' Gammer Gurton's Garland, p. 3, ed. 1810.
- H. 'The Deil's Courtship,' Motherwell's MS., p. 92.
- I. 'The Deil's Courting,' Motherwell's MS., p. 103.
- J. Communicated by Rev. Dr Huntington, Bishop of Western New York, as sung at Hadley, Mass.
- K. Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes of England, p. 109, No 171, 6th ed.
- L. Notes and Queries, 1st S., VII, 8.

PINKERTON gave the first information concerning A, in *Ancient Scottish Poems* . . . from the MS. collections of Sir Richard Maitland, etc., II, 496, and he there printed the first and last stanzas of the broadside. Motherwell printed the whole in the appendix to his *Minstrelsy*, No I. What stands as the last stanza in the broadside is now prefixed to the ballad, as having been the original burden. It is the only example, so far as I remember, which our ballads afford of a burden of this kind, one that is of greater extent than the stanza with which it was sung, though this kind of burden seems to have been common enough with old songs and carols.\*

The "old copy in black letter" used for B was close to A, if not identical, and has the burden-stem at the end like A. 'The Jockey's Lamentation,' Pills to Purge Melancholy, v, 317, has the burden,

'Tis oer the hills and far away [*thrice*],  
The wind hath blown my plaid away.

The 'Bridal Sark,' Crome's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, p. 108, and 'The Bridegroom Darg,' p. 113, are of modern manufacture and impostures; at least, they seem to have imposed upon Crome.

A like ballad is very common in German. A man would take, or keep, a woman for his love or his wife [servant, in one case], if she would spin brown silk from oaten straw. She will do this if he will make clothes for her of the linden-leaf. Then she must bring him shears from the middle of the Rhine. But

first he must build her a bridge from a single twig, etc., etc. To this effect, with some variations in the tasks set, in A, 'Eitle Dinge,' Rhaw, Bicinia (1545), Uhland, I, 14, No 4 A, Böhme, p. 376, No 293. B. 'Van ideln unmöglichen Dingen,' Neocorus († c. 1630), Chronik des Landes Ditmarschen, ed. Dahlmann, p. 180 = Uhland, p. 15, No 4 B, Müllenhof, p. 473, Böhme, p. 376, No 294. C. Wunderhorn, II, 410 [431] = Erlach, I, 441, slightly altered in Kretzschmer [Zuccalmaglio], II, 620. D. 'Unmöglichkeiten,' Schmeller, Die Mundarten Bayerns, p. 556. E. Schlesische Volkslieder, p. 115, No 93. F. 'Liebes-Neckerei,' Meier, Schwäbische V. L., p. 114, No 39. G. 'Liebesspielereien,' Diefurth, Fränkische V. L., II, 109, No 144. H. 'Von eitel unmöglichen Dingen,' Erk's Liederhort, p. 337, No 152<sup>b</sup>. I. 'Unmögliches Begehren,' V. L. aus Oesterreich, Deutsches Museum, 1862, II, 806, No 16. J. 'Unmöglichkeitliche Dinge,' Peter, Volksthümliches aus Österreichisch-Schlesien, I, 270, No 82. In K, 'Wettgesang,' Meinert, p. 80, and L, Liederhort, p. 334, No 152, there is a simple contest of wits between a youth and a maid, and in M, Erk, Neue Sammlung, II, 2, No 11, p. 16, and N, 'Wunderbare Aufgaben,' Pröhle, Weltliche u. geistliche Volkslieder, p. 36, No 22 B, the wit-contest is added to the very insipid ballad of 'Gemalte Rosen.'

'Store Fordringar,' Kristensen, Jydske Folkeviser, I, 221, No 82, and 'Opsang,' Lindeman, Norske Fjeldmelodier, No 35 (Text Bilag, p. 6), closely resemble German

\* All that was required of the burden, Mr Chappell kindly writes me, was to support the voice by harmonious notes under the melody; it was not sung *after* each half of the stanza, or after the stanza, and it was heard separately only when the voices singing the air stopped. Even the Danish ballads exhibit but a few cases of these "burden-stems," as Grundtvig calls them: see Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser, II, 221, B 1; 295, B 1; 393, A 1: III, 197, D; 470, A. Such burden-stems are, however, very common in Icelandic ballads. They are, for the most part, of a different metre from the ballad, and very often not of the same number of lines as the ballad stanza. A *part* of the burden stem would seem to be taken for the refrain; as Íslensk Fornkvæði, I, 30, of four verses, 1, 2, 4; 129, of two, the last half of the first and all the second; 194, of four, the last; 225, of five, the last two; II, 52, of five, the second and last two.

In later times the Danish *stev-stamme* was made to con-

form to the metre of the ballad, and sung as the first stanza, the last line perhaps forming the burden. Compare the *stev-stamme*, Grundtvig, III, 470, with the first stanza of the ballad at p. 475. If not so changed, says Grundtvig, it dropped away. Lyngbye, at the end of his Færøiske Qvæder, gives the music of a ballad which he had heard sung. The whole stem is sung first, and then repeated as a burden at the end of every verse. The modern way, judging by Berggreen, Folke-Sange og Melodier, 3d ed., I, 352, 358, is simply to sing the whole stem after each verse, and so says Grundtvig, III, 200, D. The whole stem is appended to the last stanza (where, as usual, the burden, which had been omitted after stanza 1, is again expressed) in the Færøe ballad in Grundtvig, III, 199, exactly as in our broadside, or in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p. iii. I must avow myself to be very much in the dark as to the exact relation of stem and burden.

M, N. In the Stev, or alternate song, in Landstad, p. 375, two singers vie one with another in propounding impossible tasks.

A Wendish ballad, Haupt and Schmalzer, I, 178, No 151, and a Slovak, Čelakowsky, II, 68, No 12 (the latter translated by Wenzig, Slawische Volkslieder, p. 86, Westslavischer Märchenschatz, p. 221, and Bibliothek Slavischer Poesien, p. 126), have lost nearly all their story, and, like German K, L, may be called mere wit-contests.

The Graidhne whom we have seen winning Fionn for husband by guessing his riddles, p. 3, afterwards became enamored of Diarmaid, Fionn's nephew, in consequence of her accidentally seeing a beauty spot on Diarmaid's forehead. This had the power of infecting with love any woman whose eye should light upon it: wherefore Diarmaid used to wear his cap well down. Graidhne tried to make Diarmaid run away with her. But he said, "I will not go with thee. I will not take thee in softness, and I will not take thee in hardness; I will not take thee without, and I will not take thee within; I will not take thee on horseback, and I will not take thee on foot." Then he went and built himself a house where he thought he should be out of her way. But Graidhne found him out. She took up a position between the two sides of the door, on a buck goat, and called to him to go with her. For, said she, "I am not without, I am not within; I am not on foot, and I am not on a horse; and thou must go with me." After this Diarmaid had no choice. 'Diarmaid and Grainne,' Tales of the West Highlands, III, 39-49; 'How Fingal got Grainne to be his wife, and she went away with Diarmaid,' Heroic Gaelic Ballads, p. 153; 'The Death of Diarmaid,' ib., p. 154. The last two were written down c. 1774.

In all stories of the kind, the person upon whom a task is imposed stands acquitted, if another of no less difficulty is devised which must be performed first. This preliminary may be something that is essential for the ex-

ecution of the other, as in the German ballads, or equally well something that has no kind of relation to the original requisition, as in the English ballads.

An early form of such a story is preserved in Gesta Romanorum, c. 64, Oesterley, p. 374. It were much to be wished that search were made for a better copy, for, as it stands, this tale is to be interpreted only by the English ballad. The old English version, Madden, XLIII, p. 142, is even worse mutilated than the Latin. A king, who was stronger, wiser, and handsomer than any man, delayed, like the Marquis of Saluzzo, to take a wife. His friends urged him to marry, and he replied to their expostulations, "You know I am rich enough and powerful enough; find me a maid who is good looking and sensible, and I will take her to wife, though she be poor." A maid was found who was eminently good looking and sensible, and of royal blood besides. The king wished to make trial of her sagacity, and sent her a bit of linen three inches square, with a promise to marry her if she would make him a shirt of this, of proper length and width. The lady stipulated that the king should send her "a vessel in which she could work," and she would make the shirt: "*michi vas concedat in quo operari potero, et camisiam satis longam ei promitto.*" So the king sent "*vas debitum et preciosum,*" the shirt was made, and the king married her.\* It may be doubted whether the sagacious maid did not, in the unmutated story, deal with the problem as is done in a Transylvanian tale, Halmrich, Deutsche Volksmärchen, u. s. w., No 45, p. 245, where the king requires the maid to make a shirt and drawers of two threads. The maid, in this instance, sends the king a couple of broomsticks, requiring that he should first make her a loom and bobbin-wheel out of them.

The tale just cited, 'Der Burghüter und seine kluge Tochter,' is one of several which have been obtained from tradition in this century, that link the ballads of The Clever Lass with oriental stories of great age. The

\* Grundtvig has noticed the resemblance of G. R. 64 and the ballad. — Much of what follows is derived from the admirable Benfey's papers, 'Die kluge Dirne, Die indischen

Märchen von den klugen Räthselösern, und ihre Verbreitung über Asien und Europa,' Ausland, 1859, p. 457, 486, 511, 567, 589, in Nos 20, 21, 22, 24, 25.



material points are these. A king requires the people of a parish to answer three questions, or he will be the destruction of them all: What is the finest sound, the finest song, the finest stone? A poor warder is instructed by his daughter to reply, the ring of bells, the song of the angels, the philosopher's stone. "Right," says the king, "but that never came out of your head. Confess who told you, or a dungeon is your doom." The man owns that he has a clever daughter, who had told him what to say. The king, to prove her sagacity further, requires her to make a shirt and drawers of two threads, and she responds in the manner just indicated. He next sends her by her father an earthen pot with the bottom out, and tells her to sew in a bottom so that no seam or stitch can be seen. She sends her father back with a request that the king should first turn the pot inside out, for cobblers always sew on the inside, not on the out. The king next demanded that the girl should come to him, neither driving, nor walking, nor riding; neither dressed nor naked; neither out of the road nor in the road; and bring him something that was a gift and no gift. She put two wasps between two plates, stripped, enveloped herself in a fishing-net, put her goat into the rut in the road, and, with one foot on the goat's back, the other stepping along the rut, made her way to the king. There she lifted up one of the plates, and the wasps flew away: so she had brought the king a present and yet no present. The king thought he could never find a shrewder woman, and married her.

Of the same tenor are a tale in Zingerle's Tyrolese Kinder u. Hausmärchen, 'Was ist das Schönste, Stärkste und Reichste?' No 27, p. 162, and another in the Colshorns' Hanoverian Märchen u. Sagen, 'Die kluge Dirne,' No 26, p. 79. Here a rich and a poor peasant [a farmer and his bailiff] have a case in court, and wrangle till the magistrate, in his weariness, says he will give them three

questions, and whichever answers right shall win. The questions in the former tale are: What is the most beautiful, what the strongest, what the richest thing in the world? In the other, What is fatter than fat? How heavy is the moon? How far is it to heaven? The answers suggested by the poor peasant's daughter are: Spring is the most beautiful of things, the ground the strongest, autumn the richest. And the bailiff's daughter answers: The ground is fatter than fat, for out of it comes all that's fat, and this all goes back again; the moon has four quarters, and four quarters make a pound; heaven is only one day's journey, for we read in the Bible, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." The judge sees that these replies are beyond the wit of the respondents, and they own to having been prompted by a daughter at home. The judge then says that if the girl will come to him neither dressed nor naked, etc., he will marry her; and so the shrewd wench becomes a magistrate's wife.

'Die kluge Bauerntochter,' in the Grimms' K. u. H. märchen, No 94, and 'Die kluge Hirtentochter,' in Pröhle's Märchen für die Jugend, No 49, p. 181, afford another variety of these tales. A peasant, against the advice of his daughter, carries the king a golden mortar, as he had found it, without any pestle. The king shuts him up in prison till he shall produce the pestle [Grimms]. The man does nothing but cry, "Oh, that I had listened to my daughter!" The king sends for him, and, learning what the girl's counsel had been, says he will give her a riddle, and if she can make it out will marry her. She must come to him neither clothed nor naked, neither riding nor driving, etc. The girl wraps herself in a fishing-net [Grimms, in bark, Pröhle], satisfies the other stipulations also, and becomes a queen.\*

Another story of the kind, and very well preserved, is No 25 of Vuk's Volksmärchen der Serben, 'Von dem Mädchen das an Weisheit den Kaiser übertraf,' p. 157. A poor

\* Ragnar Loðbrók (Saga, c. 4, Rafn, Fornaldar Sögur, I, 245), as pointed out by the Grimms, notes to No 94, requires Kraka (Aslaug) to come to him clothed and not clothed, fasting and not fasting, alone and not without a

companion. She puts on a fishing-net, bites a leek, and takes her dog with her. References for the very frequent occurrence of this feature may be found in Oesterley's note to Gesta Romanorum, No 124, at p. 732.



man had a wise daughter. An emperor gave him thirty eggs, and said his daughter must hatch chickens from these, or it would go hard with her. The girl perceived that the eggs had been boiled. She boiled some beans, and told her father to be ploughing along the road, and when the emperor came in sight, to sow them and cry, "God grant my boiled beans may come up!" The emperor, hearing these ejaculations, stopped, and said, "My poor fellow, how *can* boiled beans grow?" The father answered, according to instructions, "As well as chickens can hatch from boiled eggs." Then the emperor gave the old man a bundle of linen, and bade him make of it, on pain of death, sails and everything else requisite for a ship. The girl gave her father a piece of wood, and sent him back to the emperor with the message that she would perform what he had ordered, if he would first make her a distaff, spindle, and loom out of the wood. The emperor was astonished at the girl's readiness, and gave the old man a glass, with which she was to drain the sea. The girl dispatched her father to the emperor again with a pound of tow, and asked him to stop the mouths of all the rivers that flow into the sea; then she would drain it dry. Hereupon the emperor ordered the girl herself before him, and put her the question, "What is heard furthest?" "Please your Majesty," she answered, "thunder and lies." The emperor then, clutching his beard, turned to his assembled counsellors, and said, "Guess how much my beard is worth." One said so much, another so much. But the girl said, "Nay, the emperor's beard is worth three rains in summer." The emperor took her to wife.

With these traditional tales we may put the story of wise Petronelle and Alphonso, king of Spain, told after a chronicle, with his usual prolixity, by Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, Pauli, I, 145 ff. The king valued himself highly for his wit, and was envious of a knight who hitherto had answered all his questions. Determined to confound his humbler rival, he devised three which he thought unanswerable, sent for the knight, and gave him a fortnight to consider his replies, which failing, he would

lose his goods and head. The knight can make nothing of these questions, which are, What is that which needs help least and gets most? What is worth most and costs least? What costs most and is worth least? The girl, who is but fourteen years old, observing her father's heavy cheer, asks him the reason, and obtains his permission to go to court with him and answer the questions. He was to say to the king that he had deputed her to answer, to make trial of her wits. The answer to the first question is the earth, and agrees in the details with the solution of the query, What is fatter than fat? in the Tyrolese and the Hanoverian tale. Humility is the answer to the second, and pride the third answer. The king admires the young maid, and says he would marry her if her father were noble; but she may ask a boon. She begs for her father an earldom which had lately escheated; and, this granted, she reminds the king of what he had said; her father is now noble. The king marries her.

In all these seven tales a daughter gets her father out of trouble by the exercise of a superior understanding, and marries an emperor, a king, or at least far above her station. The Grimms' story has the feature, not found in the others, that the father had been thrown into prison. Still another variety of these stories, inferior, but preserving essential traits, is given by Schleicher, *Litauische Märchen*, p. 3, 'Vom schlaunen Mädchen.'

A Turkish tale from South Siberia will take us a step further, 'Die beiden Fürsten,' Radloff, *Proben der Volkslitteratur der türkischen Stämme Süd-Sibiriens*, I, 197. A prince had a feeble-minded son, for whom he wished to get a wife. He found a girl gathering fire-wood with others, and, on asking her questions, had reason to be pleased with her superior discretion. He sent an ox to the girl's father, with a message that on the third day he would pay him a visit, and if by that time he had not made the ox drop a calf and give milk, he would lose his head. The old man and his wife fell to weeping. The daughter bade them be of good cheer, killed the ox, and gave it to her parents to eat. On the

third day she stationed herself on the road by which the prince would come, and was gathering herbs. The prince asked what this was for. The girl said, "Because my father is in the pangs of child-birth, and I am going to spread these herbs under him." "Why," said the prince, "it is not the way, that men should bear children." "But if a man can't bear children," answered the girl, "how can an ox have a calf?" The prince was pleased, but said nothing. He went away, and sent his messenger again with three stones in a bag. He would come on the third day, and if the stones were not then made into boots, the old man would lose his head. On the third day the prince came, with all his grandees. The girl was by the roadside, collecting sand in a bag. "What are you going to do with that sand?" asked the prince. "Make thread," said she. "But who ever made thread out of sand?" "And who ever made boots out of stones?" she rejoined. The prince laughed in his sleeve, prepared a great wedding, and married the girl to his son. Soon after, another prince wrote him a letter, saying, "Do not let us be fighting and killing, but let us guess riddles. If you guess all mine, I will be your subject; if you fail, I will take all your having." They were a whole year at the riddles. The other prince "knew three words more," and threw ours into a deep dungeon. From the depths of this dungeon he contrived to send a profoundly enigmatic dispatch to his daughter-in-law, who understood everything, disguised herself as one of his friends, and proposed to the victor to guess riddles again. The clever daughter-in-law

"knew seven words more" than he, took her father-in-law out of the dungeon, threw his rival in, and had all the people and property of the vanquished prince for her own.

This Siberian tale links securely those which precede it with a remarkable group of stories, covering by representatives still extant, or which may be shown to have existed, a large part of Asia and of Europe. This group includes, besides a Wallachian and a Magyar tale from recent popular tradition, one Sanskrit form; two Tibetan, derived from Sanskrit; one Mongol, from Tibetan; three Arabic and one Persian, which also had their source in Sanskrit; two Middle-Greek, derived from Arabic, one of which is lost; and two old Russian, from lost Middle-Greek versions.\*

The gist of these narratives is that one king propounds tasks to another; in the earlier ones, with the intent to discover whether his brother monarch enjoys the aid of such counsellors as will make an attack on him dangerous; in the later, with a demand that he shall acquit himself satisfactorily, or suffer a forfeit: and the king is delivered from a serious strait by the sagacity either of a minister (whom he had ordered to be put to death, but who was still living in prison, or at least seclusion) or of the daughter of his minister, who came to her father's assistance. Which is the prior of these two last inventions it would not be easy to say. These tasks are always such as require ingenuity of one kind or another, whether in devising practical experiments, in contriving subterfuges, in solving riddles, or even in constructing compliments.†

One of the Tibetan tales, which, though

\* Benfey, *Das Ausland*, 1859, p. 459. The versions referred to are: Shukasaptati (Seventy Tales of a Parrot), 47th and 48th night; the Buddhist Kanjur, Vinaya, III, fol. 71-83, and Dsanglun, oder der Weise u. der Thor, also from the Kanjur, translated by I. J. Schmidt, c. 23; the Mongol translation of Dsanglun [see Popow, *Mongolische Chrestomathie*, p. 19, Schiefner's preface to Radloff, I, xi, xii]; an imperfect Singhalese version in Spence Hardy's *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 220, 'The History of Wisákhá'; 'Geschichte des weisen Heykar,' 1001 Nacht, Habicht, v. d. Hagen u. Schall, XIII, 71, ed. 1840; 'Histoire de Sinkarib et de ses deux Visirs,' *Cabinet des Fées*, xxxix, 266 (Persian); two old Russian translations of Greek tales derived from Arabic, Pypin, 'in the Papers of the Second Division of the Im-

perial Acad. of Sciences, St Petersburg, 1858, IV, 63-85; Planudes, *Life of Æsop*; A. and A. Schott, *Walachische Mährchen*, p. 125, No 9, 'Vom weissen und vom rothen Kaiser'; Erdélyi, *Népdalok és Mondák*, III, 262, No 8, 'The Little Boy with the Secret and his Little Sword.' To these is to be added, 'L'Histoire de Moradbak,' Caylus, *Nouveaux Contes Orientaux*, *Œuvres Badines*, VII, 289 ff, *Cabinet des Fées*, xxv, 9-406 (from the Turkish?). In the opinion of Benfey, it is in the highest degree likely, though not demonstrable, that the Indian tale antedates our era by several centuries. Ausland, p. 511; see also pp. 487, 459.

† Ingenuity is one of the six transcendental virtues of Mahāyāna Buddhism. Schlagintweit, *Buddhism in Tibet*, p. 36.

dating from the beginning of our era, will very easily be recognized in the Siberian tradition of this century, is to this effect. King Rabssaldschal had a rich minister, who desired a suitable wife for his youngest son. A Brahman, his trusty friend, undertook to find one. In the course of his search, which extended through many countries, the Brahman saw one day a company of five hundred maidens, who were making garlands to offer to Buddha. One of these attracted his notice by her behavior, and impressed him favorably by replies to questions which he put.\* The Brahman made proposals to her father in behalf of the minister's son. These were accepted, and the minister went with a great train to fetch home the bride. On the way back his life was twice saved by taking her advice, and when she was domiciliated, she so surpassed her sisters-in-law in housekeeping talents and virtues that everything was put under her direction. Discord arose between the king of the country she had left and Rabssaldschal, under whom she was now living. The former wished to make trial whether the latter had an able and keen-witted minister or not, and sent him two mares, dam and filly, exactly alike in appearance, with the demand that he should distinguish them. Neither king nor counsellor could discern any difference; but when the minister's daughter heard of their difficulty, she said, "Nothing is easier. Tie the two together and put grass before them; the mother will push the best before the foal." This was done; the king decided accordingly, and the hostile ambassador owned that he was right. Soon after, the foreign prince sent two snakes, of the same size and form, and demanded which was male, which female. The king and his advisers were again in a quandary. The minister resorted to his daughter-in-law. She said, "Lay them both on cotton-wool: the female will lie quiet, the male not; for it is of the feminine nature to love the soft and the comfortable, which the masculine cannot tolerate."

They followed these directions; the king gave his verdict, the ambassador acquiesced, the minister received splendid presents. For a final trial the unfriendly king sent a long stick of wood, of equal thickness, with no knots or marks, and asked which was the under and which the upper end. No one could say. The minister referred the question to his daughter. She answered, "Put the stick into water: the root end will sink a little, the upper end float." The experiment was tried; the king said to the ambassador, "This is the upper end, this the root end," to which he assented, and great presents were again given to the minister. The adverse monarch was convinced that his only safe course was peace and conciliation, and sent his ambassador back once more with an offering of precious jewels and of amity for the future. This termination was highly gratifying to Rabssaldschal, who said to his minister, How could you see through all these things? The minister said, It was not I, but my clever daughter-in-law. When the king learned this, he raised the young woman to the rank of his younger sister.

The wise daughter is not found in the Sanskrit tale,† which also differs from the Buddhist versions in this: that in the Sanskrit the minister had become an object of displeasure to the king, and in consequence had long been lying in prison when the crisis occurred which rendered him indispensable, a circumstance which is repeated in the tale of *The Wise Heykar* (*Arabian Nights*, Breslau transl., XIII, 73 ff, *Cabinet des Fées*, XXXIX, 266 ff) and in the *Life of Æsop*. But *The Clever Wench* reappears in another tale in the same Sanskrit collection (with that express title), and gives her aid to her father, a priest, who has been threatened with banishment by his king if he does not clear up a dark matter within five days. She may also be recognized in *Moradbak*, in *Von der Hagen's* 1001 Tag, VIII, 199 ff, and even in the minister's wife in the story of *The Wise Heykar*.

\* The resemblance to the Siberian tale is here especially striking.

† The *Shukasaptati*, in the form in which we have them, are supposed to date from about the 6th century, and are

regarded as abridgments of longer tales. The *Vinaya* probably took a permanent shape as early as the beginning of the Christian era. As already remarked, there is scarcely a doubt that the Indian story is some centuries older still.

The tasks of discriminating dam and filly and the root end from the tip end of a stick, which occur both in the Tibetan tales and the Shukasaptati, are found again, with unimportant changes, in the Wallachian popular story, and the Hungarian, which in general resemble the Arabic. Some of those in the Arabian tale and in the Life of Æsop are of the same nature as the wit-trials in the Servian and German popular tales, the story in the Gesta Romanorum, and the German and English ballads. The wise Heykar, e. g., is required to sew together a burst mill-stone. He hands the king a pebble, requesting him first to make an awl, a file, and scissors out of that. The king of Egypt tells Æsop, the king of Babylon's champion sage, that when his mares hear the stallions neigh in Babylon, they cast their foal. Æsop's slaves are told to catch a cat, and are set to scourging it before the Egyptian public. Great offense is given, on account of the sacred character of the animal, and complaint is made to the king, who sends for Æsop in a rage. Æsop says his king has suffered an injury from this cat, for the night before the cat had killed a fine fighting-cock of his. "Fie, Æsop!" says the king of Egypt; "how could the cat go from Egypt to Babylon in one night?" "Why not," replies Æsop, "as well as mares in Egypt hear the stallions neigh in Babylon and cast their foal?"

The tales in the Shukasaptati and in the Dsanglun represent the object of the sending of the tasks to be to ascertain whether the king retains the capable minister through whom he has acquired supremacy. According to the Arabian tale, and those derived from it, tribute is to be paid by the king whose riddles are guessed, or by him who fails to guess.

\* Amasis in return (8) puts some of the questions which we are apt to think of as peculiarly mediæval: What is oldest? What is most beautiful, biggest, wisest, strongest? etc. Two of these we have had in Zingerle's story. They are answered in a commonplace way by the Æthiop, with more refinement by Thales. Seven similar questions were propounded by David to his sons, to determine who was worthiest to succeed him, and answered by Solomon, according to an Arabian writer of the 14th century: Rosenöl, i, 167. Amasis also sent a victim to Bias (2), and asked him to cut out the best and worst of the flesh. Bias cut out the tongue. Here the two anticipate the Anglo-Saxon Salomon and Sat-

This form of story, though it is a secondary one, is yet by no means late, as is shown by the anecdote in Plutarch, Septem Sapientum Convivium (6), itself probably a fragment of such a story, in which the king of the Æthiops gives a task to Amasis, king of Egypt, with a stake of many towns and cities. This task is the favorite one of draining [drinking] all the water in the sea, which we have had in the Servian tale (it also is in the Life of Æsop), and Bias gives the customary advice for dealing with it.\*

From the number of these wise virgins should not be excluded the king's daughter in the Gesta Romanorum who guesses rightly among the riddles of the three caskets and marries the emperor's son, though Bassanio has extinguished her just fame: Madden's Old English Versions, p. 238, No 66; Collier, Shakspeare's Library, II, 102.

The first three or four stanzas of A-E form the beginning of 'Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight,' and are especially appropriate to that ballad, but not to this. The two last stanzas of A, B, make no kind of sense here, and these at least, probably the opening verses as well, must belong to some other and lost ballad. An elf setting tasks, or even giving riddles, is unknown, I believe, in Northern tradition, and in no form of this story, except the English, is a preternatural personage of any kind the hero. Still it is better to urge nothing more than that the elf is an intruder in this particular ballad, for riddle-craft is practised by a variety of preternatural beings: notoriously by Odin, Thor, the giant Vafþrúðnir, and the dwarf Alwíss in the Edda, and again by a German "berggeist" (Ey, Harzmärchenbuch, p. 64, 'Die verwünschte Prinzessin'), a Greek

urn: "Tell me what is best and worst among men." "I tell thee word is best and worst:" Kemble, p. 188, No 37; Adrian and Ritheus, p. 204, No 43; and Bedæ Collectanea, p. 326. This is made into a very long story in the Life of Æsop, 11. See other examples in Knust, Mittheilungen aus dem Eskurial, p. 326 f, note b, and Nachtrag, p. 647; Oesterley's Kirchhof, v, 94, note to 3, 129; and Landsberger, Die Fabeln des Sophos, cx, ff. We may add that Plutarch's question, Which was first, the bird or the egg? (Quæst. Conviv. l. 2, q. 3), comes up again in The De-maundes Joyous, No 41, Kemble's Salomon and Saturn, p. 290.

dragon (Halm, Griechische u. Albanesische Märchen, II, 210), the Russian rusalka, the Servian vila,\* the Indian rakshas. For example: a rusalka (water-nymph) pursues a pretty girl, and says, I will give you three riddles: if you guess them, I will let you go home to your father; if you do not, I shall take you with me. What grows without a root? What runs without any object? What blooms without any flower? She answers, Stones grow without a root; water runs without any object; the fern blooms without any flower. These answers seem satisfactory, as riddles go, but the ballad concludes (with an injustice due to corruption?), "The girl did not guess the riddles: the rusalka tickled her to death." (Wojcicki, Pieśni, I, 205.) A rakshas (ogre) says he will spare a man's life if he can answer four questions, and shall devour him if he cannot. What is cruel? What is most to the advantage of a householder? What is love? What best accomplishes difficult things? These questions the man answers, and confirms his answers by tales, and gains the rakshas' good will. (Jacob, Hindoo Tales, or the Adventures of Ten Princes, a translation of the Sanskrit Dasakumara-charitam, p. 260 ff.)

The auld man in J is simply the "unco knight" of 1 C, D, over again. He has clearly displaced the elf-knight, for the elf's attributes of hill-haunting and magical music remain, only they have been transferred to the lady. That the devil should supplant the knight, unco or familiar, is natural enough. He may come in as the substitute of the elfin knight because the devil is the regular successor to any heathen sprite, or as the embodiment of craft

and duplicity, and to give us the pleasure of seeing him outwitted. We find the devil giving riddles, as they are called (tasks), in the Grimms' K. u. H. märchen, No 125 (see also the note in vol. III); Pröhle's K. u. V. märchen, No 19; Vernaleken, Oesterreichische K. u. H. märchen, No 37. He also appears as a riddle-monger in one of the best stories in the Golden Legend. A bishop, who was especially devoted to St Andrew, was tempted by Satan under the semblance of a beautiful woman, and was all but lost, when a loud knocking was heard at the door. A pilgrim demanded admittance. The lady, being asked her pleasure about this, recommended that three questions should be put to the stranger, to show whether he were fit to appear in such presence. Two questions having been answered unexceptionably, the fiend proposed a third, which was meant to be a clincher: How far is it from earth to heaven? "Go back to him that sent you," said the pilgrim (none other than St Andrew) to the messenger, "and say that he himself knows best, for he measured the distance when he fell." *Antiquus hostis de medio evanuit*. Much the same is related in the legend of St Bartholomew, and, in a Slovenian ballad, of St Ulrich, who interposes to save the Pope from espousing Satan in disguise.†

J, K, L, have completely lost sight of the original story.

Translated, after A, C, and D, in Grundtvig's Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, p. 251; R. Warrens, Schottische Lieder der Vorzeit, p. 8; Knortz, Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands, No 54.

\* Afanasief, Poetic Views of the Slavonians about Nature, I, 25. The poludnitsa seems to belong to the same class: Afanasief, III, 76; Ralston, Songs of the Russian People, p. 147.

† The legend of St Andrew in Legenda Aurea, Grässe, cap. II, 9, p. 19 ff; also in the Fornsvenskt Legendarium, I, 143 ff; Zambrini, Leggende Inedite, II, 94 ff; Pitre, Canti pop. Siciliani, II, 232 ff; that of St Bartholomew, Grässe, p. 545, cap. CXXIII, 5, and in a German Passional,

Mone's Anzeiger, 1839, VIII, col. 319 f: that of St Ulrich in Aebazel and Korytko, I, 76, 'Svėti Ureh,' translated by A. Grün, Volkslieder aus Krain, p. 136 ff. The third question and answer are in all the same. St Serf also has the credit of having baffled the devil by answering occult questions in divinity: Wintown's Scottish Chronicle, I, 131, v, 1238 ff, first pointed out by Motherwell, Minstrelsy, p. lxxiv, who besides cites the legend of St Andrew.



## A

A broadside in black letter, "printed, I suppose," says Pinkerton, "about 1670," bound up with five other pieces at the end of a copy of Blind Harry's 'Wallace,' Edin. 1673, in the Pepysian Library.

MY plaid awa, my plaid awa,  
And ore the hill and far awa,  
And far awa to Norrowa,  
My plaid shall not be blown awa.

1 The elphin knight sits on yon hill,  
Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba  
He blows his horn both lowd and shril.  
The wind hath blown my plaid awa

2 He blowes it east, he blowes it west,  
He blowes it where he lyketh best.

3 'I wish that horn were in my kist,  
Yea, and the knight in my armes two.'

4 She had no sooner these words said,  
When that the knight came to her bed.

5 'Thou art over young a maïd,' quoth he,  
'Married with me thou il wouldst be.'

6 'I have a sister younger than I,  
And she was married yesterday.'

7 'Married with me if thou wouldst be,  
A courtesie thou must do to me.

8 'For thou must shape a sark to me,  
Without any cut or heme,' quoth he.

9 'Thou must shape it knife-and-sheerlesse,  
And also sue it needle-threadlesse.'

10 'If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,  
Another thou must do to me.

11 'I have an aiker of good ley-land,  
Which lyeth low by yon sea-strand.

12 'For thou must eare it with thy horn,  
So thou must sow it with thy corn.

13 'And bigg a cart of stone and lyme,  
Robin Redbreast he must trail it hame.

14 'Thou must barn it in a mouse-holl,  
And thrash it into thy shoes soll.

15 'And thou must winnow it in thy looff,  
And also seek it in thy glove.

16 'For thou must bring it over the sea,  
And thou must bring it dry home to me.

17 'When thou hast gotten thy turns well done,  
Then come to me and get thy sark then.'

18 'I'll not quite my plaid for my life ;  
It haps my seven bairns and my wife.'  
The wind shall not blow my plaid awa

19 'My maidenhead I'll then keep still,  
Let the elphin knight do what he will.'  
The wind's not blown my plaid awa

## B

A Collection of Curious Old Ballads, etc., p. 3. Partly from an old copy in black letter, and partly from the recitation of an old lady.

MY plaid awa, my plaid awa,  
And owre the hills and far awa,  
And far awa to Norrowa,  
My plaid shall not be blawn awa.

1 The Elphin knight sits on yon hill,  
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba  
He blows his horn baith loud and shrill.  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa

2 He blows it east, he blows it west,  
He blows it where he liketh best.

3 'I wish that horn were in my kist,  
Yea, and the knight in my arms niest.'

4 She had no sooner these words said,  
Than the knight came to her bed.

5 'Thou art oer young a maid,' quoth he,  
'Married with me that thou wouldst be.'

6 'I have a sister, younger than I,  
And she was married yesterday.'

- 7 'Married with me if thou wouldst be,  
A curtisie thou must do to me.
- 8 'It's ye maun mak a sark to me,  
Without any cut or seam,' quoth he.
- 9 'And ye maun shape it, knife-, sheerless,  
And also sew it needle-, threedless.'
- 10 'If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,  
Another thou must do to me.
- 11 'I have an aiker of good ley land,  
Which lyeth low by yon sea strand.
- 12 'It's ye maun till 't wi your touting horn,  
And ye maun saw 't wi the pepper corn.
- 13 'And ye maun harrow 't wi a thorn,  
And hae your wark done ere the morn.
- 14 'And ye maun shear it wi your knife,  
And no lose a stack o't for your life.
- 15 'And ye maun stack it in a mouse hole,  
And ye maun thrash it in your shoe sole.
- 16 'And ye maun dight it in your loof,  
And also sack it in your glove.
- 17 'And thou must bring it over the sea,  
Fair and clean and dry to me.
- 18 'And when that ye have done your wark,  
Come back to me, and ye'll get your sark.'
- 19 'I'll not quite my plaid for my life;  
It haps my seven bairns and my wife.'
- 20 'My maidenhead I'll then keep still,  
Let the elphin knight do what he will.

## C

Kinloch's A. S. Ballads, p. 145. From the recitation of  
M. Kinneir, a native of Mearnsshire, 23 Aug., 1826.

- 1 THERE stands a knight at the tap o yon hill,  
Oure the hills and far awa  
He has blawn his horn loud and shill.  
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa
- 2 'If I had the horn that I hear blawn,  
And the knight that blows that horn!'
- 3 She had na sooner thae words said,  
Than the elfin knight cam to her side.
- 4 'Are na ye oure young a may  
Wi onie young man doun to lie?'
- 5 'I have a sister younger than I,  
And she was married yesterday.'
- 6 'Married wi me ye sall neer be nane  
Till ye mak to me a sark but a seam.
- 7 'And ye maun shape it knife-, sheer-less,  
And ye maun sew it needle-, threed-less.
- 8 'And ye maun wash it in yon cistran,  
Whare water never stood nor ran.
- 9 'And ye maun dry it on yon hawthorn,  
Whare the sun neer shon sin man was born.'
- 10 'Gin that courtesie I do for thee,  
Ye maun do this for me.
- 11 'Ye'll get an acre o gude red-land  
Atween the saut sea and the sand.
- 12 'I want that land for to be corn,  
And ye maun aer it wi your horn.
- 13 'And ye maun saw it without a seed,  
And ye maun harrow it wi a threed.
- 14 'And ye maun shear it wi your knife,  
And na tyne a pickle o't for your life.
- 15 'And ye maun moue it in yon mouse-hole  
And ye maun thrash it in your shoe-sole.
- 16 'And ye maun fan it wi your luves,  
And ye maun sack it in your gloves.
- 17 'And ye maun bring it oure the sea,  
Fair and clean and dry to me.
- 18 'And whan that your wark is weill deen,  
Yese get your sark without a seam.'



## D

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, 11, 296.

- 1 THE Elfin knight stands on yon hill,  
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw  
Blawing his horn loud and shrill.  
And the wind has blawin my plaid awa
- 2 'If I had yon horn in my kist,  
And the bonny laddie here that I luv best!
- 3 'I hae a sister eleven years auld,  
And she to the young men's bed has made  
bauld.
- 4 'And I mysell am only nine,  
And oh! sae fain, luv, as I woud be thine.'
- 5 'Ye maun make me a fine Holland sark,  
Without ony stitching or needle wark.
- 6 'And ye maun wash it in yonder well,  
Where the dew never wat, nor the rain ever  
fell.
- 7 'And ye maun dry it upon a thorn  
That never budded sin Adam was born.'

- 8 'Now sin ye 've askd some things o me,  
It 's right I ask as mony o thee.
- 9 'My father he askd me an aere o land,  
Between the saut sea and the strand.
- 10 'And ye maun plow 't wi your blawing horn,  
And ye maun saw 't wi pepper corn.
- 11 'And ye maun harrow 't wi a single tyne,  
And ye maun shear 't wi a sheep's shank bane.
- 12 'And ye maun big it in the sea,  
And bring the stathle dry to me.
- 13 'And ye maun barn 't in yon mouse hole,  
And ye maun thrash 't in your shее sole.
- 14 'And ye maun sack it in your gluve,  
And ye maun winno 't in your leuve.
- 15 'And ye maun dry 't without candle or coal,  
And grind it without quirn or mill.
- 16 'Ye 'll big a cart o stane and lime,  
Gar Robin Redbreast trail it syne.
- 17 'When ye 've dune, and finishd your wark,  
Ye 'll come to me, luv, and get your sark.'

## E

Motherwell's MS., p. 492.

- 1 THE Elfin Knight sits on yon hill,  
Ba ba lilly ba  
Blowing his horn loud and shill.  
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa

- 2 'I love to hear that horn blaw;  
I wish him [here] owns it and a'.
- 3 That word it was no sooner spoken,  
Than Elfin Knight in her arms was gotten.
- 4 'You must mak to me a sark,  
Without threed, sheers or needle wark.'

## F

Kinloch MSS, I, 75. From Mary Barr.

- 1 'DID ye ever travel twixt Berwick and Lyne?  
Sober and grave grows merry in time  
There ye 'll meet wi a handsome young dame,  
Anee she was a true love o mine.
- 2 'Tell her to sew me a holland sark,  
And sew it all without needle-wark:  
And syne we 'll be true lovers again.

- 3 'Tell her to wash it at yon spring-well,  
Where neer wind blew, nor yet rain fell.
- 4 'Tell her to dry it on yon hawthorn,  
That neer sprang up sin Adam was born.
- 5 'Tell her to iron it wi a hot iron,  
And plait it a' in ae plait round.'
- 6 'DID ye ever travel twixt Berwick and Lyne?  
There ye 'll meet wi a handsome young man,  
Anee he was a true lover o mine.

7 'Tell him to plough me an acre o land  
Betwixt the sea-side bot and the sea-sand,  
And syne we 'll be true lovers again.

8 'Tell him to saw it wi ae peck o corn,  
And harrow it a' wi ae harrow tine.

9 'Tell him to shear it wi ae hook-tooth,  
And carry it hame just into his loof.

10 'Tell him to stack it in yon mouse-hole,  
And thrash it a' just wi his shoe-sole.

11 'Tell him to dry it on yon ribless kiln,  
And grind it a' in yon waterless miln.

12 Tell this young man, whan he's finished his  
wark,  
He may come to me, and hese get his sark.'

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G

Gammer Gurton's Garland, p. 3, ed. 1810.

1 'CAN you make me a cambrick shirt,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
Without any seam or needle work?  
And you shall be a true lover of mine

2 'Can you wash it in yonder well,  
Where never sprung water nor rain ever fell?

3 'Can you dry it on yonder thorn,  
Which never bore blossom since Adam was  
born?

4 'Now you have askd me questions three,  
I hope you 'll answer as many for me.

5 'Can you find me an acre of land  
Between the salt water and the sea sand?

6 'Can you plow it with a ram's horn,  
And sow it all over with one pepper corn?

7 'Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,  
And bind it up with a peacock's feather?

8 'When you have done, and finishd your work,  
Then come to me for your cambrick shirt.'

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H

Motherwell's MS., p. 92.

1 'COME, pretty Nelly, and sit thee down by me,  
Every rose grows merry wi thyme  
And I will ask thee questions three,  
And then thou wilt be a true lover of mine.

2 'Thou must buy me a cambrick smock  
Without any stitch of needlework.

3 'Thou must wash it in yonder strand,  
Where wood never grew and water neer ran.

4 'Thou must dry it on yonder thorn,  
Where the sun never shined on since Adam  
was formed.'

5 'Thou hast asked me questions three;  
Sit down till I ask as many of thee.

6 'Thou must buy me an acre of land  
Betwixt the salt water, love, and the sea-sand.

7 'Thou must plow it wi a ram's horn,  
And sow it all over wi one pile o corn.

8 'Thou must shear it wi a strap o leather,  
And tie it all up in a peacock feather.

9 'Thou must stack it in the sea,  
And bring the stale o 't hame dry to me.

10 'When my love's done, and finished his work,  
Let him come to me for his cambric smock.'

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I

Motherwell's MS., p. 103. From the recitation of John  
McWhinnie, collier, Newtown Green, Ayr.

1 A LADY wonned on yonder hill,  
Hee ba and balou ba

And she had musick at her will.  
And the wind has blown my plaid awa

2 Up and cam an auld, auld man,  
Wi his blue bonnet in his han.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 3 'I will ask ye questions three ;<br>Resolve them, or ye 'll gang wi me.       | 10 'Ye maun plow it wi ae horse bane,<br>And harrow it wi ae harrow pin.               |
| 4 'Ye maun mak to me a sark,<br>It maun be free o woman's wark.                 | 11 'Ye maun shear 't wi a whang o leather,<br>And ye maun bind 't bot strap or tether. |
| 5 'Ye maun shape it knife- sheerless,<br>And ye maun sew it needle- threedless. | 12 'Ye maun stack it in the sea,<br>And bring the stale hame dry to me.                |
| 6 'Ye maun wash it in yonder well,<br>Whare rain nor dew has ever fell.         | 13 'Ye maun mak a cart o stane,<br>And yoke the wren and bring it hame.                |
| 7 'Ye maun dry it on yonder thorn,<br>Where leaf neer grew since man was born.' | 14 'Ye maun thresh 't atween your lufes,<br>And ye maun sack 't atween your thies.'    |
| 8 'I will ask ye questions three ;<br>Resolve them, or ye 'll neer get me.      | 15 'My curse on those wha learn'd thee ;<br>This night I weend ye 'd gane wi me.'      |
| 9 'I hae a rig o bonnie land<br>Atween the saut sea and the sand.               |  |

## J

Communicated by Rev. F. D. Huntington, Bishop of Western New York, as sung to him by his father in 1828, at Hadley, Mass.; derived from a rough, roystering "character" in the town.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 Now you are a-going to Cape Ann,<br>Follomingkathellomeday<br>Remember me to the self-same man.<br>Ummatiddle, ummatiddle, ummatallyho, tal-<br>lyho, follomingkathellomeday | 3 Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,<br>Tell him to sow it with one peppercorn.    |
| 2 Tell him to buy me an acre of land<br>Between the salt-water and the sea-sand.   | 4 Tell him to reap it with a penknife,<br>And tell him to cart it with two mice.         |
|  | 5 Tell him to cart it to yonder new barn<br>That never was built since Adam was born.    |
|  | 6 Tell him to thrash it with a goose quill,<br>Tell him to fan it with an egg-shell.     |
|  | 7 Tell the fool, when he's done his work,<br>To come to me, and he shall have his shirt. |

## K

Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes of England, 6th ed., p. 109, No 171.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 My father left me three acres of land,<br>Sing ivy, sing ivy<br>My father left me three acres of land.<br>Sing holly, go whistle and ivy | 3 I harrowed it with a bramble bush,<br>And reaped it with my little penknife.  |
| 2 I ploughed it with a ram's horn,<br>And sowed it all over with one pepper corn.  | 4 I got the mice to carry it to the barn,<br>And thrashed it with a goose's quill.  |
|  | 5 I got the cat to carry it to the mill ;<br>The miller he swore he would have her paw,<br>And the cat she swore she would scratch his<br>face. |

## L

Notes and Queries, 1st S., VII, 8. Signed D.

- 1 MY father gave me an acre of land,  
Sing ivy, sing ivy  
My father gave me an acre of land.  
Sing green bush, holly and ivy

- 2 I ploughd it with a ram's horn.

- 3 I harrowd it with a bramble.

- 4 I sowd it with a pepper corn.

- 5 I reapt it with my penknife.

- 6 I carried it to the mill upon the cat's back.

\* \* \* \*

- 7 I made a cake for all the king's men.

A. *The verses here prefixed to the ballad are appended to the last stanza in the broadside. For Norrowa, v. 3, Pinkerton has To-morrow. 9<sup>1</sup>, needle and sheerlesse.*

B. 'A Proper New Ballad entitled The Wind hath blawn my Plaid awa, or a Discourse between a Young Woman and the Elphin Knight. To be sung with its own proper tune.'  
"This ballad is printed partly from an old copy in black letter, and partly from the recitation of an old lady, which appears to be the Scottish version, and is here chiefly adhered to."

D. 3<sup>2</sup>. hae made.

9<sup>1</sup>. askd *should perhaps be left, or gave, as in K<sup>1</sup>, L<sup>1</sup>.*

E. *Burden<sup>2</sup>, in MS., 1, blown her; 2, 3, blawn her; 4, blawn my.*

2<sup>1</sup>, blow; 2<sup>2</sup>, and a.

H. 1<sup>1</sup>. He speaks, *in the margin of MS.*

*Burden<sup>1</sup>, time in margin.*

5<sup>1</sup>. Maid speaks, *in margin.*

I. *Not divided regularly into stanzas in the MS.*

4<sup>2</sup>. needlewark *in margin.*

10<sup>1</sup>. shin? *in margin.*

L. *After 6: "Then follows some more which I forget, but I think it ends thus."*

## 3

## THE FAUSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD

A. 'The Fause Knight upon the Road,' Motherwell's *Minstrely, Introduction, p. lxxiv.*

B. 'The False Knight,' Motherwell's *Minstrely, Appendix, Musick, p. xxiv.*

THIS singular ballad is known only through Motherwell. The opening stanza of a second version is given by the editor of the music, Mr. Blaikie, in the Appendix to the *Minstrely*. The idea at the bottom of the piece is that the devil will carry off the wee boy if he can non-plus him. So, in certain humorous stories, a fool wins a princess by dumfounding her: e. g., Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, p. 32; Von der Hagen's *Gesammtabenteuer*, No 63, III, 179; Asbjørnsen og Moe, *Norske Folkeeventyr*, No 4. But here the

boy always gets the last word. (See further on, under 'Captain Wedderburn's Courtship'.)

An extremely curious Swedish ballad of the same description, from the Lappfiord, Finland, with the substitution of an old crone, possibly a witch, and clearly no better than one of the wicked, for the false knight, is given by Oskar Rancken in *Några Prof af Folksång och Saga i det svenska Österbotten*, p. 25, No 10. It is a point in both that the replicant is a wee boy (gossen, som liten var).

1 'Why are you driving over my field?' said the earlin:

'Because the way lies over it,' answered the boy, who was a little fellow.

2 'I will eut [hew] your traces,' said etc.:

'Yes, you hew, and I'll build,' answered etc.

3 'I wish you were in the wild wood:'

'Yes, you in, and I outside.'

4 'I wish you were in the highest tree-top:'

'Yes, you up in the top, and I at the roots.'

5 'I wish you were in the wild sea:'

'Yes, you in the sea, and I in a boat.'

6 'I'll bore a hole in your boat:'

'Yes, you bore, and I'll plug.'

7 'I wish you were in hell:'

'Yes, you in, and I outside.'

8 'I wish you were in heaven:'

'Yes, I in, and you outside.'

Chambers, in his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 66 of the new edition, gives, without a word of explanation, a piece, 'Harpkin,' which seems to have been of the same character, but now sounds only like a "flyting." \* The first stanza would lead us to expect that Harpkin is to be a form of the Elfin Knight of the preceding ballad, but Fin is seen to be the uncanny one of the two by the light of the other ballads. Finn (Fin) is an ancestor of Woden, a dwarf in *Völuspá* 16 (19), and also a troid (otherwise a giant), who is induced by a saint to build a church: Thiele, *Danske Folkesagn*, I, 45, Grimm, *Mythologie*, p. 455. The name is therefore diabolic by many antecedents.

#### HARPKIN.

1 HARPKIN gaed up to the hill,  
And blew his horn loud and shrill,  
And by came Fin.

\* At the last moment I come upon this: "The only safeguard against the malice of witches is 'to flight wi dem,' that is, draw them into a controversy and scold them roundly:" (Mrs Saxby, in an interesting contribution of folk-lore from Unst, Shetland, in *The Leisure Hour*, for March 27,

2 'What for stand you there?' quo Fin:

'Spying the weather,' quo Harpkin.

3 'What for had you your staff on your shouther?' quo Fin:

'To haud the cauld frae me,' quo Harpkin.

4 'Little cauld will that hand frae you,' quo Fin:

'As little will it win through me,' quo Harpkin.

5 'I came by your door,' quo Fin:

'It lay in your road,' quo Harpkin.

6 'Your dog barkit at me,' quo Fin:

'It's his use and custom,' quo Harpkin.

7 'I flang a stane at him,' quo Fin:

'I'd rather it had been a bane,' quo Harpkin.

8 'Your wife's liechter,' quo Fin:

'She'll elim the brae the briehter,' quo Harpkin.

9 'Of a brow lad bairn,' quo Fin:

'There'll be the mair men for the king's wars,' quo Harpkin.

10 'There's a strae at your beard,' quo Fin:

'I'd rather it had been a thrave,' quo Harpkin.

11 'The ox is eating at it,' quo Fin:

'If the ox were i the water,' quo Harpkin.

12 'And the water were frozen,' quo Fin:

'And the smith and his fore-hammer at it,' quo Harpkin.

13 'And the smith were dead,' quo Fin:

'And another in his stead,' quo Harpkin.

14 'Giff, gaff,' quo Fin:

'Your mou's fou o draff,' quo Harpkin.

The peit (peat) in st. 3, below, as I am informed by Dr Davidson, is the wee boy's contribution to the school firing.

1880, p. 199.) This view, which has apparently affected 'Harpkin,' is clearly a modern misunderstanding. Let no one trust to scolding for foiling a witch, unless he "knows more words."

## A

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Introduction, p. lxxiv. From Galloway.

- 1 'O WHARE are ye gaun?'  
Quo the fause knight upon the road :  
'I'm gaun to the scule,'  
Quo the wee boy, and still he stude.
- 2 'What is that upon your back?' quo etc.  
'Atweel it is my bukes,' quo etc.
- 3 'What's that ye've got in your arm?'  
'Atweel it is my peit.'
- 4 'Wha's aucht they sheep?'  
'They are mine and my mither's.'

- 5 'How monie o them are mine?'  
'A' they that hae blue tails.'
- 6 'I wiss ye were on yon tree :'  
'And a gude ladder under me.'
- 7 'And the ladder for to break :'  
'And you for to fa down.'
- 8 'I wiss ye were in yon sie :'  
'And a gude bottom under me.'
- 9 'And the bottom for to break :'  
'And ye to be drowned.'

## B

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xxiv, No xxxii.

- 'O WHARE are ye gaun?' quo the false knight,  
And false, false was his rede :

'I'm gaun to the scule,' says the pretty little  
boy,  
And still, still he stude.

## 4

## LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT

- A.** a. 'The Gowans sae gay,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 22. b. 'Aye as the Gowans grow gay,' Motherwell's MS., p. 563.
- B.** 'The Water o Wearie's Well.' a. Buchan's MSS, II, fol. 80. b. Buchan's B. N. S., II, 201. c. Motherwell's MS., p. 561. d. 'Wearie's Wells,' Harris MS., No 19.
- C.** a. 'May Colven,' Herd's MSS, I, 166. b. 'May Colvin,' Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 93. c. 'May Colvin, or, False Sir John,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 67.
- D.** a. 'May Collin,' Sharpe's Ballad Book, No 17, p. 45. b. 'Fause Sir John and May Colvin,' Buchan, B. N. S., II, 45. c. 'May Collean,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xxi.
- E.** 'The Outlandish Knight,' Dixon, Ancient Poems, Ballads, etc., p. 74 = Bell, Ancient Poems, Ballads, etc., p. 61.
- F.** 'The False Knight Outwitted,' Roxburgh Ballads, British Museum, III, 449.

OF all ballads this has perhaps obtained the widest circulation. It is nearly as well known to the southern as to the northern nations of Europe. It has an extraordinary currency in Poland. The Germans, Low and High, and the

Scandinavians, preserve it, in a full and evidently ancient form, even in the tradition of this generation. Among the Latin nations it has, indeed, shrunk to very meagre proportions, and though the best English forms are not

without ancient and distinctive marks, most of these have been eliminated, and the better ballads are very brief.

**A** has but thirteen two-line stanzas. An elf-knight, by blowing his horn, inspires Lady Isabel with love-longing. He appears on her first breathing a wish for him, and induces her to ride with him to the greenwood.\* Arrived at the wood, he bids her alight, for she is come to the place where she is to die. He had slain seven kings' daughters there, and she should be the eighth. She persuades him to sit down, with his head on her knee, lulls him asleep with a charm, binds him with his own sword-belt, and stabs him with his own dagger, saying, If seven kings' daughters you have slain, lie here a husband to them all.

**B**, in fourteen four-line stanzas, begins unintelligibly with a bird coming out of a bush for water, and a king's daughter sighing, "Wae's this heart o mine." A personage not characterized, but evidently of the same nature as the elf-knight in **A**, lulls everybody but this king's daughter asleep with his harp,† then mounts her behind him, and rides to a piece of water called Wearie's Well. He makes her wade in up to her chin; then tells her that he has drowned seven kings' daughters here, and she

is to be the eighth. She asks him for one kiss before she dies, and, as he bends over to give it, pitches him from his saddle into the water, with the words, Since ye have drowned seven here, I'll make you bridegroom to them all.‡

**C** was first published by David Herd, in the second edition of his *Scottish Songs*, 1776, and afterwards by Motherwell, "collated" with a copy obtained from recitation. **D**, § **E**, **F** are all broadside or stall copies, and in broadside style. **C**, **D**, **E**, **F** have nearly the same story. False Sir John, a knight from the south country [west country, north lands], entices May Colven, **C**, **D** [a king's daughter, **C** 16, **E** 16; a knight's daughter, Polly, **F** 4, 9], to ride off with him, employing, in **D**, a charm which he has stuck in her sleeve. At the knight's suggestion, **E**, **F**, she takes a good sum of money with her, **D**, **E**, **F**. They come to a lonely rocky place by the sea [river-side, **F**], and the knight bids her alight: he has drowned seven ladies here [eight **D**, six **E**, **F**], and she shall be the next. But first she is to strip off her rich clothes, as being too good to rot in the sea. She begs him to avert his eyes, for decency's sake, and, getting behind him, throws him into the water. In **F** he is absurdly sent for a sickle, to crop the nettles on the river brim, and is pushed in while thus occupied.

\* 'The Elfin Knight' begins very much like **A**, but perhaps has borrowed its opening stanzas from this ballad. See page 13.

† The second stanza, which describes the harping, occurs again in 'Glenkindie' (st. 6).

‡ Perhaps the change from wood, **A**, to water, **B-F**, was made under the influence of some Merman ballad, or by admixture with such a ballad; e. g., 'Nøkkens Svig,' Grundtvig, No 39. In this (**A**) the nix entices a king's daughter away from a dance, sets her on his horse, and rides with her over the heath to a wild water, into which she sinks. It is also quite among possibilities that there was originally an English nix ballad, in which the king's daughter saved herself by some artifice, not, of course, such as is employed in **B-F**, but like that in **A**, or otherwise. Maid Heiemo, in Landstad, No 39, kills a nix with "one of her small knives." Had she put him to sleep with a charm, and killed him with *his* own knife, as Lady Isabel does, there would have been nothing to shock credibility in the story.

Aytoun, *Ballads of Scotland*, 1, 219, 2d ed., hastily pronounces Buchan's ballad not authentic, "being made up of stanzas borrowed from versions of 'Burd Helen' ['Child Waters']." There are, indeed, three successive steps into the water in both ballads, but Aytoun should have bethought himself how natural and how common it is for a passage to

slip from one ballad into another, when the circumstances of the story are the same; and in some such cases no one can say where the verses that are common originally belonged. Here, indeed, as Grundtvig remarks, iv, 7, note\*, it may well be that the verses in question belonged originally to 'Burd Helen,' and were adopted (but in the processes of tradition) into 'The Water of Wearie's Well;' for it must be admitted that the transaction in the water is not a happy conception in the latter, since it shocks probability that the woman should be able to swim ashore, and the man not.

§ "This ballad appears modern, from a great many expressions, but yet I am certain that it is old: the present copy came from the housekeeper at Methven." Note by Sharpe, in Laing's ed. of the *Ballad Book*, 1880, p. 130, xvii. Motherwell, in his *Minstrelsy*, p. lxx, n. 24, says that he had seen a stall ballad as early as 1749, entitled 'The Western Tragedy,' which perfectly agreed with Sharpe's copy. But in his *Note-Book*, p. 5 (about 1826-7), Motherwell says, "The best copy of May Colean with which I have met occurs in a stall copy printed about thirty years ago [should we then read 1799 instead of 1749?], under the title of 'The Western Tragedy.' I have subsequently seen a posterior reprint of this stall copy under this title, 'The Historical Ballad of May Collean.' In Mr. Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, the same copy, wanting only one stanza, is given."



He cries for help, and makes fair promises, C, E, but the maid rides away, with a bitter jest [on his steed, D, leading his steed, E, F], and reaches her father's house before daybreak. The groom inquires in D about the strange horse, and is told that it is a found one. The parrot asks what she has been doing, and is silenced with a bribe; and when the father demands why he was chatting so early, says he was calling to his mistress to take away the cat. Here C, E, F stop, but D goes on to relate that the maid at once tells her parents what has happened, and that the father rides off at dawn, under her conduct, to find Sir John. They carry off the corpse, which lay on the sands below the rocks, and bury it, for fear of discovery.

There is in Hone's Table Book, III, 130, ed. 1841, a *rifacimento* by Dixon of the common English broadside in what passes for old-ballad style. This has been repeated in Richardson's Borderer's Table Book, VI, 367; in Dixon's Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, p. 101; and, with alterations, additions, and omissions, in Sheldon's Minstrelsy of the English Border, p. 194.

Jamieson (1814) had never met with this ballad in Scotland, at least in anything like a perfect state; but he says that a tale to the same effect, intermixed with scraps of verse, was familiar to him when a boy, and that he afterwards found it, "in much the same state, in the Highlands, in Lochaber and Ardnamurchan." According to the tradition reported by Jamieson, the murderer had seduced the younger sister of his wife, and was seeking to prevent discovery, a difference in the story which might lead us to doubt the accuracy of Jamieson's recollection. (Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, p. 348.)

Stories like that of this ballad will inevitably be attached, and perhaps more or less adapted, to localities where they become known. May Collean, says Chambers, Scottish Ballads, p. 232, note, "finds locality in that wild portion of the coast of Carrick (Ayrshire) which intervenes betwixt Girvan and Ballantrae. Carlton Castle, about two miles to the south of Girvan (a tall old ruin, situ-

ated on the brink of a bank which overhangs the sea, and which gives title to Sir John Cathcart, Bart, of Carlton), is affirmed by the country people, who still remember the story with great freshness, to have been the residence of 'the fause Sir John;' while a tall rocky eminence called Gamesloup, overhanging the sea about two miles still further south, and over which the road passes in a style terrible to all travellers, is pointed out as the place where he was in the habit of drowning his wives, and where he was finally drowned himself. The people, who look upon the ballad as a regular and proper record of an unquestionable fact, farther affirm that May Collean was a daughter of the family of Kennedy of Colzean," etc. Binyan's (Bunion) Bay, in D, is, according to Buchan, the old name of the mouth of the river Ugie.

Far better preserved than the English, and marked with very ancient and impressive traits, is the Dutch ballad 'Halewijn,' which, not many years ago, was extensively sung in Brabant and Flanders, and is still popular as a broadside, both oral tradition and printed copies exhibiting manifold variations. A version of this ballad (A) was communicated by Willems to Mone's Anzeiger in 1836, col. 448 ff, thirty-eight two-line stanzas, and afterwards appeared in Willems's Oude vlaemsche Liederen (1848), No 49, p. 116, with some changes in the text and some various readings. Uhland, I, 153, 74 D, gave the Anzeiger text, with one correction. So Hoffmann, Niederländische Volkslieder, 2d ed., No 9, p. 39, but substituting for stanzas 19, 20 four stanzas from the margin of O. v. L., and making other slighter changes. Baecker, Chants historiques de la Flandre, No 9, p. 61, repeats Willems's second text, with one careless omission and one transposition. Coussemaker, Chants populaires des Flamands de France, No 45, p. 142, professes to give the text of Oude vlaemsche Liederen, and does so nearly. Snellaert, Oude en nieuwe Liedjes, 3d ed., 1864, No 55, p. 58, inserts seven stanzas in the place of 33, 34 of O. v. L., and two after 35, making forty-five two- (or three-) line stanzas instead of thirty-eight. These additions are also found in an



excessively corrupt form of the ballad (B), Hoffmann, No 10, p. 43, in which the stanzas have been uniformly extended to three verses, to suit the air, which required the repetition of the second line of the original stanza.

Heer Halewijn (A), like the English elf-knight, sang such a song that those who heard it longed to be with him. A king's daughter asked her father if she might go to Halewijn. No, he said; those who go that way never come back [sixteen have lost their lives, B]. So said mother and sister, but her brother's answer was, I care not where you go, so long as you keep your honor. She dressed herself splendidly, took the best horse from her father's stable, and rode to the wood, where she found Halewijn waiting for her.\* They then rode on further, till they came to a gallows, on which many women were hanging. Halewijn says, Since you are the fairest maid, choose your death [B 20 offers the choice between hanging and the sword]. She calmly chooses the sword. "Only take off your coat first, for a maid's blood spirts a great way, and it would be a pity to spatter you." His head was off before his coat, but the tongue still spake. This dialogue ensues:

'Go yonder into the corn,  
And blow upon my horn,  
That all my friends you may warn.'

'Into the corn I will not go,  
And on your horn I will not blow:  
A murderer's bidding I will not do.'

'Go yonder under the gallows-tree,  
And fetch a pot of salve for me,  
And rub my red neck lustily.'

\* According to the variation given by Willems, and adopted by Hoffmann, Halewijn's son came to meet her, tied her horse to a tree, and bade her to sit down by him and loose her hair. For every hair she undid she dropped a tear. But it will presently be seen not only that the time has not come for them to sit down, but that Halewijn's bidding her undo her hair (to no purpose) is a perversion of her offering to "red" his, to get him into her power, an offer which she makes in the German and Scandinavian ballads, where also there is good reason for her tears, but none as yet here.

† J. W. Wolf, Deutsche Märchen u. Sagen, No 29, p. 143, gives the story according to B, apparently from a ballad like

'Under the gallows I will not go,  
Nor will I rub your red neck, no,  
A murderer's bidding I will not do.'

She takes the head by the hair and washes it in a spring, and rides back through the wood. Half-way through she meets Halewijn's mother, who asks after her son; and she tells her that he is gone hunting, that he will never be seen again, that he is dead, and she has his head in her lap. When she came to her father's gate, she blew the horn like any man.

And when the father heard the strain,  
He was glad she had come back again.

Thereupon they held a feast,  
The head was on the table placed.

Snellaert's copy and the modern three-line ballad have a meeting with father, brother, sister, and mother successively. The maid's answer to each of the first three is that Halewijn is amusing himself with sixteen maids, or to that effect, but to the mother that he is dead, and she has his head in her lap. The mother angrily replies, in B, that if she had given this information earlier she would not have got so far on her way home. The maid retorts, Wicked woman, you are lucky not to have been served as your son; then rides, "like Judith wise," straight to her father's palace, where she blows the horn blithely, and is received with honor and love by the whole court.†

Another Flemish version (C) has been lately published under the title, 'Roland,' by which only, we are informed, is this particular form known in Bruges and many parts of

Snellaert's. So Luise v. Ploennies, Reiseerinnerungen aus Belgien, p. 38.

Halewyn makes his appearance again in the Flemish ballad, 'Halewyn en het kleyne Kind,' Coussemaker, No 46, p. 149; Poésies populaires de la France, vol. I. A boy of seven years has shot one of Halewyn's rabbits, and is for this condemned to be hanged on the highest tree in the park. The father makes great offers for his ransom, but in vain. On the first step of the ladder the child looks back for his mother, on the second for his father, on the third for his brother, on the fourth for his sister, each of whom successively arrives and is told that delay would have cost him his life. It will presently be seen that there is a resemblance here to German ballads (G-X, Z).

Flanders : \* Chants populaires recueillis à Bruges par Adolphe Lootens et J. M. E. Feys, No 37, p. 60, 183 vv, in sixty-three stanzas, of two, three, four, or five lines. This text dates from the last century, and is given with the most exact fidelity to tradition. It agrees with *A* as to some main points, but differs not a little as to others. The story sets out thus:

It was a bold Roland,  
He loved a lass from England ;  
He wist not how to get her,  
With reading or with writing,  
With brawling or with fighting.

Roland has lost Halewyn's art of singing. Louise asks her father if she may go to Roland, to the fair, as all her friends do. Her father refuses: Roland is "een stoute kalant," a bad fellow that betrays pretty maids; he stands with a drawn sword in his hand, and all his soldiers in armor. The daughter says she has seen Roland more than once, and that the tale about the drawn sword and soldiers is not true. This scene is exactly repeated with mother and brother. Louise then tries her shrift-father. He is easier, and does not care where she goes, provided she keeps her honor and does not shame her parents. She tells father, mother, and brother that she has leave from her confessor, makes her toilet as in *A*, takes the finest horse in the stable, and rides to the wood. There she successively meets Roland's father, mother, and brother, each of whom asks her where she is going, and whether she has any right to the crown she wears. To all she replies, Whether I have or not, be off; I know you not. She does not encounter Roland in the wood, they do not ride together, and there is no gallows-field. She enters Roland's house, where he is lying abed. He bids her gather

three rose-wreaths "at his hands" and three at his feet; but when she approaches the foot of the bed he rises, and offers her the choice to lose her honor or kneel before the sword. She chooses the sword, advises him to spare his coat, and, while he is taking it off, strikes off his head, all as in *A*. The head speaks: Go under the gallows (of which we have heard nothing hitherto), fetch a pot of salve, rub it on my wounds, and they shall straight be well. She declines to follow a murderer's rede, or to learn magic. The head bids her go under the blue stone and fetch a pot of maidens-grease, which also will heal the wounds. This again she refuses to do, in the same terms; then seizes the head by the hair, washes it in a spring, and rides off with it through the wood, duly meeting Roland's father, mother, and brother once more, all of whom challenge her, and to all of whom she answers,

Roland your son is long ago dead ;  
God has his soul and I his head ;  
For in my lap here I have his head,  
And with the blood my apron is red.

When she came back to the city the drums and the trumpets struck up.† She stuck the head out of the window, and cried, "Now I am Roland's bride!" She drew it in, and cried, "Now I am a heroine!"

**Danish.** Eleven versions of this ballad are known in Danish, seven of which are given in *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, No 183, 'Kvindemorderen,' *A-G*. Four more, *H-L*, are furnished by Kristensen, *Jydske Folkeviser*, I, Nos 46, 47, 91; II, No 85. *A*, in forty-one two-line stanzas (previously printed in Grundtvig's *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 233), is from a 16th century MS.; *B*, thirty stanzas,

\* "La chanson de Halewyn, telle à peu près que la donnent Willems, Snellaert et de Coussemaker, se vend encore sur le marché de Bruges. Quoiqu'elle porte pour titre *Halewyn*, jamais notre pièce n'a été connue ici sous ce nom. Le nom de Halewijn, Alewijn ou Alwin . . . est réservé au héros de la pièce suivante" [Mi Adel en Hir Alewijn]. Lootens et Feys, p. 66. "Il est à regretter que Willems et de Coussemaker n'aient pas jugé à propos de donner cette pièce telle que le peuple l'a conservée; on serait sans aucun doute en possession de variantes remarquables, et les lacunes qui ex-

istent dans notre version n'eussent pas manqué d'être comblées. Il est bon d'insister sur la remarque faite à la suite de la chanson, qu'à Bruges et dans beaucoup de localités de la Flandre, elle n'est connue que sous le titre de *Roland*. Ajoutons que notre texte appartient au dernier siècle." L. et F., 295.

† So in 'Liebe ohne Stand,' one of the mixed forms of the German ballad, *Wunderhorn*, *Erk* I, 41, *Creeelius*, I, 36,

Und als es nun kam an den dritten Tag,  
Da gingen die Pfeiffen und Trommeln an.

C, twenty-four, D, thirty-seven, from MSS of the 17th century; E, fifty-seven, from a broadside of the end of the 18th; F, thirty, from one of the beginning of the 19th; and G-L, thirty-five, twenty-three, thirty-one, twenty-six, thirty-eight stanzas, from recent oral tradition.

The four older versions, and also E, open with some lines that occur at the beginning of other ballads.\* In A and E, and, we may add, G, the maid is allured by the promise of being taken to a paradise exempt from death and sorrow; C, D, F promise a train of handmaids and splendid presents. All the versions agree very well as to the kernel of the story. A false knight prevails upon a lady to elope with him, and they ride to a wood [they simply meet in a wood, H, K]. He sets to work digging a grave, which she says is too long for his [her] dog and too narrow for his [her] horse [all but F, H]. She is told that the grave is for her. He has taken away the life [and honor, B, C, I] of eight maids, and she shall be the ninth. The eight maids become nine kings' daughters in E, ten in F, nineteen in G, and in E and F the hard choice is offered of death by sword, tree, or stream. In A, E, I, L the knight bids the lady get her gold together before she sets out with him, and in D, H, K, L he points out a little knoll under which he keeps the gold of his previous victims. The maid now induces the knight to lie down with his head in her lap, professing a fond desire to render him the most homely of services † [not in C, G, I, K]. He makes an express condition in E, F, G, H, L that she shall not betray him in his sleep, and she calls Heaven to witness that she will not. In G she sings him to sleep. He slept a sleep that was not sweet. She binds him hand and foot, then cries, Wake up! I will not betray you in sleep.‡ Eight you have

killed; yourself shall be the ninth. Entreaties and fair promises and pretences that he had been in jest, and desire for shrift, are in vain. Woman-fashion she drew his sword, but man-fashion she cut him down. She went home a maid.

E, F, G, however, do not end so simply. On her way home through the wood [E], she comes upon a maid who is working gold, and who says, The last time I saw that horse my brother rode it. She answers, Your brother is dead, and will do no more murdering for gold; then turns her horse, and sets the sister's bower on fire. Next she encounters seven robbers on the heath, who recognize the horse as their master's, and are informed of his death and of the end of his crimes. They ask about the fire. She says it is an old pig-sty. She rides on, and they call to her that she is losing her horse's gold shoe. But nothing can stop her; she bids them pick it up and drink it in wine; and so comes home to her father's. F has nothing of the sister; in place of seven robbers there are nine of the robber's brothers, and the maid sets their house on fire. G indulges in absurd extravagances: the heroine meets the robber's sister with twelve fierce dogs, and then his twelve swains, and cuts down both dogs and swains.

The names in the Danish ballads are, A, Ulver and Vænelil; B, Olmor, or Oldemor, and Vindelraad; C, Hollemen and Vendelraad; D, Romor, Reimord, or Reimvord, and the maid unnamed; F, Herr Peder and Liden Kirsten; H-L, Ribold, Rigbold [I, Rimmelil] and Guldborg.

Four Swedish versions are known, all from tradition of this century. A, 'Den Falske Riddaren,' twenty-three two-line stanzas, Arwidsson, 44 B, I, 301. B, 'Röfvaren Brun,' fifteen stanzas, Afzelius, 83, III, 97. C, twen-

\* E. g., the wonderland in A 2-6, and the strict watch kept over the lady in 7-10 are repeated in 'Ribold og Guldborg,' Grundtvig, 82, B 2-7, 8-11, and in 'Den trofaste Jomfru,' ib. 249, A 3-6, 7-10. The watching in A, B, C and the proffered gifts of C, D, F are found in 'Nøkkens Svig,' Grundtvig, 39, A, B, 12-18. The disguise in A 11-14, the rest in the wood with the knight's head in the lady's lap, A 16, 27, B 11, 21, D 14, 24, E 11, 21, etc., recur in Ribold,

B 12-14, L 9, 10, M 19, 20, N 11, 13, P 12, 13. These resemblances, naturally, are not limited to the Danish copies.

† So the princess in Asbjørnsen og Moe, N. Folkeeventyr, p. 153. Cf. Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands, III, 209; IV, 282, 283.

‡ The binding and waking, with these words, are found also in a made-up text of 'Frøndehavn,' Grundtvig, No 4, C 51-53, but certainly borrowed from some copy of 'Kvindemorderen.'

ty-seven stanzas, Arwidsson, 44 A, I, 298. D, 'Röfvaren Rymer,' sixteen stanzas, Afzelius, 82, III, 94. A, B, D have resemblances, at the beginning, to the Ribold ballads, like the Danish A, B, E, G, while the beginning of C is like the Danish C, D, F. A has the grave-digging; there have been eight maids before; the knight lays his head in the lady's lap for the same reason as in most of the Danish ballads, and under the same assurance that he shall not be betrayed in sleep; he is bound, and conscientiously waked before his head is struck off; and the lady rides home to her father's. There have been eight previous victims in C, and they king's daughters; in B, eleven (maids); D says not how many, but, according to an explanation of the woman that sang it, there were seven princesses. C, D, like Danish E, F, G, make the maid encounter some of the robber's family on the way home. By a misconception, as we perceive by the Dutch ballad, she is represented as blowing the robber's horn. Seven sisters come at the familiar sound to bury the murdered girl and share the booty, but find that they have their brother to bury.

The woman has no name in any of the Swedish ballads. A calls the robber "an outlandish man" (en man ifrån fremmande land), B, simple Brun, C, a knight, and D, Riddaren Rymer, or Herr Rymer.

Of Norwegian versions, but two have been printed: A, 'Svein Norðmann,' twenty two-line stanzas, Landstad, 69, p. 567; B, 'Rullemann og Hildeborg,' thirty stanzas, Landstad, 70, p. 571, both from recent recitation. Bugge has communicated eight others to Grundtvig. Both A and B have the paradise at the beginning, which is found in Danish A, E, G, and Swedish D. In both the lady gets her gold together while the swain is saddling his horse. They come to a grave already dug, which in B is said to be made so very wide because Rulleman has already laid nine maidens in it. The stanza in A which should give the number is lost, but the reciter or singer put it at seven or nine. The maid gets the robber into her power by the usual artifice, with a slight variation in B. According

to A, she rides straight home to her father. B, like Danish F, has an encounter with her false lover's [five] brothers. They ask, Where is Rullemann, thy truelove? She answers, He is lying down, in the green mead, and bloody is his bridal bed.

Of the unprinted versions obtained by Professor Bugge, two indicate that the murderer's sleep was induced by a spell, as in English A. F 9 has,

Long time stood Gullbjör; to herself she thought,  
May none of my *runes* avail me ought?

And H 18, as also a variant to B 20, says it was a rune-slumber that came over him. Only G, H, I, K give the number of the murdered women: in G, H, eight, in I, nine, in K, five.

The names are, in A, Svein Norðmann and Guðbjörg; B, Rulleman and Hildeborg [or Signe]; C, D, E, F, Svein Nórman and Gullbjör [Gumbjör]; G, Rullemann and Kjersti; H, Rullball and Signelill; I, Alemarken and Valerós; K, Rulemann and a fair maid.

Such information as has transpired concerning Icelandic versions of this ballad is furnished by Grundtvig, IV, 4. The Icelandic form, though curtailed and much injured, has shown tenacity enough to preserve itself in a series of closely agreeing copies from the 17th century down. The eldest, from a manuscript of 1665, runs thus:

- 1 Ása went along the street, she heard a sweet sound.
- 2 Ása went into the house, she saw the villain bound.
- 3 'Little Ása, loose me! I will not beguile thee.'
- 4 'I dare not loose thee, I know not whether thou 'lt beguile me.'
- 5 'God almighty take note who deceives the other!'
- 6 She loosed the bands from his hand, the fetter from his foot.
- 7 'Nine lands have I visited, ten women I've beguiled;

8 'Thou art now the eleventh, I'll not let thee slip.'

A copy, from the beginning of the 18th century, has, in stanza 2, "Ása went into the wood," a recent copy, "over the fields;" and stanza 3, in the former, with but slight differences in all the modern copies, reads,

'Welcome art thou, Ása maid! thou wilt mean to loose me.'

Some recent copies (there is one in Berggreen, *Danske Folkesange*, 2d ed., I, 162) allow the maid to escape, adding,

9 'Wait for me a little space, whilst I go into the green wood.'

10 He waited for her a long time, but she never came back to him.

11 Ása took her white steed, of all women she rode most.

12 Ása went into a holy cell, never did she harm to man.

This is certainly one of the most important of the **German** ballads, and additions are constantly making to a large number of known versions. Excepting two broadsides of about 1560, and two copies from recitation printed in 1778, all these, twenty-six in number, have been obtained from tradition since 1800.\* They are as follows: **A a**, 'Gert Olbert,' 'Die Mörners Sang,' in Low German, as written down by William Grimm, in the early years of this century, 61 vv, Reifferscheid, p. 161, II. **A b**, "from the Münster region," communicated to Uhland by the Baroness Annette von Droste-Hüllshof, 46 vv, Uhland, I, 151, No 74 C; repeated in Mittler, No 79. **A c**, a fragment from the same source as the preceding, and written down at the beginning of this century, 35 vv, Reifferscheid, p. 161, I. **B**, 'Es wollt sich ein Markgraf ausreiten,' from Bökendorf, Westphalia, as taken down by W. Grimm, in 1813, 41 vv, Reifferscheid, p. 116. **Ca**, 'Die Gerettete,' "from the Lower Rhine," twenty-six two-line stanzas, Zuccalmaglio, No

28, p. 66; Mittler, No 85. **C b**, eleven two-line stanzas, Montanus (= Zuccalmaglio) *Die deutschen Volksfeste*, p. 45. **D**, 'Von einem wackern Mägdlein, Odilia geheissen,' etc., from the Rhine, 34 vv [Longard], No 24, p. 48. **E**, 'Schondilie,' Menzenberg and Breitbach, 59 vv, Simrock, No 7, p. 19; Mittler, No 86. **F**, 'Jungfrau Linnich,' communicated by Zuccalmaglio as from the Rhine region, Berg and Mark, fourteen two-line stanzas, Erlach, IV, 598, and Kretschmer (nearly), No 92, p. 164; Mittler, No 87. **G a**, 'Ulinger,' 120 vv, Nuremberg broadside "of about 1555" (Böhme) in Wunderhorn, ed. 1857, IV, 101, Böhme, No 13<sup>a</sup>, p. 56. **G b c**, Basel broadsides, "of about 1570" (Böhme), and of 1605, in Uhland, No 74 A, I, 141; Mittler, No 77. **H**, 'Adelger,' 120 vv, an Augsburg broadside, "of about 1560" (Böhme), Uhland, No 74 B, I, 146; Böhme, No 13<sup>b</sup>, p. 58; Mittler, No 76. **I**, 'Der Brautnörder,' in the dialect of the Kuhländchen (Northeast Moravia and Austrian Silesia), 87 vv, Meinert, p. 61; Mittler, No 80. **J**, 'Annele,' Swabian, from Hirrlingen and Obernau, 80 vv, Meier, *Schwäbische V. L.*, No 168, p. 298. **K**, another Swabian version, from Hirrlingen, Immenried, and many other localities, 80 vv, Scherer, Jungbrunnen, No 5 B, p. 25. **L a**, from the Swabian-Württemberg border, 81 vv, Birlinger, *Schwäbisch-Augsburgisches Wörterbuch*, p. 458. **L b**, [Birlinger], *Schwäbische V. L.*, p. 159, from Immenried, nearly word for word the same. **M**, 'Der falsche Sänger,' 40 vv, Meier, No 167, p. 296. **N**, 'Es reitets ein Ritter durch Haber und Klee,' 43 vv, a fifth Swabian version, from Hirrlingen, Meier, p. 302. **O**, 'Alte Ballade die in Entlebuch noch gesungen wird,' twenty-three double stanzas, in the local dialect, *Schweizerblätter von Henne und Reithard*, 1833, II<sup>r</sup> Jahrgang, 210-12. **P**, 'Das Guggibader-Lied,' twenty-one treble stanzas (23?), in the Aargau dialect, Rochholz, *Schweizer-sagen aus dem Aargau*, I, 24. **Q**, 'Es sitzt gut Ritter auf und ritt,' a copy taken down in 1815 by J. Grimm, from the recitation of a lady who had heard it as a child in German Bohemia, 74 vv, Reifferscheid, p. 162. **R**, 'Bie wrüe išt auv der rittersmàn,' in the dialect of

\* All the German versions appear to have been *originally* in the two-line stanza.



Gottschee, Carniola, 86 vv, Schröer, Sitzungsberichte der Wiener Ak., phil-hist. Cl, LX, 462. S, 'Das Lied von dem falschen Rittersmann,' 60 vv, from Styria, Rosegger and Heuberger, Volkslieder aus Steiermark, No 19, p. 17. T, 'Ulrich und Ännchen,' \* 49 vv, Herder's Volkslieder, 1778, I, 79; Mittler, No 78. U, 'Schön Ulrich und Roth-Aennchen,' 46 vv, in Taschenbuch für Dichter und Dichterfreunde, Abth. viii, 126, 1778, from Upper Lusatia (slightly altered by the contributor, Meissner); Mittler, No 84. A copy from Kapsdorf, in Hoffmann and Richter's Schlesische V. L., No 13, p. 27, is the same, differing by only three words. V, 'Schön-Aennelein,' 54 vv, from the eastern part of Brandenburg, Erk u. Irmer, 6th Heft, p. 64, No 56 (stanzas 4-8 from the preceding). W, 'Schön Ullerich und Hanselein,' twenty-nine two-line stanzas, from the neighborhood of Breslau, in Gräter's Idunna und Hermode, No 35, Aug. 29, 1812, following p. 140. The same in Schlesische V. L., No 12, p. 23, 'Schön Ulrich u. Rautendelein,' with a stanza (12) inserted; and Mittler, No 81. X, 'Der Albrecht u. der Hanselein,' 42 vv, from Nantzen, East Prussia, in Neue preussische Provinzial-Blätter, 2d series, III, 158, No 8. Y, 'Ulrich u. Annle,' nineteen two-line stanzas, a second Kuhländchen version, Meinert, p. 66; Mittler, No 83. Z a, 'Von einem frechen Räuber, Herr Ulrich geheissen,' nineteen two-line stanzas, from the Rhine [Longard], No 23, p. 46. Z b, 'Ulrich,' as sung on the Lower Rhine, the same ballad, with unimportant verbal differences, and the insertion of one stanza (7, the editor's?), Zuccalmaglio, No 15, p. 39; Mittler, No 82.

The German ballads, as Grundtvig has pointed out, divide into three well-marked classes. The first class, embracing the versions A-F (6), and coming nearest to English and Dutch tradition, has been found along the lower half of the Rhine and in Westphalia, or in Northwest Germany; the second, including G-S (13), is met with in Swabia, Switzerland, Bohemia, Moravia, Styria, Car-

niola, or in South Germany; the third, T-Z (7), in East Prussia, the eastern part of Brandenburg and of Saxony, Silesia, and, again, Moravia, or, roughly speaking, in North and East Germany; but, besides the Moravian, there is also of this third class one version, in two copies, from the Rhine.

(I.) A runs thus. She that would ride out with Gert Olbert must dress in silk and gold. When fair Helena had so attired herself, she called from her window, Gert Olbert, come and fetch the bride. He took her by her silken gown and swung her on behind him, and they rode three days and nights. Helena then said, We must eat and drink; but Gert Olbert said, We must go on further. They rode over the green heath, and Helena once more tenderly asked for refreshment. Under yon fir [linden], said Gert Olbert, and kept on till they came to a green spot, where nine maids were hanging. Then it was, Wilt thou choose the fir-tree, the running stream, or the naked sword? She chose the sword, but begged him to take off his silken coat, "for a maid's blood spirts far, and I should be sorry to spatter it." While he was engaged in drawing off his coat, she cut off his head. But still the false tongue spoke. It bade her blow in his horn; then she would have company enough. She was not so simple as to do this. She rode three days and nights, and blew the horn when she reached her father's castle. Then all the murderers came running, like hounds after a hare. Frau Clara [Jutte] called out, Where is my son? Under the fir-tree, sporting with nine maids; he meant me to be the tenth, said Helena.

B is the same story told of a margrave and Fair Annie, but some important early stanzas are lost, and the final ones have suffered injury; for the ballad ends with this conceit, "She put the horn to her mouth, and blew the margrave quite out of her heart." Here, by a transference exceedingly common in tradition, it is the man, and not the maid, that "would ride in velvet and silk and red gold."

C a has the names Odilia and Hilsinger, a trooper (reiter). Odilia was early left an orphan, and as she grew up "she grew into

\* The copies with this title in Simrock, No 6, p. 15, and in Scherer's Jungbrunnen, No 5 A, and his Deutsche V. L., 1851, p. 349, are compounded from various texts.

the trooper's bosom." He offered her seven pounds of gold to be his, and "she thought seven pounds of gold a good thing." We now fall into the track of **A**. Odilia dresses herself like a bride, and calls to the trooper to come and get her. They ride first to a high hill, where she asks to eat and drink, and then go on to a linden-tree, on which seven maids are hanging. The choice of three deaths is offered, the sword chosen, he is entreated to spare his coat, she seizes his sword and hews off his head. The false tongue suggests blowing the horn. Odilia thinks "much bidding or blowing is not good." She rides away, and presently meets the trooper's "little foot-page" (bot), who fancies she has Hilsinger's horse and sword. "He sleeps," she says, "with seven maids, and thought I was to be the eighth." This copy concludes with a manifestly spurious stanza. **C b** agrees with **C a** for ten stanzas, as to the matter, and so far seems to be **C a** improved by Zuccalmaglio, with such substitutions as a princely castle for "seven pounds of gold." The last stanza (11),

Und als die Sternlein am Himmel klar,  
Otilia die achte der Todten war,

was, no doubt, suggested by the last of **F**, another of Zuccalmaglio's versions, and, if genuine, would belong to a ballad of the third class.

**D** has the name Odilia for the maid, but the knight, or trooper, has become expressly a robber (ritter, reiter, ränber). They ride to a green heath, where there is a cool spring. Odilia asks for and gets a draught of water, and is told that at the linden-tree there will be eating and drinking for them. And when they come to the linden, there hang six, seven maids! All proceeds as before. The talking head is lost. Odilia meets the robber's mother, and makes the usual reply.\*

\* Both **D** and **E** have attached to them this final stanza:

'Odilia, why are thy shoes so red?'  
'It is three doves that I shot dead.'

This is a well-known commonplace in tragic ballads; and Grundtvig suggests that this stanza was the occasion of the story taking the turn which we find in ballads of the third class.

**E** resembles **C** closely. Odilia becomes Schondilg (Schön Odilie), Räuber returns to Ritter, or Reiter, and the servant-maid bribe of seven pounds of gold rises to ten tons.† Schondilg's toilet, preparatory to going off (6-8), is described with a minuteness that we find only in the Dutch ballad (12-16). After this, there is no important variation. She meets the trooper's three brothers, and makes the same replies to them as to the mother in **D**.

**F**. The personages here are Linnich (i. e., Nellie) and a knight from England. The first twelve stanzas do not diverge from **C**, **D**, **E**. In stanza 13 we find the knight directing the lady to strip off her silk gown and gold necklace, as in the English **C**, **D**, **E**; but certainly this inversion of the procedure which obtains in German **C**, **D**, **E** is an accident arising from confused recollection. The 14th and last stanza similarly misunderstands the maid's feigned anxiety about the knight's fine coat, and brings the ballad to a false close, resembling the termination of those of the third class, still more those of certain mixed forms to be spoken of presently.

(II.) The second series, **G-S**, has three or four traits that are not found in the foregoing ballads. **G**, which, as well as **H**, was in print more than two hundred years before any other copy is known to have been taken down, begins, like the Dutch Halewijn, with a knight (Ulinger) singing so sweetly that a maid (Fridburg) is filled with desire to go off with him. He promises to teach her his art. This magical song is wanting only in **R**, of class II, and the promise to teach it only in **Q**, **R**. She attires herself splendidly; he swings her on to his horse behind him, and they ride to a wood. When they came to the wood there was no one there but a white dove on a hazel-bush, that sang, Listen, Fridburg: Ulinger

† One scarcely knows whether this bribe is an imperfect reminiscence of splendid promises which the knight makes, e. g., in the Danish ballads, or a shifting from the maid to the knight of the gold which the elsewhere opulent or well-to-do maid gets together while the knight is preparing to set forth; or simply one of those extravagances which so often make their appearance in later versions of ballads.

has hanged eleven \* maids ; the twelfth is in his clutches. Fridburg asked what the dove was saying. Ulinger replied, It takes me for another ; it lies in its red bill ; and rode on till it suited him to alight. He spread his cloak on the grass, and asked her to sit down :

Er sprach sie solt ihm lausen,  
Sein gelbes Haar zerzausen.†

Looking up into her eyes, he saw tears, and asked why she was weeping. Was it for her sorry husband ? Not for her sorry husband, she said. But here some stanzas, which belong to another ballad,‡ have crept in, and she is, with no reason, made to ride further on. She comes to a lofty fir, and eleven maids hanging on it. She wrings her hands and tears her hair, and implores Ulinger to let her be hanged in her clothes as she is.

‘ Ask me not that, Fridburg,’ he said ;  
‘ Ask me not that, thou good young maid ;  
Thy scarlet mantle and kirtle black  
Will well become my young sister’s back.’

Then she begs to be allowed three cries.

‘ So much I may allow thee well,  
Thou art so deep within the dell ;  
So deep within the dell we lie,  
No man can ever hear thy cry.’

She cries, “ Help, Jesu ! ” “ Help, Mary ! ”  
“ Help, dear brother ! ”

‘ For if thou come not straight,  
For my life ’t will be too late ! ’

Her brother seems to hear his sister’s voice  
“ in every sense.”

He let his falcon fly,  
Rode off with hounds in full cry ;  
With all the haste he could  
He sped to the dusky wood.

\* The number eleven is remarkably constant in the German ballads, being found in **G, H, J-L, N-W** ; it is also the number in Swedish **B**. Eight is the favorite number in the North, and occurs in Danish **A-D, H-L**, Swedish **A, C**, Norwegian **G, H** ; again in German **I**. German **M, X**, Danish **F**, have ten ; German **A, B**, Danish **E**, Norwegian **I**, have nine ; German **C, D**, seven ; Danish **G** has nineteen.

‘ What dost thou here, my Ulinger ?  
What dost thou here, my master dear ? ’  
‘ Twisting a withe, and that is all,  
To make a halter for my foal.’

‘ Twisting a withe, and that is all,  
To make a halter for thy foal !  
I swear by my troth thus shall it be,  
Thyself shalt be the foal for me.’

‘ Then this I beg, my Fridburger,  
Then this I beg, my master dear,  
That thou wilt let me hang  
In my clothes as now I stand.’

‘ Ask me not that, thou Ulinger,  
Ask me not that, false perjurer ;  
Thy scarlet mantle and jerkin black  
Will well become my scullion’s back.’

His shield before his breast he slung,  
Behind him his fair sister swung,  
And so he hied away  
Where his father’s kingdom lay.

**H**, the nearly contemporaneous Augsburg broadside, differs from **G** in only one important particular. The “ reuter ” is Adelger, the lady unnamed. A stanza is lost between 6 and 7, which should contain the warning of the dove, and so is Adelger’s version of what the bird had said. The important feature in **H**, not present in **G**, is that the halt is made near a spring, about which blood is streaming, “ der war mit blut umbrunnenn.” This adds a horror to this powerful scene which well suits with it. When the maid begins to weep, Adelger asks whether her tears are for her father’s land, or because she dislikes him so much. It is for neither reason, but because on yon fir she sees eleven maids hanging. He confirms her fears :

‘ Ah, thou fair young lady fine,  
O palsgravine, O empress mine,

French **A, B** have fourteen, fifteen, Italian ballads still higher numbers : **A, B, C**, thirty-six, **D**, fifty-two, **E**, thirty-three, **F**, three hundred and three.

† This stroke of realism fails only in **M, N, R**, of this second class.

‡ Apparently to a Ribold ballad, of which no other trace has been found in German. See further on in this volume.



Adelger's killed his eleven before,  
Thou 'lt be the twelfth, of that be sure.\*

The last two lines seem, by their form, to be the dove's warning that has dropped out between stanzas 6 and 7. The maid's clothes in **H** are destined to be the perquisite of Adelger's mother, and the brother says that Adelger's are to go to his shield-bearer. The unhappy maid cries but twice, to the Virgin and to her brother. When surprised by the brother, Adelger feigns to be twisting a withe for his falcon.

**I** begins, like **G**, **H**, with the knight's seductive song. Instead of the dove directly warning the maid, it upbraids the man: "Whither now, thou Ollegehr? † Eight hast thou murdered already; and now for the ninth!" The maid asks what the dove means, and is told to ride on, and not mind the dove, who takes him for another man. There are eight maids in the fir. The cries are to Jesus, Mary, and her brothers, one of whom hastens to the rescue. He is struck with the beauty of his sister's attire, — her velvet dress, her virginal crown, "which you shall wear many a year yet." So saying, he draws his sword, and whips off his "brother-in-law's" head, with this epicedium:

'Lie there, thou head, and bleed,  
Thou never didst good deed.

'Lie there, thou head, and rot,  
No man shall mourn thy lot.

'No one shall ever be sorry for thee  
But the small birds on the greenwood tree.' ‡

In **J**, again, the knight comes riding through

\* 13 'Ach du schöne junkfraw fein,  
Du pfalzgrävin, du kaiserin!  
Der Adelger hat sich vor aïlf getödt,  
Du wirst die zwölf, das sei dir gsait.

15 'So bitt mich nit, du junkfraw fein,  
So bitt mich nit, du herzigs ein!'

The *liebkosung* of this murder-reeking Adelger, o'ersized with coagulate gore, is admirably horrible.

† Nimmersatt (All-begehrend) as interpreted by Meinert, not Adelger.

‡ Verses which recur, nearly, not only in **Y** 17-19, **W** 27, 28, but elsewhere, as in a copy of 'Graf Friedrich,' Erk's *Liederhort*, p. 41, No 15, st. 19.

the reeds, and sings such a song that Brown Annele, lying under the casement, exclaims, "Could I but sing like him, I would give my troth and my honor!" There are, by mistake, two § doves in stanza 4, that warn Annele not to be beguiled, but this error is set right in the next stanza. When she asks what the dove is cooing, the answer is, "It is cooing about its red foot; it went barefoot all winter." We have here again, as in **H**, the spring in the wood, "mit Blute umrunnen," and the lady asks again the meaning of the bloody spring. The knight replies, in a stanza which seems both corrupted and out of place, "This is where the eleven pure virgins perished." Then follow the same incidents as in **G-I**. He says she must hang with the eleven in the fir, and be queen over all. Her cries are for her father, for Our Lady, and for her brother, who is a hunter in the forest. The hunter makes all haste to his sister, twists a withe, and hangs the knight without a word between them, then takes his sister by the hand and conducts her home, with the advice never more to trust a knight: for all which she returns her devout thanks.||

**K** and **L** are of the same length and the same tenor as **J**. There are no names in **L**; in **K** both Annele and Ulrich, but the latter is very likely to have been inserted by the editor. **K**, **L** have only one dove, and in neither does the lady ask the meaning of the dove's song. The knight simply says, "Be still; thou liest in thy throat!" Both have the bloody spring, but out of place, for it is very improperly spoken of by the knight as the spot he is making for:

§ There is no sense in *two* doves. The single dove one may suppose to be the spirit of the last victim. We shall find the *eleven* appearing as doves in **Q**. There is no occasion to regard the dove here as a Waldminne (Vilmar, *Handbüchlein für Freunde des deutschen Volkslieds*, p. 57). Cf. the nightingale (and two nightingales) in the Danish 'Redselille og Medelvold:' see 'Leesome Brand,' further on in this volume.

|| This ballad has become, in Tübingen, a children's game, called 'Bertha im Wald.' The three cries are preserved in verse, and very nearly as in **J**, **M**. The game concludes by the robber smothering Bertha. Meier, *Deutsche Kinder-Reime*, No 439.

‘Wir wollen ein wenig weiter vorwärts faren,  
Bis zu einem kühlen Waldbrunnen,  
Der ist mit Blut überonnen.’ \*

L 26-28, 17-19.

The three cries are for father, mother, brother. In **K** the brother fights with “Ulrich” two hours and a half before he can master him, then despatches him with his two-edged sword, and hangs him in a withe. He fires his rifle in **L**, to announce his coming, and hears his sister’s laugh; then stabs the knight through the heart. The moral of **J** is repeated in both: Stay at home, and trust no knight.

**M** smacks decidedly of the *bänkelsänger*, and has an appropriate moral at the tail: *animi index cauda!* The characters are a cavalier and a girl, both nameless, and a brother. The girl, hearing the knight sing “ein Liedchen von dreierlei Stimmen,” which should seem to signify a three-part song, says, “Ah, could I sing like him, I would straightway give him my honor.” They ride to the wood, and come upon a hazel-bush with *three* doves, one of which informs the maid that she will be betrayed, the second that she will die that day, and the third that she will be buried in the wood. The second and third doves, as being false prophets, and for other reasons, may safely be pronounced intruders. All is now lost till we come to the cries, which are addressed to father, mother, and brother. The brother stabs the traitor to the heart.†

**N** is as short as **M**, and, like it, has no names, but has all the principal points: the

\* **K**, or the editor, seeks to avoid the difficulty by taking the last line from the knight, and reading, “Mit Blut war er umronnen,” an emendation not according with the simplicity of ballads. Another Swabian copy, Meier, p. 301, note, strophe 6, has:

‘Wir müssen zu selbigem Bronnen  
Wo Wasser und Blut heraus ronnen.’

† The last verses are these, and not very much worse than the rest:

Mein Bruder ist ein Jägersmann,  
Der alle Thierlein schießen kann;  
Er hatt’ ein zweischneidiges Schwerte,  
Und stach es dem Falschen ins Herze.

Ihr Mädchen alle insgemein,  
Lasst euch doch diess zur Warnung sein,  
Und geht doch mit keinem so falschen  
In einen so finsternen Walde.

fascinating song, the dove on the bush, eleven maids in the fir, the three cries, and the rescue by the huntsman-brother, who cocks his gun and shoots the knight. The reciter of this ballad gave the editor to understand that if the robber had succeeded in his twelfth murder, he would have attained such powers that nobody after that could harm him.‡

**O** is a fairly well-preserved ballad, resembling **G-J** as to the course of the story. Anneli, lying under the casement, hears the knight singing as he rides through the reeds. The elaborate toilet is omitted, as in **I, J**. The knight makes haste to the dark wood. They come to a cold spring, “mit Bluot war er überonnen;” then to a hazel, behind which a dove coos ominously. Anneli says, Listen. The dove coos you are a false man, that will not spare my life. No, says the knight, that is not it; the dove is cooing about its blue foot, for its fate is to freeze in winter. The cloak is thrown on the grass, the eleven maids in the fir are descried, and Anneli is told she must hang highest, and be empress over all. He concedes her as many cries as she likes, for only the wood-birds will hear. She calls on God, the Virgin, and her brother. The brother thinks he hears his sister’s voice, calls to his groom to saddle, comes upon the knight while he is twisting a withe for his horse, as he says, ties him to the end of the withe, and makes him pay for all he has perpetrated in the wood. He then swings Anneli behind him, and rides home with her.

**P**, the other Swiss ballad, has been re-

My brother is a hunting man,  
And all the small game shoot he can;  
He had a sword with edges two,  
And ran the heart of the false man through

Ye maidens now in general,  
Let this be warning to you all;  
With man so false you never should  
Go to so *very* dark a wood.

‡ So in *Rochholz, Schweizer Sagen*, No 14, I, 23, a man who had killed eleven maids would, if he could have made up the number twelve, have been able to pass through walls and mouseholes. Again, a certain robber in Jutland, who had devoured eight children’s hearts, would have acquired the power of flying could he but have secured one more. *Grundtvig, D. g. F.* IV, 16, note.

touched, and more than retouched in places, by a modern pen. Still the substance of the story, and, on the whole, the popular tone, is preserved. Fair Anneli, in the miller's house, hears the knight singing as he rides through the rushes, and runs down-stairs and calls to him: she would go off with him if she could sing like that, and her clothes are fit for any young lady. The knight promises that he will teach her his song if she will go with him, and bids her put these fine clothes on. They ride to the wood. A dove calls from the hazel, "He will betray thee." Anneli asks what the dove is saying, and is answered much as in J and O, that it is talking about its frost-bitten feet and claws. The knight tears through the wood, to the great peril of Anneli's gown and limbs, and when he has come to the right place, spreads his cloak on the grass, and makes the usual request. She weeps when she sees eleven maids in the fir-tree, and receives the customary consolation:

'Weep not too sore, my Anneli,  
'Tis true thou art doomed the twelfth to be;  
Up to the highest tip must thou go,  
And a margravine be to all below;  
Must be an empress over the rest,  
And hang the highest of all as the best.'

The request to be allowed three cries is lost. The knight tells her to cry as much as she pleases, he knows no one will come; the wild birds will not hear, and the doves are hushed. She cries to father, mother, and brother. The brother, who is sitting over his wine at the inn, hears, saddles his best horse, rides furiously, and comes first to a spring filled with locks of maid's hair and red with maid's blood; then to a bush, where the knight (Rüdeli, Rudolph) is twisting his withe. He bids his sister be silent, for the withe is not for her; the villain is twisting it for his own neck, and shall be dragged at the tail of his horse.

Q resembles the Swabian ballads, and presents only these variations from the regular story. The dove adds to the warning "Fair maid, be not beguiled," what we find nowhere else, "Yonder I see a cool spring, around which blood is running." The knight, to re-

move the maid's anxiety, says, "Let it talk; it does not know me; I am no such murderer." The end is excessively feeble. When the brother, a hunter as before, reaches his sister, "a robber runs away," and then the brother takes her by the hand, conducts her to her father's land, and enjoins her to stay at home and spin silk. There are no names.

There is one feature entirely peculiar to R. The knight carries off the maid, as before, but when they come to the hazel bush there are eleven doves that sing this "new song:"

'Be not beguiled, maiden,  
The knight is beguiling thee:

'We are eleven already,  
Thou shalt be the twelfth.'

The eleven doves are of course the spirits of the eleven preceding victims. The maid's inquiry as to what they mean is lost. The knight's evasion is not ingenious, but more likely to allay suspicion than simply saying, "I am no such murderer." He says, "Fear not: the doves are singing a song that is common in these parts." When they come to the spring "where blood and water are running," and the maid asks what strange spring is this, the knight answers in the same way, and perhaps could not do better: "Fear not: *there is* in these parts a spring that runs blood and water." This spring is misplaced, for it occurs before they enter the wood. The last scene in the ballad is incomplete, and goes no further than the brother's exclamation when he comes in upon the knight: "Stop, young knight! Spare my sister's life." The parties in R are nameless.

So again in S, which also has neither the knight's enchanting song nor the bloody spring. There are two doves, as in J, stanza 4. The cries are addressed to mother, father, brother, as in N, and, as in N, again, the brother cocks his gun, and shoots the knight down;\* then calmly leads his sister home, with the warning against knights.

\* What will those who are so troubled about cork-heeled shoon in 'Sir Patrick Spens' say to the fire-arms in L, N, S?

(III.) **T**, the first of the third series, has marked signs of deterioration. Ulrich does not enchant Ännchen by his song, and promise to teach it to her; he offers to teach her "bird-song." They *walk* out together, apparently, and come to a hazel, with no dove; neither is there any spring. Annie sits down on the grass; Ulrich lays his head in her lap; she weeps, and he asks why. It is for eleven maids in the fir-tree, as so often before. Ulrich's style has become much tamer:

‘Ah, Annie, Annie, dear to me,  
How soon shalt thou the twelfth one be!’

She begs for three cries, and calls to her father, to God, to her youngest brother. The last is sitting over the wine and hears. He demands of Ulrich where she is, and is told, Upon yon linden, spinning silk. Then ensues this dialogue: Why are your shoes blood-red? Why not? I have shot a dove. That dove my mother bare under her breast. Annie is laid in the grave, and angels sing over her; Ulrich is broken on the wheel, and round him the ravens cry.

There is no remnant or reminiscence of the magical singing in **U**. Schön Ulrich and Roth Ännchen go on a walk, and come first to a fir-tree, then a green mead. The next scene is exactly as in **T**. Ulrich says the eleven maids were his wives, and that he had thrust his sword through their hearts. Annie asks for three *sighs*, and directs them to God, to Jesus, and to her youngest brother. He is sitting over his wine, when the sigh comes into the window, and Ulrich simultaneously in at the door. The remainder is very much as in **T**.

**V** differs from **U** only in the names, which are Schön-Heinrich and Schön-Ännlein, and in the "sighs" returning to cries, which invoke God, father, and brother.

**W** begins with a rivalry between Ulrich

and Hanselein\* for the hand of Rautendelein (Rautendchen). Ulrich is successful. She packs up her jewels, and he takes her to a wood, where she sees eleven maids hanging. He assures her she shall presently be the twelfth. It is then they sit down, and she leans her head on his breast and weeps, "because," as she says, "I must die." His remark upon this, if there was any, is lost. Hoffmann inserts a stanza from another Silesian copy, in which Ulrich says, Rather than spare thy life, I will run an iron stake through thee. She asks for three cries, and he says, Four, if you want. She prefers four, and calls to her father, mother, sister, brother. The brother, as he sits over the wine, hears the cry, and almost instantly Ulrich comes in at the door. He pretends to have killed a dove; the brother knows what dove, and hews off Ulrich's head, with a speech like that in **I**. Still, as Rautendchen is brought to the grave, with toll of bells, so Ulrich is mounted on the wheel, where ravens shriek over him.

**X**. Albrecht and Hänselein woo Alalein. She is promised to Albrecht, but Hänsel gets her. He takes her to a green mead, spreads his mantle on the grass, and she sits down. His lying in her lap and her discovery of the awful tree are lost. She weeps, and he tells her she shall be "his eleventh." Her cries are condensed into one stanza:

‘Gott Vater, Sohn, Herr Jesu Christ,  
Mein jüngster Bruder, wo Du bist!’

Her brother rides in the direction of the voice, and meets Hänselein in the wood, who says Alalein is sitting with princes and counts. The conclusion is as in **T**, **U**, **V**.

**Y** has Ansar Uleraich wooing a king's daughter, Annle, to the eighth year. He takes her to a fir-wood, then to a fir, a stump of a tree, a spring; in each case bidding her sit down. At the spring he asks her if she

\* A variety of **W**, cited in Schlesische Volkslieder, p. 26, has,

‘Ach Ulbrich, Ulbrich, Halsemann, Halsemann,  
Lass du mich nur drei Gale schrei'n!’

Grundtvig, assuming that the name is Ulbrich Halsemann, would account for the second and superfluous character here

[found also in **W**] by a divarication of Ulrich Halsemann into Ulrich and Halsemann (Hanslein). Ansar, "bisher unverständlicher Vorname des Ritters Uleraich" in **Y** (Meinert), would equally well yield Hanslein. Might not Halsemann possibly be an equivalent of Halsherr?

wishes to be drowned, and, upon her saying no, cuts off her head. He has not walked half a mile before he meets her brother. The brother inquires where Ulrich has left his sister, and the reply is, "By the green Rhine." The conclusion is as in **W**. Ulrich loses his head, and the brother pronounces the imprecation which is found there and in **I**.\*

**Z**, which takes us back from Eastern Germany to the Rhine, combines features from all the three groups. Ulrich fascinates a king's daughter by his song. She collects her gold and jewels, as in **W**, and goes to a wood, where a dove warns her that she will be betrayed. Ulrich appropriates her valuables, and they wander about till they come to the Rhine. There he takes her into a wood, and gives her a choice between hanging and drowning, and, she declining both, says she shall die by his sword. But first she is allowed three cries, — to God, her parents, her youngest brother. The youngest brother demands of Ulrich where he has left his sister. "Look in my pocket, and you shall find fourteen tongues, and the last cut [reddest] of all is your sister's." The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Ulrich's sword had taken off his head.

The three classes of the German ballad, it will be observed, have for their principal distinction that in **I** the maid saves her own life by an artifice, and takes the life of her treacherous suitor; in **II**, she is rescued by her brother, who also kills the traitor; in **III**, she dies by the villain's hand, and he by her brother's, or by a public execution. There are certain subordinate traits which are constant, or nearly so, in each class. In **I**, **A-F**, a choice of deaths is invariably offered; the maid gets the advantage of the murderer by persuading him to take off his coat [distorted in **F**, which has lost its conclusion]; and, on her way home, she falls in with one or more of the robber's family, mother, brothers, servant, who interrogate her [except **F**, which, as just said, is a fragment]. Class **II** has sev-

eral marks of its own. All the thirteen ballads [**G-S**], except the last, represent the knight as fascinating the maid by his singing; in all but **Q** she is warned of her danger by a dove,† or more than one; in all but the much-abridged **M, N**, the knight spreads his cloak on the grass, they sit down, and, excepting **M, N, R**, the unromantic service is repeated which she undertakes in Danish **A, B, D, E, F, H, L**, Swedish **A**, Norwegian **A, B**. The bloody spring occurs in some form, though often not quite intelligible, in **H, J, K, L, O, P, Q, R** (also in **D, Y**). All but the much-abridged **M, N** have the question, What are you weeping for? your father's land, humbled pride, lost honor? etc.; but this question recurs in **T, U, V, W**. The cries for help are a feature of both the second and the third class, and are wanting only in **Y**. Class **III** differs from **I**, and resembles **II**, in having the cries for help, and, in the less impaired forms, **T-W**, the knight spreads his cloak, lies down with his head in the lady's lap, and asks the cause of her tears. Beyond this, and the changed catastrophe, the ballads of Class **III** are distinguished by what they have lost.

Forms in which the story of this is mixed with that of some other German ballad remain to be noticed.

**A.** A ballad first published in Nicolai's *Almanach*, II, 100, No 21 (1778), and since reprinted, under the titles, 'Liebe ohne Stand,' 'Der Ritter und die Königstochter,' etc., but never with absolute fidelity, in Wunderhorn (1819), I, 37 (= Erlach, II, 120), Kretzschmer, No 72, I, 129; Mittler, No 89; Erk, *Neue Sammlung*, iii, 18, No 14; also, with a few changes, by Zuccalmaglio, No. 95, p. 199, as 'aus Schwaben;' by Erk, *Liederhort*, No 28, p. 90, as "corrected from oral tradition;" and as "from oral tradition," in Erk's Wunderhorn (1857), I, 39. Independent versions are given by Mittler, No 90, p. 83, from Oberhessen; Pröhle, *Weltliche u. geistliche Volkslieder*, No 5, p. 10, from the Harz; Reifferscheid, No 18, p. 36, from Bokendorf. Erk refers to still another copy, five stanzas longer

\* And in 'Der Mutter Fluch,' Meinert, p. 246, a ballad with which **Y** agrees in the first two and last four stanzas.

† There is a dove in **Z**, but **Z**, as has been said, presents traits of all three classes.



than Nicolai's, from Hesse-Darmstadt, *Neue Sammlung*, iii, 19, note.

What other ballad is here combined with Ulinger, it is impossible to make out. The substance of the narrative is that a knight rides singing through the reeds, and is heard by a king's daughter, who forthwith desires to go with him. They ride till the horse is hungry [tired]; he spreads his cloak on the grass, and makes, *sans façon*, his usual request. The king's daughter sheds many tears, and he asks why. "Had I followed my father's counsel, I might have been empress." The knight cuts off her head at the word, and says, Had you held your tongue, you would have kept your head. He throws the body behind a tree, with Lie there and rot; my young heart must mourn [no knight, a knight, shall mourn over thee]. Another stanza or two, found in some versions, need not be particularly noticed.

'Stolz Sieburg,' Simrock, No 8, p. 21, from the Rhine, Mittler, No 88, is another and somewhat more rational form of the same story. To the question whether she is weeping for Gut, Muth, Ehre, the king's daughter answers:

'Ich wein um meine Ehre,  
Ich wollt gern wieder umkehren.'

For this Stolz Sieburg strikes off her head, with a speech like that which we have just had, and throws it into a spring; then resolves to hang himself.\*

A Dutch version of this ballad, *Le Jeune*, No 92, p. 292; *Willems*, No 72, p. 186; *Hoffmann*, No 29, p. 92, has less of the *Halewyn* in it, and more motive than the German, though less romance. "If you might have been an empress," says the knight, "I, a margrave's

\* 'Da lyge, feyns Lybchen, unndt fawle,  
Meyn jungk Herze muss trawren.'  
Nicolai, vv 35, 36,  
'Da liege, du Häuptchen, und faule,  
Kein Reuter wird dir nachtrauern.'  
Simrock, vv 35, 36,

are evidently derived from the apostrophe to the murderer's head in **I**, **W**, **Y**.

Stolz Syburg is the hero of a very different ballad, from the Münster region, *Reifferscheid*, No 16, p. 32 (also No 17, and *Simrock*, No 9, p. 23, 'Stolz Heinrich'). And from this the name, in consequence of a remote resemblance in the

son, will marry you to-morrow." "I would rather lose my head than be your wife," replies the lady; upon which he cuts off her head and throws it into a fountain, saying, Lie there, smiling mouth! Many a thousand pound have you cost me, and many pence of red gold. Your head is clean cut off.

B. The Ulinger story is also found combined with that of the beautiful ballad, 'Wassermanns Braut.' † (1.) In a Transylvanian ballad, 'Brautmörder,' Schuster, *Siebenbürgisch-sächsische Volkslieder*, p. 57, No 54 A, 38 vv, with variations, and p. 59, B, a fragment of 10 vv; (A in a translation, *Böhme*, No 14, p. 61.) A king from the Rhine sues seven years for a king's daughter, and does not prevail till the eighth. She begs her mother not to consent, for she has seen it in the sun that she shall not long be her daughter, in the moon that she shall drown before the year is out, in the bright stars that her blood shall be dispersed far and wide. He takes her by the hand, and leads her through a green wood, at the end of which a grave is already made. He pushes her into the grave, and drives a stake through her heart. The princess' brother asks what has become of his sister. "I left her on the Rhine, drinking mead and wine." "Why are your skirts so bloody?" "I have shot a turtle-dove." "That turtle-dove was, mayhap, my sister." They spit him on a red-hot stake, and roast him like a fish. Lines 1-4 of this ballad correspond to 1-4 of **Y** (which last agree with 1-4 of Meinert's 'Wassermanns Braut'); 17, 18, to **Y** 5, 6; 25-34 to 21-30; and we find in verse 22 the stake through the heart which Hoffmann has interpolated in **W**, stanza 12.

(2.) A Silesian copy of 'Wassermanns

story, may have been taken up by the Rhine ballad, though it has contributed nothing more. Margaret, a king's daughter, is wiled away by a splendid description of Stolz Syburg's opulence. When they have gone a long way, he tells her that he has nothing but a barren heath. She stabs herself at his feet.

† 'Wassermanns Braut,' Meinert, p. 77; 'Die unglückliche Braut,' Hoffmann u. Richter, *Schlesische V. L.*, p. 6, No. 2; 'Königs Töchterlein,' Erk u. Irmer, vi, 6, No 4; 'Der Wassermann,' Erk's *Liederhort*, p. 50, No 17. ('Die Nixenbraut,' "Norddeutschland," Zuccalmaglio, p. 192, No 92, seems to be Meinert's copy written over.)

Braut,' cod by fman contributed to Deutsches Museum, 1852, II, 164, represents the bride, after she has fallen into the water and has been recovered by the nix, as asking for three cries, and goes on from this point like the Ulrich ballad W, the conclusion being that the sister is drowned before the brother comes to her aid.\*

'Nun schürz dich, Gredlein,' "Forster's Frische Liedlein, No 66," Böhme, No 53, Uhland, No 256 A, which is of the date 1549, and therefore older than the Nuremberg and Augsburg broadsides, has derived stanzas 7-9 from an Ulinger ballad, unless this passage is to be regarded as common property. Some copies of the ballad commonly called 'Müllertücke' have also adopted verses from Ulinger, especially that in Meier's Schwäbische Volkslieder, No 233, p. 403.

A form of ballad resembling English C-F, but with some important differences, is extraordinarily diffused in Poland. There is also a single version of the general type of English A, or, better, of the first class of the German ballads. This version, A, Pauli, Pieśni ludu Polskiego w Galicyi, p. 90, No 5, and Kolberg, Pieśni ludu Polskiego, No 5, bbb, p. 70, runs thus. There was a man who went about the world wiling away young girls from father and mother. He had already done this with eight; he was now carrying off the ninth. He took her to a frightful wood; then bade her look in the direction of her house. She asked, "What is that white thing that I see on yon fir?" "There are already eight of them," he said, "and you shall be the ninth; never shall you go back to your father and mother. Take off that gown, Maria." Maria was looking at his sword. "Don't touch, Maria, for you will wound your pretty little

hands." "Don't mind my hands, John," she replied, "but rather see what a bold heart I have;" and instantly John's head flew off. Then follows a single stanza, which seems to be addressed to John's mother, after the manner of the German A, etc.: "See, dear mother! I am thy daughter-in-law, who have just put that traitor out of the world." There is a moral for conclusion, which is certainly a later addition.

The other ballads may be arranged as follows, having regard chiefly to the catastrophe. B, Kolberg, No 5, oo: C, rr: D, ccc: E, dd: F, uu: G, ww: H, t: I, u: J, gg: K, mm: L, Waclaw z Oleska, p. 483, 2, Kolberg, p: L\*, Kozłowski, Lud, p. 33, No IV: M, Wojcicki, I, 234, Kolberg, r: N, Wojcicki, I, 82, Kolberg, s: O, Kolberg, d: P, *ib.* f: Q, pp: R, Wojcicki, I, 78, Kolberg, e: S, Kolberg, l: T, *ib.* n: U, Pauli, Pjesni ludu Polskiego w Galicyi, p. 92, No 6, Kolberg, q: V, Kolberg, y: W, Wojcicki, II, 298, "J. Lipiński, Pieśni ludu Wielkopolskiego, p. 34," Kolberg, ee: X, Kolberg, a: Y, *ib.* z: Z, aa: AA, qq: BB, w: CC, ddd: DD, m: EE, c: FF, o: GG, ll: HH, ss: II, ii: JJ, ff: KK, tt: LL, i: MM, g\*. In B-K the woman comes off alive from her adventure: in O-CC, she loses her life: in L-N there is a jumble of both conclusions: DD-MM are incomplete.†

The story of the larger part of these ballads, conveyed as briefly as possible, is this: John, who is watering horses, urges Catherine,‡ who is drawing water, to elope with him. He bids her take silver and gold enough, that the horse may have something to carry. Catherine says her mother will not allow her to enter the new chamber. Tell her that you have a headache, says John, and she will consent. Catherine feigns a headache, is put into

\* The remarkable Norwegian ballad of the 'Wassermanns Braut' group, The Nix and Heiemo, Landstad, No 39, p. 350, has not been unaffected by the one we are now occupied with. There is even a verbal contact between stanza 19,

'Heiemo tenkte með sjave seg:

Tru mine små knivar 'ki hjelper meg?'

and Norwegian F, stanza 9, cited by Grundtvig, IV, 4,

Lengji stó Gullbjör, hó tenkte mæ seg:

'Kann inkje mí' rúninne hjelpe meg?'

† Kolberg's b, h, k, v, z, bb, cc, hh, kk, ll, nn, xx,

yy, zz, consist of only one or two initial stanzas, containing no important variation. His aaa, a fragment of six stanzas, Pauli, p. 147, No 6, Wojcicki, II, 169, though it begins like the rest, sounds like a different ballad.

The ballad in Wojcicki, I, 38, is allied with the one we are engaged with, and the two fragments on p. 36, p. 37 with both this and that.

‡ Anne in R, LL, and Kolberg's h: Mary in I, U, II: Ursula, N: both Catherine and Alice, AA. John is found in all but N, where there is a nameless seigneur.

the new chamber, and absconds with John while her mother is asleep.\* At a certain stage, more commonly at successive stages, — on the high road, **K, P, S, DD, II, LL**, in a dark wood, **D, P, T, X, Z, DD, EE**, at a spring, **D, K, S, T, V, W, X, Y, Z, EE, II, LL**, etc., — he bids her take off, or himself takes from her, her “rich attire,” **D, P, T, V, W, X, Y, Z, DD, EE**, her satin gown, **D, T, X, DD, EE**, her French or Turkish costume, **K, P, II**, robes of silver, **K**, shoes, **Z, CC, FF**, silk stockings, **T**, corals, **D, X, CC, EE**, pearls, **T**, rings, **K, O-T, X, Z, CC-FF, II, LL**. In many of the ballads he tells her to go back to her mother, **B-G, K, L\*, M, N, Q, S, U, X, Y, EE, HH-LL**, sometimes after pillaging her, sometimes without mention of this. Catherine generally replies that she did not come away to have to go back, **B, C, D, G, L\*, M, S, U, X, Y, EE, HH, JJ, KK, LL**. John seizes her by the hands and sides and throws her into a deep river [pool, water, sea]. Her apron [tress, **AA, II**, both apron and tress, **O**, petticoat, **KK**] is caught on a stake or stump of a tree, **B, C, G, H, I, O, P, R, T, U, V, W, Y, BB, DD, EE, II, JJ, KK** [in a bush **D**]. John cuts it away with axe or sword, **G, I, O, R, T, BB, II, JJ**. She cries to him for help. He replies, “I did not throw you in to help you out,” † **B, C, F, P, U, V, W, X, Z, EE, II**. Catherine is drawn ashore in a fisherman’s net [swims ashore **I, J, GG**].

Catherine comes out from the water alive in **B-N**. The brother who plays so important a part in the second class of German ballads, appears also in a few of the Polish versions, **B, C, D**, and **L\*, O, P, Q, X**, but is a mere shadow. In **B 21, 22**, and **C 16, 17**, the brother, who is “on the mountain,” and may be supposed to hear the girl’s cry, slides down

a silken cord, which proves too short, and the girl “adds her tress”! He asks the fishermen to throw their nets for her. She is rescued, goes to church, takes an humble place behind the door, and, when her eyes fall on the young girls, melts into tears. Her apron catches in a bush in **D**: she plucks a leaf, and sends it down the stream to her mother’s house. The mother says to the father, “Do you not see how Catherine is perishing?” The leaf is next sent down stream to her sister’s house, who says to her brother, “Do you not see how Catherine is perishing?” He rides up a high mountain, and slides down his silken cord. Though one or two stanzas are lost, or not given, the termination was probably the same as in **B, C**. In **L\* 15, O 12**, the brother, on a high mountain, hears the cry for help, and slides down to his sister on a silken cord, but does nothing. **X** does not account for the brother’s appearance: he informs the fishermen of what has happened, and they draw Catherine out, evidently dead. The brother hears the cry from the top of a wall in **P 21, 22**; slides down his cord; the sister adds her tress; he directs the fishermen to draw her out; she is dead. Instead of the brother on the wall, we have a mason in **Q 27** [perhaps “the brother on the wall” in **P** is a mason]. It is simply said that “he added” a silken cord: the fishermen drew out Catherine dead. The conclusion is equally, or more, impotent in all the versions in which the girl escapes from drowning. In **G, I, J**, she seats herself on a stone, and apostrophizes her hair, saying [in **G, I**], “Dry, my locks, dry, for you have had much pleasure in the river!” She goes to church, takes an humble place, and weeps, in **E, F, G**, as in **B, C, D**. John goes scot-free in all these.‡ Not so in the more vigorous

\* They are expressly said to go off in a carriage in **I, O, Q, T, BB, DD, FF**. Still, in **I**, John says, “Let the black horse have something to carry under us.” In **O, T, FF**, the horses have a presentiment of evil to their mistress, and refuse to stir.

† One version of ‘The Two Sisters,’ **Q**, has the same answer:

‘I did not put you in with the design  
Just for to pull you out again.’

st. 9.

This might be called a formula in Polish ballads: something

of the kind occurs three times in **X**, four times in **B**, five times in **P**; in other ballads also. In **Q 25**, Catherine clutches the river bank, and John pushes away her hands. Compare ‘The Two Sisters,’ **P 9**, further on in this volume.

‡ **L, L\*, M, N**, as already said, confuse the two catastrophes. John says, in **N**, “Do you see that broad river? I will measure its depth by throwing you in.” We may assume that he was as good as his word. But Ursula made her way home through woods and forests, weeping her eyes out on the way. Kind souls dug a grave for her. The conclusion of **M** is absurd, but need not be particularized. **G**



ballads of tragic termination. Fierce pursuit is made for him. He is cut to pieces, or torn to pieces, **O, P, S, T, Y**; broken on the wheel, **L, U, V, W**; cleft in two, **BB**; broken small as barley-corns, or quartered, by horses, **L\*, Z**; committed to a dungeon, to await, as we may hope, one of these penalties, **Q, R**. The bells toll for Catherine [the organs play for her], and she is laid in the grave, **O-W, Y, Z, L, L\***.

There are, besides, in various ballads of this second class, special resemblances to other European forms. The man (to whom rank of any sort is assigned only in **N\***) comes from a distant country, or from over the border, in **O, Q, R, T, DD, GG**, as in English **D, E**. The maid is at a window in **M, W**, as in German **G, J, M, O, P, Q**, etc. In **Q 2**, John, who has come from over the border, persuades the maid to go with him by telling her that in his country "the mountains are golden, the mountains are of gold, the ways of silk," reminding us of the wonderland in Danish **A, E**, etc. After the pair have stolen away, they go one hundred and thirty miles, **O, DD, FF**; thrice nine miles, **Q**; nine and a half miles, **T**; cross one field and another, **M, R**; travel all night, **GG**; and neither says a word to the other. We shall find this trait further on in French **B, D**, Italian **B, C, D, F, G**. The choice of deaths which we find in German **A-F** appears in **J**. Here, after passing through a silent wood, they arrive at the border of the (red) sea. She sits down on a stone, he on a rotten tree. He asks, By which death will you die: by my right hand, or by drowning in this river? They come to a dark wood in **AA**; he seats himself on a beech-trunk, she near a stream. He asks, Will you throw yourself into the river, or go home to your mother? So **H**, and **R** nearly.† She prefers death to returning. Previous victims are mentioned in

**T, DD, HH**. When she calls from the river for help, he answers, **T 22**, You fancy you are the only one there; six have gone before, and you are the seventh: **HH 16**, Swim the river; go down to the bottom; six maids are there already, and you shall be the seventh [four, fifth]: **DD 13**, Swim, swim away, to the other side; there you will see my seventh wife.‡

Other Slavic forms of this ballad resemble more or less the third German class. A Wendish version from Upper Lusatia, Haupt and Schmalzer, Part I, No 1, p. 27, makes Hilžička (Lizzie) go out before dawn to cut grass. Hołdrašk suddenly appears, and says she must pay him some forfeit for trespassing in his wood. She has nothing but her sickle, her silver finger-ring, and, when these are rejected, her wreath, and that, she says, he shall not have if she dies for it. Hołdrašk, who avows that he has had a fancy for her seven years (cf. German **Y**, and the Transylvanian mixed form **B**), gives her her choice, to be cut to pieces by his sword, or trampled to death by his horse. Which way pleases him, she says, only she begs for three cries. All three are for her brothers. They ride round the wood twice, seeing nobody; the third time Hołdrašk comes up to them. Then follows the dialogue about the bloody sword and the dove. When asked where he has left Hilžička, Hołdrašk is silent. The elder brother seizes him, the younger dispatches him with his sword.

Very similar is a Bohemian ballad, translated in Waldau's Böhmisches Granaten, II, 25.§ While Katie is cutting grass, early in the morning, Indriasch presents himself, and demands some for his horse. She says, You must dismount, if your horse is to have grass. "If I do, I will take away your wreath." "Then God will not grant you his blessing." He springs from his horse, and while he gives

has a passage of the sternest theology. While Catherine is struggling in the water, her father comes by. She cries to him to save her. He says, "My dear Catherine, you have loved pleasure too much. Lord Jesus grant you drown!" Her mother appears, and makes the same reply to her daughter's appeal. There are stall-copy terminal morals to many of the ballads.

\* **N 1**, "A lord came riding from his estate to a neighbor."

† The place is high above the water in **R 10, 11**, as in English **D 9, 29, C 4**.

‡ **BB 6**, "My mother said that I had seen you; she will watch me closely," may be an accidental coincidence with Danish **A 7-9, B 6-8**, etc.

§ The second, and more valuable, volume of Waldau's **B. G.** I have found it impossible to obtain. Reifferscheid cites the ballad at p. 166.

it grass with one hand snatches at the wreath with the other. "Will you die, or surrender your wreath?" Take my life, she says, but allow me three cries. Two cries reached no human ear, but the third cry her mother heard, and called to her sons to saddle, for Katie was calling in the wood, and was in trouble. They rode over stock and stone, and came to a brook where Indriasch was washing his hands. The same dialogue ensues as in the Wendish ballad. The brothers hewed the murderer into fragments.

A **Servian** ballad has fainter but unmistakable traces of the same tradition: Vuk, *Srpske Narodne Pjesme*, I, 282, No 385, ed. 1841; translated by Goetze, *Serbische V. L.*, p. 99, by Talvj, *V. L. der Serben*, 2d ed., II, 172, by Kapper, *Gesänge der Serben*, II, 318. Mara is warned by her mother not to dance with Thomas. She disobeys. Thomas, while dancing, gives a sign to his servants to bring horses. The two ride off, and when they come to the end of a field Thomas says, Seest thou yon withered maple? There thou shalt hang, ravens eat out thine eyes, eagles beat thee with their wings. Mara shrieks, Ah me! so be it with every girl that does not take her mother's advice.\*

**French.** This ballad is well known in France, and is generally found in a form resembling the English; that is to say, the scene of the attempted murder is the sea or a river (as in no other but the Polish), and the lady delivers herself by an artifice. One French version nearly approaches Polish O-CC.

A. 'Renauld et ses quatorze Femmes,' 44 vv, Paymaigre, *Chants populaires recueillis dans le pays messin*, No 31, I, 140. Renauld carried off the king's daughter. When they were gone half-way, she called to him that she was dying of hunger (cf. German A-F). Eat your hand, he answered, for you will never eat bread again. When they had come to the middle of the wood, she called out that

she was dying of thirst. Drink your blood, he said, for you will never drink wine again. When they came to the edge of the wood, he said, Do you see that river? Fourteen dames have been drowned there, and you shall be the fifteenth. When they came to the river-bank, he bade her put off her cloak, her shift. It is not for knights, she said, to see ladies in such plight; they should bandage their eyes with a handkerchief. This Renauld did, and the fair one threw him into the river. He laid hold of a branch; she cut it off with his sword (cf. the Polish ballad, where the catastrophe, and consequently this act, is reversed). "What will they say if you go back without your lover?" "I will tell them that I did for you what you meant to do for me." † "Reach me your hand; I will marry you Sunday."

"Marry, marry a fish, Renauld,  
The fourteen women down below."

B. 'De Dion et de la Fille du Roi,' from Auvergne, Ampère, *Instructions, etc.*, 40 vv, p. 40, stanzas 15-24, the first fourteen constituting another ballad.‡ The pair went five or six leagues without exchanging a word; only the fair one said, I am so hungry I could eat my fist. Eat it, replied Dion, for you never again will eat bread. Then they went five or six leagues in silence, save that she said, I am so thirsty I could drink my blood. "Drink it, for you never will drink wine. Over there is a pond in which fifteen ladies have had a bath, have drowned themselves, and you will make sixteen." Arrived at the pond, he orders her to take off her clothes. She tells him to put his sword under his feet, his cloak before his face, and turn to the pond; and, when he has done so, pushes him in. Here are my keys! he cries. "I don't want them; I will find locksmiths." "What will your friends say?" "I will tell them I did by you as you would have done by me."

C. 'Veux-tu venir, bell' Jeanneton,' 32 vv,

\* A few silly verses follow in the original, in which Thomas treats what he had said as a jest. These are properly rejected by Talvj as a spurious appendage.

† 'De achte de soll Helena sin,  
De achte de most he sölwer sin.'

German A b 13.

‡ Another version of this double ballad, but much corrupted in the second part, was known to Gérard de Nerval. See *Les Filles du Feu, Œuvres complètes*, v, 132.

from Poitou and Annis, Bujeaud, II, 232. When they reach the water, the fair one asks for a drink. The man says, incoherently enough, Before drinking of this white wine I mean to drink your blood. The stanza that should tell how many have been drowned before is lost. Jeanneton, having been ordered to strip, pushes the "beau galant" into the sea, while, at her request, he is pulling off her stockings. He catches at a branch; she cuts it off, and will not hear to his entreaties.

D. 'En revenant de la jolie Rochelle,' twelve two-line stanzas, Gagnon, Chansons populaires du Canada, p. 155. A cavalier meets three fair maids, mounts the fairest behind him, and rides a hundred leagues without speaking to her, at the end of which she asks to drink. He takes her to a spring, but when there she does not care to drink. The rest of the ballad is pointless, and shows that the original story has been completely forgotten.

E. 'Belle, allons nous éprouver,' from the Lyonnais, 28 vv, Champfleury, Chansons des Provinces, p. 172, is like C, but still more defective. The pair go to walk by "la mer courante." There is no order for the lady to strip: on the contrary, she cries, Déshabillez-moi, déchaussez-moi! and, while the man is drawing off her shoe, "la belle avance un coup de pied, le beau galant tombe dans l'eau."

F. 'Allons, mie, nous promener,' 32 vv, Poésies populaires de la France, MS., III, fol. 84, No 16, is like C. The lady asks the man to pull off her shoes before he kills her. The man clutches a branch; the woman cuts it away.

G. 'Le Traître Noyé,' Chants pop. du Velay et du Forez, Romania, x, 199, is like E, F.

H. 'La Fillette et le Chevalier,' Victor Smith, Chants pop. du Velay et du Forez, Romania, x, 198, resembles the common Polish ballad. Pierre rouses his love early in the morning, to take a ride with him. He mounts her on his horse, and when they come to a lone-some wood bids her alight, for it is the last of her days. He plunges his sword into her heart, and throws her into a river. Her father and mother come searching for her, and are in-

formed of her fate by a shepherdess, who had witnessed the murder. The youngest of her three brothers plunges into the water, exclaiming, Who threw you in? An angel descends, and tells him it was her lover. A less romantic version, described in a note, treats of a valet who is tired of an amour with a servant-girl. He is judicially condemned to be hanged or burned.

'La Fille de Saint-Martin de l'Île,' Bujeaud, II, 226, has the conclusion of the third class of German ballads. A mother incites her son to make away with his wife. He carries her off on his horse to a wheat-field [wood], and kills her with sword and dagger. Returning, he meets his wife's brother, who asks why his shoes are covered with blood. He says he has been killing rabbits. The brother replies, I see by your paleness that you have been killing my sister. So Gérard de Nerval, Les Filles du Feu, Œuvres Com., v, 134, and La Bohème galante (1866), p. 79: 'Rosine,' Chants pop. du Velay, etc., Romania, x, 197.

The ballad is known over all North Italy, and always nearly in one shape.

A. 'Monchisa,' sixty-four short verses, Bernoni, Canti popolari veneziani, Puntata v, No 2. A count's son asks Monchesa, a knight's daughter, in marriage in the evening, espouses her in the morning, and immediately carries her off. When they are "half-way," she heaves a sigh, which she says is for father and mother, whom she shall no more see. The count points out his castle; he has taken thirty-six maids there, robbed them of their honor, and cut off their heads. "So will I do with you when we are there." The lady says no word till she is asked why she is silent; then requests the count to lend her his sword; she wishes to cut a branch to shade her horse. The moment she gets the sword in her hand, she plunges it into his heart; then throws the body into a ditch. On her way back, she meets her brother, whom she tells that she is looking after the assassins who have killed her husband. He fears it was she; this she denies, but afterwards says she must go to Rome to confess a great sin. There she obtains prompt absolution.

B. 'La Figlia del Conte,' Adolf Wolf, *Volkslieder aus Venetien*, No 73, a, 34 vv, b, 48 vv. Here it is the daughter of a count that marries Malpreso, the son of a knight. He takes her to France immediately. She goes sixty miles (b) without speaking. She confesses to her brother what she has done.

C. Righi, *Canti popolari veronesi*, 58 vv, No 94\*, p. 30. The count's son marries Mampresa, a knight's daughter. For thirty-six miles she does not speak; after five more she sighs. She denies to her brother having killed her husband, but still says she must go to the pope to confess an old sin; then owns what she has done.

D. 'La Monferrina,' 48 vv, Nigra, *Canzoni popolari del Piemonte*, in *Rivista Contemporanea*, XXIV, 76. The lady is a Monferrina, daughter of a knight. After the marriage they travel fifty miles without speaking to one another. Fifty-two Monferrine have lost their heads; the bridegroom does not say why. She goes to the Pope to confess.

E. 'La Vendicatrice,' an incomplete copy from Alexandria, 18 vv only, Marcoaldi, *Canti popolari*, No 12, p. 166, like D, as far as it goes. Thirty-three have been beheaded before.

F. 'La Inglese,' 40 vv, Ferraro, *Canti popolari di Ferrara, Cento e Pontelagoscuro*, No 2, p. 14. The count's son marries an English girl, daughter of a knight. She never speaks for more than three hundred miles; after two hundred more she sighs. She denies having killed her husband; has not a heart of that kind.

G. 'La Liberatrice,' 24 vv, Ferraro, *Canti popolari monferrini*, No 3, p. 4. Gianfleisa is the lady's name. When invited to go off, she says, If you wish me to go, lend me a horse. Not a word is spoken for five hundred miles. The man (Gilardu) points out his castle, and says that no one he has taken there has ever come back. Giaufleisa goes home without meeting anybody.

'Laura,' Ferraro, C. p. di Pontelagoscuro, *Rivista di Filologia romanza*, II, 197, and C. p. di Ferrara, etc., p. 86, is a mixture of this ballad with another. Cf. 'La Maledetta,' Ferraro, C. p. monferrini, No 27, p. 35.

Several other French and Italian ballads have common points with Renauld, Monchisa, etc., and for this have sometimes been improperly grouped with them: e. g., 'La Fille des Sables,' Bujeaud, II, 177 ff. A girl sitting by the water-side hears a sailor sing, and asks him to teach her the song. He says, Come aboard, and I will. He pushes off, and by and by she begins to weep.\* She says, My father is calling me to supper. "You will sup with me." "My mother is calling me to bed." "You will sleep with me." They go a hundred leagues, and not a word said, and at last reach his father's castle. When she is undressing, her lace gets into a knot. He suggests that his sword would cut it. She plunges the sword into her heart. So 'Du Beau Marinier,' Beaurepaire, p. 57 f, and *Poésies populaires de la France*, MS., III, fol. 59, No 4; 'L'Épée Libératrice,' V. Smith, *Chansons du Velay*, etc., Romania, VII, 69, nearly; also 'Il Corsaro,' Nigra, *Rivista Contemporanea*, XXIV, p. 86 ff. In 'La Monferrina Incontaminata,' Ferraro, C. p. m., No 2, p. 3, a French knight invites a girl to go off with him, and mounts her behind him. They ride five hundred miles without speaking, then reach an inn, after which the story is the same. So Bernoni, *Puntata IX*, No 2. 'La Fille du Patissier,' Paymaigre, No 30, p. 93, has the same conclusion. All these, except 'La Fille des Sables,' make the girl ask for the sword herself, and in all it is herself that she kills.

The Spanish preserves this ballad in a single form, the earliest printed in any language, preceding, by a few years, even the German broadsides G, H.

'Romance de Rico Franco,' 36 vv, "Cancionero de Romances, s. a., fol. 191: Canc. de Rom., ed. de 1550, fol. 202: ed. de 1555, fol. 296;" Wolf and Hofmann, *Primavera*, No 119, II, 22: Duran, No 296, I, 160: Grimm, p. 252: Depping and Galiano, 1844, II, 167: Ochoa, p. 7. The king's huntsmen got no game, and lost the falcons. They betook them-

\* So far there is agreement in 'La Fille du Prince,' Paymaigre, No 32, p. 106; *Poésies pop. de la France*, MS., III, fol. 133.

selves to the castle of Maynes, where was a beautiful damsel, sought by seven counts and three kings. Rico Franco of Aragon carried her off by force. Nothing is said of a rest in a wood, or elsewhere; but that something has dropped out here is shown by the corresponding Portuguese ballad. The lady wept. Rico Franco comforted her thus: If you are weeping for father and mother, you shall never see them more; and if for your brothers, I have killed them all three. I am not weeping for them, she said, but because I know not what my fate is to be. Lend me your knife to cut the fringes from my mantle, for they are no longer fit to wear. This Rico Franco did, and the damsel thrust the knife into his breast. Thus she avenged father, mother, and brothers.

A Portuguese ballad has recently been obtained from tradition in the island of St. George, Azores, which resembles the Spanish closely, but is even curter: A, 'Romance de Dom Franco,' 30 vv; B, 'Dona Inez,' a fragment of 18 vv; Braga, Cantos populares do Archipelago açoriano, No 48, p. 316, No 49, p. 317: Hartung's Romanceiro, II, 61, 63. Dona Inez was so precious in the eyes of her parents that they gave her neither to duke nor marquis. A knight who was passing [the Duke of Turkey, B] took a fancy to her, and stole her away. When they came to the middle of the mountain ridge on which Dona Inez lived, the knight stopped to rest, and she began to weep. From this point Portuguese A, and B so far as it is preserved, agree very nearly with the Spanish.\*

Certain Breton ballads have points of contact with the Halewyn-Ulinger class, but, like the French and Italian ballads mentioned on the preceding page, have more important divergences, and especially the characteristic distinction that the woman kills herself to preserve her honor. 1. 'Jeanne Le Roux,' Luzel,

I, 324 ff, in two versions; Poésies pop. de la France, MS., III, fol. 182. The sieur La Tremblaie attempts the abduction of Jeanne from the church immediately after her marriage ceremony. As he is about to compel her to get up on the crupper of his horse, she asks for a knife to cut her bridal girdle, which had been drawn too tight. He gives her the choice of three, and she stabs herself in the heart. La Tremblaie *remarks*, I have carried off eighteen young brides, and Jeanne is the nineteenth, words evidently taken from the mouth of a Halewyn, and not belonging here. 2. Le Marquis de Coatredrez, Luzel, I, 336 ff, meets a young girl on the road, going to the pardon of Guéodet, and forces her on to his horse. On the way and at his house she vainly implores help. He takes her to the garden to gather flowers. She asks for his knife to shorten the stems, and kills herself. Early in the morning the door of the château is broken in by Kerninou, foster-brother of the victim, who forces Coatredrez to fight, and runs him through. 3. 'Rozmelechon,' Luzel, I, 308 ff, in three versions, and, 4, 'La Fil-leule de du Guesclin,' Villemarqué, Barzaz-Breiz, 6th ed., 212 ff, are very like 2. The wicked Rozmelechon is burned in his château in Luzel's first copy; the other two do not bring him to punishment. Villemarqué's villain is an Englishman, and has his head cloven by du Guesclin. 5. 'Marivonnie,' Luzel, I, 350 ff, a pretty young girl, is carried off by an English vessel, the captain of which shows himself not a whit behind the feudal seigneurs in ferocity. The young girl throws herself into the water.

**Magyar.** Five versions from recent traditions, all of them interesting, are given in Arany and Gyulai's collection of Hungarian popular poetry, 'Molnár Anna,' I, 137 ff, Nos 1-5.† — A, p. 141, No 3. A man, nameless here, but called in the other versions

\* The Asturian romance communicated in two copies by Amador de los Ríos to Jahrbuch für rom. u. eng. Literatur, III, 285, No 2, and the Portuguese 'Romance de Romeirinha,' Braga, Romanceiro, No 9, p. 24, 'A Romeira,' Almeida-Garrett, III, 11, are not parallels, though they have been cited as such.

† Magyar Népköltési Gyűjtemény. Uj Folyam, szerkesz-

tik és kiadják Arany László és Gyulai Pál. Collection of Magyar Popular Poetry, New Series, Pest, 1872, 2 vols. Aigner, has blended Nos 4 and 3 (C, A) in 'Martin und Aennchen,' Ungarische Volksdichtungen, p. 170, and has translated No 1 (E), at p. 120, 'Molnár Anna,' in each case obscuring or omitting one or two traits which are important for a comparative view.



Martin Ajgó, or Martin Sajgó, invites Anna Miller to go off with him. She refuses; she has a young child and a kind husband. "Come," he says; "I have six palaces, and will put you in the seventh," and persists so long that he prevails at last. They went a long way, till they came to the middle of a green wood. He asked her to sit down in the shade of a branchy tree (so all); he would lie in her lap, and she was to look into his head (a point found in all the copies). But look not up into the tree, he said. He went to sleep (so B, D); she looked up into the tree, and saw six fair maids hanging there (so all but E). She thought to herself, He will make me the seventh! (also B, D). A tear fell on the face of the "brave sir," and waked him. You have looked up into the tree, he said. "No, but three orphans passed, and I thought of my child." He bade her go up into the tree. She was not used to go first, she said. He led the way. She seized the opportunity, tore his sword from its sheath (so C), and hewed off his head. She then wrapped herself in his cloak, sprang upon his horse, and returned home, where (in all the copies, as in this) she effected a reconciliation with her husband. B, p. 138, No 2, agrees closely with the foregoing. Martin Ajgó calls to Anna Miller to come with him a long way into the wilderness (so D, E). He boasts of no palaces in this version. He calls Anna a long time, tempts her a long time, drags her on to his horse, and carries her off. The scene under the tree is repeated. Anna pretends (so D, E) that the tear which drops on Martin's face is dew from the tree, and he retorts, How can it be dew from the tree, when the time is high noon? His sword falls out of its sheath as he is mounting the tree, and he asks her to hand it to him. She throws it up (so E), and it cuts his throat in two. Rightly served, Martin Ajgó, she says: why did you lure me from home? C, p. 144, No 4. Martin Sajgó tells Anna Miller that he has six stone castles, and is building a seventh. It is not said that he goes to sleep. As in A, Anna pulls his sword from the scabbard. D, p. 146, No 5. Here reappears the

very important feature of the wonderland: "Come, let us go, Anna Miller, a long journey into the wilderness, to a place that flows with milk and honey." Anna insists, as before, that Martin shall go up the tree first. He puts down his sword; she seizes it, and strikes off his head with one blow. E, p. 137, No 1, is somewhat defective, but agrees essentially with the others. Martin Ajgó calls Anna; she will not come; he carries her off. He lets his sword fall as he is climbing, and asks Anna to hand it up to him. She throws it up, as in B, and it cuts his back in two.

Neus, in his *Ehstnische Volkslieder*, maintains the affinity of 'Kallewisohnes Tod,' No 2, p. 5, with the Ulinger ballads, and even of his *Holepi* with the Dutch *Halewyn*. The resemblance is of the most distant, and what there is must be regarded as casual. The same of the Finnish 'Kojoinen Sohn,' Schröter, *Finnische Runen*, p. 114, 115; 'Kojosen Poika,' Lönnrot, *Kanteletar*, p. 279.

In places where a ballad has once been known, the story will often be remembered after the verses have been wholly or partly forgotten, and the ballad will be resolved into a prose tale, retaining, perhaps, some scraps of verse, and not infrequently taking up new matter, or blending with other traditions. Naturally enough, a ballad and an equivalent tale sometimes exist side by side. It has already been mentioned that Jamieson, who had not found this ballad in Scotland, had often come upon the story in the form of a tale interspersed with verse. Birlinger at one time (1860) had not been able to obtain the ballad in the Swabian Oberland (where it has since been found in several forms), but only a story agreeing essentially with the second class of German ballads. According to this tradition, a robber, who was at the same time a portentous magician, enticed the twelve daughters of a miller, one after another, into a wood, and hanged eleven of them on a tree, but was arrested by a hunter, the brother of the twelve, before he could dispatch the last, and was handed over to justice. The object of the murders was to obtain blood for magical purposes. This story had, so to speak, natu-

ralized itself in the locality, and the place where the robber's house had been and that where the tree had stood were pointed out. The hunter-brother was by some conceived of as the Wild Huntsman, and came to the rescue through the air with a fearful baying of dogs. (Birlinger in *Volksthümliches aus Schwaben*, I, 368, No 592, and *Germania*, 1st Ser., v, 372.)

The story of the German ballad *P* has attached itself to localities in the neighborhood of Weissenbach, Aargau, and is told with modifications that connect it with the history of the Guggi-, or Schongauer-, bad. A rich man by lewd living had become a leper. The devil put it into his head that he could be cured by bathing in the blood of twelve [seven] pure maidens. He seized eleven at a swoop, while they were on their way to church, and hanged them, and the next day enticed away a miller's daughter, who was delivered from death as in the ballad. A medicinal spring rose near the fatal tree. (Rochholz, I, 22.) No pure version of this ballad has been obtained in the Harz region, though a mixed form has already been spoken of; but 'Der Reiter in Seiden,' Pröhle, *Märchen für die Jugend*, No 32, p. 136, which comes from the western Harz, or from some place further north, on the line between Kyffhäuser and Hamburg, is, roughly speaking, only 'Gert Olbert' turned into prose, with a verse or two remaining. 'Der betrogene Betrüger,' from Mühlbach, Müller's *Siebenbürgische Sagen*, No 418, p. 309, has for its hero a handsome young man, addicted to women, who obtains from the devil the power of making them follow his piping, on the terms that every twelfth soul is to be the devil's share. He had taken eleven to a wood, and hanged them on a tree after he had satisfied his desire. The brother of a twelfth substituted himself for his sister, dressed in her clothes, snatched the rope from the miscreant, and ran him up on the nearest bough; upon which a voice was heard in the wind, that cried The twelfth soul is mine. Grundtvig, in his *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 249, gives his recollections of a story that he had heard in his youth which has a catastrophe resembling

that of English C-F. A charcoal burner had a way of taking up women beside him on his wagon, and driving them into a wood, where he forced them to take off their clothes, then killed them, and sunk them with heavy stones in a deep moss. At last a girl whom he had carried off in this way got the advantage of him by inducing him to turn away while she was undressing, and then pushing him into the moss. Something similar is found in the conclusion of a robber story in Grundtvig's *Danske Folkeminder*, 1861, No 30, p. 108, and in a modern Danish ballad cited in *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, IV, 24, note.\*\*

Another Transylvanian tale, Schuster, p. 433, has a fountain, a thirsty bride, and doves (two or three) that sing to her, traits which have perhaps been derived from some Ulinger ballad; but the fountain is of an entirely different character, and the doves serve a different purpose. The tale is a variety of 'Fitchers Vogel,' Grimms, No 46, and belongs to the class of stories to which 'Bluebeard,' from its extensive popularity, has given name. The magician of 'Fitcher's Vogel' and of 'Bluebeard' becomes, or remains, a preternatural being (a hill-man) further north, as in Grundtvig's *Gamle danske Minder*, 1857, No 312, p. 182. There is a manifest affinity between these three species of tales and our ballad (also between the German and Danish tales and the Scandinavian ballad of 'Rosmer'), but the precise nature of this affinity it is impossible to expound. 'Bluebeard,' 'La Barbe Bleue,' Perrault, *Histoires ou Contes du temps passé*, 1697, p. 57 (Lefèvre), has a special resemblance to the German ballads of the second class in the four calls to sister Anne, which represent the cries to father, mother, and brother, and agrees with these ballads as to the means by which the death of the malefactor is brought about.

Looking back now over the whole field covered by this ballad, we observe that the framework of the story is essentially the same in English, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian; in the first class of the German ballads; in Polish *A*; in French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Magyar. The woman delivers

herself from death by some artifice,\* and retaliates upon the man the destruction he had intended for her. The second form of the German ballad attributes the deliverance of the woman to her brother, and also the punishment of the murderer. The third form of the German ballad makes the woman lose her life, and her murderer, for the most part, to suffer the penalty of the law, though in some cases the brother takes immediate vengeance. Polish B-K may be ranked with the second German class, and O-CC still better with the third; but the brother appears in only a few of these, and, when he appears, counts for nothing. The Wendish and the Bohemian ballad have the incident of fraternal vengeance, though otherwise less like the German. The Servian ballad, a slight thing at best, is still less like, but ranks with the third German class. The oldest Icelandic copy is altogether anomalous, and also incomplete, but seems to imply the death of the woman: later copies suffer the woman to escape, without vengeance upon the murderer.

It is quite beyond question that the third class of German ballad is a derivation from the second.† Of the versions T-Z, Z alone has preserved clear traits of the marvellous. A king's daughter is enticed from home by Ulrich's singing, and is warned of her impending fate by the dove, as in Class II. The other ballads have the usual marks of degeneracy, a dropping or obscuring of marvellous and romantic incidents, and a declension in the rank and style of the characters. T, to be sure, has a hazel, and Y a tree-stump and a spring, and in T Ulrich offers to teach Ännchen bird-song, but these traits have lost all significance. Knight and lady sink to ordinary man and maid; for though in Y the woman is called a king's daughter, the opening stanzas of Y are borrowed from a different ballad. Ulrich retains so much of the knight that he rides to Ännchen's house, in the first stanza

of T, but he apparently goes on foot with her to the wood, and this is the rule in all the other ballads of this class. As Ulrich has lost his horse, so the brother, in T, U, V, X, has lost his sword, or the use of it, and in all these (also, superfluously, in W) Ulrich, like a common felon as he was, is broken on the wheel.

That the woman should save her life by her own craft and courage is certainly a more primitive conception than that she should depend upon her brother, and the priority of this arrangement of the plot is supported, if not independently proved, by the concurrence, as to this point, of so many copies among so many nations, as also by the accordance of various popular tales. The second German form must therefore, so far forth, be regarded as a modification of the first. Among the several devices, again, which the woman employs in order to get the murderer into her power, the original would seem to be her inducing him to lay his head in her lap, which gives her the opportunity (by the use of charms or runes, in English A, Danish G, Norwegian F, H, and one form of B) to put him into a deep sleep. The success of this trick no doubt implies considerable simplicity on the part of the victim of it; not more, however, than is elsewhere witnessed in preternatural beings, whose wits are frequently represented as no match for human shrewdness. Some of the Scandinavian ballads are not liable to the full force of this objection, whatever that may be, for they make the knight express a suspicion of treachery, and the lady solemnly asseverate that she will not kill [fool, beguile] him in his sleep. And so, when he is fast bound, she cries out, Wake up, for I will not kill thee *in thy sleep!* This last circumstance is wanting in hardly any of the Scandinavian ballads, whereas the previous compact is found only in Danish E, F, G, H, L, Swedish A, Norwegian A, and the Icelandic ballad. Not occurring in any of the older Danish copies, it may be that

\* Very little remains of the artifice in Polish A. The idea seems to be that the girl pretends to be curious about the sword in order to get it into her hands. But the whole story is told in ten stanzas.

† I accept and repeat Grundtvig's views as to the relation

of the three forms of the story. And with regard to the history of the ballad generally, this is but one of many cases in which much or most of the work had been done to my hand in Danmarks gamle Folkeviser.



the compact is an after-thought, and was inserted to qualify the improbability. But the lady's equivocation is quite of a piece with Memering's oath in 'Ravengaard and Memering,' Grundtvig, No 13, and King Dietrich's in the Dietrichsaga, Unger, c. 222, p. 206.\*

English **A** and all the Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian ballads employ the stratagem of lulling the man to sleep, but these are not the only ballads in which the man lays his head in the woman's lap. This trait is observed in nearly all German ballads of the second and third class, in *all* the well-preserved ones, and also in the Magyar ballad. With regard to the German ballads, however, it is purposeless (for it does not advance the action of the drama in the least), and must be regarded as a relic of an earlier form.† English **B-F** and all the French ballads dispose of the traitor by a watery death. The scene is shifted from a wood to a sea-coast, pool, or river bank, perhaps to suit the locality to which the ballad had wandered. In English **B**, where, apparently under the influence of other ballads,‡ the lady is forced to wade into water up to her chin, the knight is pushed off his horse when bending over to give a last kiss for which he had been asked; in English **C-F** and French **A, B**, the man is induced to turn his face to save the woman's modesty; in French **C-E** he is made to pull off her stockings or shoes, and then, while off his guard, pitched into a sea or river. This expedient is sufficiently trivial; but still more so, and grazing on the farcical, is that which is made use of in the Dutch ballad and those of the German first class, the woman's persuading the man to take off his fine coat lest it should be spattered with her blood, and cutting off his head with his own sword while he is thus occupied. The Spanish and Portuguese ballads make the lady bor-

row the knight's knife to remove some of the trimming of her dress, and in the Italian she borrows his sword to cut a bough to shade her horse; for in Italian the halt in the wood is completely forgotten, and the last half of the action takes place on horseback. All these contrivances plainly have less claim to be regarded as primary than that of binding the murderer after he has been put to sleep.

The knight in English **A** is called an Elf, and as such is furnished with an enchanting horn, which is replaced by a harp of similar properties in **B**, where, however, the male personage has neither name nor any kind of designation. The elf-horn of English **A** is again represented by the seductive song of the Dutch ballad and of German **G-R** and **Z**. Though the lady is not lured away in the Scandinavian ballads by irresistible music,§ Danish **A, E**, Norwegian **A, B**, and Swedish **D** present to her the prospect of being taken to an elf-land, or elysium, and there are traces of this in Danish **G** and **D** also, and in Polish **Q**. The tongue that talks after the head is off, in the Dutch ballad and in German **A, B, C, E**, is another mark of an unearthly being. Halewyn, Ulver, Gert Olbert, like the English knight, are clearly supernatural, though of a nondescript type. The elf in English **A** is not to be interpreted too strictly, for the specific elf is not of a sanguinary turn, as these so conspicuously are. He is comparatively innocuous, like the hill-man Young Akin, in another English ballad, who likewise entices away a woman by magical music, but only to make her his wife. But the elf-knight and the rest seem to delight in bloodshed for its own sake; for, as Grundtvig has pointed out, there is no other apparent motive for murder in English **A, B**, the Norwegian ballads, Danish **A**, Swedish **A, B**, or German

\* Memering was required by his adversary to swear that he knew not of the sword Adelring, and took his oath that he knew of nothing but the hilt being above ground, which was accepted as satisfactory. Presently he pulls Adelring out of the ground, into which he had thrust the blade, and, being accused of perjury, triumphantly rejoins that he had sworn that he knew of nothing but the hilt *being above ground*. Dietrich does the same in his duel with Sigurd Swain.

† Magyar **A** is entirely peculiar. Apparently the man

lays his head in the woman's lap that he may know, by the falling of her tears, when she has disobeyed his command not to look into the tree. This is like 'Bluebeard,' and rather subtle for a ballad.

‡ 'Child Waters,' 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland.'

§ The murderer has a horn in Swedish **C, D**, as also in the Dutch Halewyn and the German **A, B, C, E**, and the horn may be of magical power, but it is not distinctly described as such.

**A-E.\*** This is true again, for one reason or another, of others of the German ballads, of the French, of most of the Italian, and of the Hungarian ballads.

The nearest approach to the Elf-knight, Halewyn, etc., is perhaps Quintalin, in the *sága* of Samson the Fair. He was son of the miller Galin. Nobody knew who his mother was, but many were of the mind that Galin might have had him of a "goddess," an elf or troll woman, who lived under the mill force. He was a thief, and lay in the woods; was versed in many knave's tricks, and had also acquired agreeable arts. He was a great master of the harp, and would decoy women into the woods with his playing, keep them as long as he liked, and send them home pregnant to their fathers or husbands. A king's daughter, Valentina, is drawn on by his music deep into the woods, but is rescued by a friendly power. Some parts of her dress and ornaments, which she had laid off in her rapid following up of the harping, are afterwards found, with a great quantity of precious things, in the subaqueous cave of Quintalin's mother, who is a complete counterpart to Grendel's, and was probably borrowed from *Beowulf*.† This demi-elf Quintalin is a tame personage by the side of Grendel or of Halewyn. Halewyn does not devour his victims, like Grendel: Quintalin does not even murder his. He allures women with his music to make them serve his lust. We may infer that he would plunder them, for he is a notorious thief. Even two of the oldest Danish ballads, **B**, **C**, and again Danish **I** and Swedish **C**, make the

treacherous knight as lecherous as bloody, and so with German **J**, **K**, **L**, **O**, **P**, **Q**, **R**, **S**, and Italian **A**, **B**, **C**, **E**, **F**. This trait is wanting in Danish **D**, where, though traces of the originally demonic nature of the knight remain, the muckle gold of the maids already appears as the motive for the murders. In the later Danish **E-H**, **K**, **L**, and Swedish **C**, **D**, the original elf or demon has sunk to a remorseless robber, generally with brothers, sisters, or underlings for accomplices.‡ This is preëminently his character in English **C-F**, in nearly all the forty Polish ballads, and in the two principal ballads of the German second class, **G**, **H**, though English **D**, German **H**, and Polish **Q** retain a trace of the supernatural: the first in the charm by means of which the knight compels the maid to quit her parents, the second in the bloody spring, and the last in the golden mountains. There is nothing that unequivocally marks the robber in the other German ballads of the second class and in those of the third. The question 'Weinst du um deines Vaters Gut?' in **I-L**, **O-S**, **T-W**, is hardly decisive, and only in **W** and **Z** is it expressly said that the maid had taken valuable things with her (as in Swedish **D**, Norwegian **A**, **B**, English **D-F**). **J-L**, **O-S**, give us to understand that the lady had lost her honor,§ but in all the rest, except the anomalous **Z**, the motive for murder is insufficient.||

The woman in these ballads is for the most part nameless, or bears a stock name to which no importance can be attached. Not so with the names of the knight. Most of these are

\* The scenery of the halting-place in the wood — the bloody streams in Danish **A**, **B**, **D**, **H**, **L**, **K**, the blood-girt spring in German **H**, **J**, **K**, **L**, **O**, **P**, **Q** — is also, to say the least, suggestive of something horribly uncanny. These are undoubtedly ancient features, though the spring, as the Danish editor observes, has no longer any significance in the German ballads, because in all of them the previous victims are said to have been *hanged*.

† The *saga* in Björner's *Nordiska Kämpadater*, c. 5-7.

‡ Danish **E**, **I**, **L**, and even **A**, make the knight suggest to the lady that she should get her gold together while he is saddling his horse; but this is a commonplace found in other cases of elopement, and *by itself* warrants no conclusion as to the knight's rapacity. See 'Samson,' Grundtvig, No 6, **C** 5; 'Ribold og Guldberg,' No 82, **C** 13, **E** 14, etc.; 'Redse-

lille og Medelvold,' No 271, **A** 21, **B** 20; 272, Bilag 3, st. 8; 270, 18, etc.

§ So perhaps a Polish ballad in Wojcieki, 1, 38, akin to the other John and Katie ballads.

|| It is well known that in the Middle Ages the blood of children or of virgins was reputed a specific for leprosy (see, e. g., Cassel in the *Weimar Jahrbücher*, 1, 408.) Some have thought to find in this fact an explanation of the murders in these ballads and in the Bluebeard stories, and, according to Rochholz, this theory has been adopted into popular tradition in the Aargau. So far as this cycle of ballads is concerned, there is as much ground for holding that the blood was wanted to cure leprosy as for believing that the gold was wanted for *aurum potabile*.

peculiar, and the Northern ones, though superficially of some variety, have yet likeness enough to tempt one to seek for a common original. Grundtvig, with considerable diffidence, suggests Oldemor as a possible ground-form. He conceives that the R of some of the Scandinavian names may be a relic of a foregoing Herr. The initial H would easily come or go. Given such a name as Hollemen (Danish C), we might expect it to give place to Halewyn, which is both a family and a local name in Flanders, if the ballad should pass into the Low Countries from Denmark, a derivation that Grundtvig is far from asserting. So Ulinger, a local appellation, might be substituted for the Ulver of Danish A. Grundtvig, it must be borne in mind, declines to be responsible for the historical correctness of this genealogy, and would be still less willing to undertake an explanation of the name Oldemor.

In place of Oldemor, Professor Sophus Bugge, in a recent article, marked by his characteristic sharp-sightedness and ingenuity, has proposed Hollevern, Holevern, or Olevern as the base-form of all the Northern names for the bloody knight, and he finds in this name a main support for the entirely novel and somewhat startling hypothesis that the ballad we are dealing with is a wild shoot from the story of Judith and Holofernes.\* His argument, given as briefly as possible, is as follows.

That the Bible story was generally known in the Middle Ages no one would question. It was treated in a literary way by an Anglo-Saxon poet, who was acquainted with the scriptural narrative, and in a popular way by poets who had no direct acquaintance with the original.† The source of the story in the ballad must in any case be a tradition many

times removed from the biblical story; that much should be changed, much dropped, and much added is only what would be expected.

Beginning the comparison with 'Judith' with this caution, it is first submitted that Holofernes can be recognized in most of the Scandinavian and German names of the knight. The v of the proposed base-form is preserved in Ulver, Halewyn, and probably in the English Elf-knight. It is easy to explain a v's passing over to g, as in Ulinger, Adelger, and especially under the influence of the very common names in -ger. Again, v might easily become b, as in Olbert, or m, as in Hollemen, Olmor; and the initial R of Rulleman, Romor, etc., may have been carried over from a prefixed Herr.‡

The original name of the heroine has been lost, and yet it is to be noticed that Gert Olbert's mother, in German A, is called Fru Jutte.

The heroine in this same ballad is named Helena (Linnich in F); in others (German C, D, E), Odilia. These are names of saints, and this circumstance may tend to show that the woman in the ballad was originally conceived of as rather a saint than a secular character, though in the course of time the story has so changed that the devout widow who sought out her country's enemy in his own camp has been transformed into a young maid who is enticed from home by a treacherous suitor.

It is an original trait in the ballad that the murderer, as is expressly said in many copies, is from a foreign land. According to an English version (E), he comes from the north, as Holofernes does, "venit Assur ex montibus ab aquilone" (Jud. xvi, 5).

The germ of this outlandish knight's blood-

\* Det philologisk-historiske Samfunds Mindeskift i Anledning af dets femogtyveaarige Virksomhed, 1854-79, Bidrag til den nordiske Balladedignings Historie, p. 75 ff.

† Bugge cites the Old-German Judith, Müllenhoff u. Scherer, Denkmäler, 2d ed., No 37, p. 105, to show how the Bible story became modified under a popular treatment.

‡ Holofern might doubtless pass into Halewyn, but there is not the slightest need of Holofern to account for Halewyn. Halewyn, besides being a well-known local and family appellation, is found in two other Dutch ballads, one of which

(Lootens and Feys, p. 66, No 38; Hoffmann, p. 46, No 11) has no kind of connection with the present, and is no more likely to have derived the name from this than this from that. It shall not be denied that Adelger, Hilsinger, Rulleman, Reimvord might have sprung from or have been suggested by Holofern, under the influence of familiar terminations, but it may be remarked that Hildebrand, Ravengaard, Valdemar, Rosmer, if they had occurred in any version, would have occasioned no greater difficulty.

thirstiness is found in the truculent part that Holofernes plays in the Bible, his threats and devastations. That the false suitor appears without companions is in keeping with the ballad style of representation; yet we might find suggestions of the Assyrian's army in the swains, the brothers, the stable-boy, whom the maid falls in with on her way home.

The splendid promises made in many of the ballads might have been developed from the passage where Holofernes, whose bed is described as wrought with purple, gold, and precious stones, says to Judith, Thou shalt be great in the house of Nebuchadnezzar, and thy name shall be named in all the earth (xi, 21).

In many forms of the ballad, especially the Dutch and the German, the maid adorns herself splendidly, as Judith does: she even wears some sort of crown in Dutch A 16, German D 8, as Judith does in x, 3, xvi, 10 (mitram).

In the English D, E, F, the oldest Danish, A, and the Polish versions, the maid, like Judith, leaves her home in the night.

The Piedmontese casté, Italian E 1 [there is a castle in nearly all the Italian ballads, and also in Dutch B], may remind us of Holofernes' castra.

The knight's carrying off the maid, lifting her on to his horse in many copies, may well come from a misunderstanding of *elevaverunt* in Judith x, 20: *Et cum in faciem ejus intendis, adoravit eum, prosternens se super terram. Et elevaverunt eam servi Holofernis, jubente domino suo.\**

In German A Gert Olbert and Helena are said to ride three days and nights, and in Danish D the ride is for three days; and we may remember that Judith killed Holofernes the fourth day after her arrival in his camp.

The place in which the pair alight is, according to German G 20, a deep dale, and this agrees with the site of Holofernes' camp in the valley of Bethulia. There is a spring or stream in many of the ballads, and also a

spring in the camp, in which Judith bathes (xii, 7).

Most forms of the ballad make the knight, after the halt, inform the maid that she is to die, as many maids have before her in the same place; e. g., German G 7:

‘Der Ulinger hat eylff Jungfrawen gelangen,  
Die zwölfft hat er gefangen.’ †

This corresponds with the passage in Judith's song (xvi, 6), *Dixit se . . . infantes meos dare in prædam et virgines in captivitate*: but it is reasonable to suppose that the ballad follows some version of the Bible words that varied much from the original.

The incident of the maid's lousing and tousing her betrayer's hair, while he lies with his head in her lap, may have come from Judith seizing Holofernes by the hair before she kills him, but the story of Samson and Delilah may have had influence here.

According to many German versions, the murderer grants the maid three cries before she dies. She invokes Jesus, Mary, and her brother. Or she utters three sighs, the first to God the Father, the second to Jesus, the third to her brother. These cries or sighs seem to take the place of Judith's prayer, *Confirma me, Domine Deus Israel* (xiii, 7), and it may also be well to remember that Holofernes granted Judith, on her request, permission to go out in the night to pray.

The Dutch, Low-German, Scandinavian, and other versions agree in making the woman kill the knight with his own sword, as in Judith. The Dutch and Low-German [also Danish F, Swedish A] have preserved an original trait in making the maid hew off the murderer's head. English and French versions dispose of the knight differently: the maid pushes him into sea or river. Perhaps, in some older form of the story, after the head was cut off, the *trunk* was pushed into the water: cf. Judith xiii, 10: *Abscidit caput ejus et . . . evolavit corpus ejus truncum*. The words *apprehendit comam capitis ejus* (xiii, 9) have their

\* The Old German poem makes Holofernes kindle with desire for Judith the moment he sees her, and he bids his men bring her to his tent. They lift her up and bring her in.

† It should be observed that these words are from the dove's warning.

parallel in Dutch **A**, 33: "Zy nam het hoofd al by het haer." The Dutch ballad makes the maid carry the head with her.

"Singing and ringing" she rode through the wood: Judith sings a song of praise to the Lord after her return home.

In English **C-F**, May Colven comes home before dawn, as Judith does. The Dutch **A** says, When to her father's gate she came, she blew the horn like a man. Compare Judith xiii, 13: Et dixit Judith a longe custodibus murorum, Aperite portas!

The Dutch text goes on to say that when the father heard the horn he was delighted at his daughter's return: and Judith v, 14, Et factum est, cum audissent viri vocem ejus, vocaverunt presbyteros civitatis.

The conclusion of Dutch **A** is that there was a banquet held, and the head was set on the table. So Judith causes Holofernes' head to be hung up on the city wall, and after the enemy have been driven off, the Jews hold a feast.

The Icelandic version, though elsewhere much mutilated, has a concluding stanza which certainly belongs to the ballad:

Ása went into a holy cell,  
Never did she harm to man.

This agrees with the view taken of the heroine of the ballad as a saint, and with the Bible account that Judith lived a chaste widow after her husband's demise.

Danish **D** is unique in one point. The robber has shown the maid a little knoll, in which the "much gold" of the women he has murdered lies. When she has killed him, the maid says, "I shall have the much gold," and takes as much as she can carry off. Compare with this Holofernes putting Judith into his treasury (xii, 1),\* her carrying off the conopœum (xiii, 10), and her receiving from the people all Holofernes' gold, silver, clothes, jewels, and furniture, as her share of the plunder of the Assyrian camp (xv, 14). It is,

perhaps, a perversion of this-circumstance that the robber in German **G, H**, is refused permission to keep his costly clothes.

English **D** seems also to have preserved a portion of the primitive story, when it makes the maid tell her parents in the morning all that has happened, whereupon they go with her to the sea-shore to find the robber's body. The foundation for this is surely the Bible account that Judith makes known her act to the elders of the city, and that the Jews go out in the morning and fall on the enemy's camp, in which Holofernes' body is lying. In Swedish **C** the robber's sisters mourn over his body, and in Judith xiv, 18 the Assyrians break out into loud cries when they learn of Holofernes' death.

In all this it is simply contended that the story of Judith is the remote source of the ballad, and it is conceded that many of the correspondences which have been cited may be accidental. Neither the Latin text of Judith nor any other written treatment of the story of Judith is supposed to have been known to the author of the ballad. The knowledge of its biblical origin being lost, the story would develop itself in its own way, according to the fashion of oral tradition. And so the pious widow into whose hands God gave over his enemies is converted into a fair maid who is enticed by a false knight into a wood, and who kills him in defence of her own life.

A similar transformation can be shown elsewhere in popular poetry. The little Katie of certain northern ballads (see Grundtvig, No 101) is a maid among other maids who prefers death to dishonor; but was originally Saint Catherine, daughter of the king of Egypt, who suffered martyrdom for the faith under the Emperor Maxentius. All the versions of the Halewyn ballad which we possess, even the purest, may be far removed from the primitive, both as to story and as to metrical form. New features would be taken up, and old ones would disappear. One copy has

\* Simply because he had no other apartment at his disposition. Shall we add, the Polish mother putting her

daughter into the "new room," in which she kept her valuables?



preserved genuine particulars, which another has lost, but Dutch tradition has kept the capital features best of all.\*

Professor Bugge's argument has been given with an approach to fulness out of a desire to do entire justice to the distinguished author's case, though most of the correspondences adduced by him fail to produce any effect upon my mind.

The case is materially strengthened by the Dutch text C ('Roland'), which was not accessible at the time Bugge's paper was written. The name Roland is not so close to Holofern as Halewyn, but is still within the range of conceivable metamorphosis. The points of coincidence between Dutch C and the story of Judith are these: The woman, first making an elaborate toilet,† goes out to seek the man, who is spoken of as surrounded with soldiers; she is challenged on the way; finds Roland lying on his bed, which he proposes she shall share (or lose her life); ‡ she cuts off his head, which, after her return home, she exposes from her window.§

If this was the original form of the Dutch ballad, and the Dutch ballad is the source from which all the other ballads have come, by processes of dropping, taking up, and transforming, then we may feel compelled to admit that this ballad might be a wild shoot from the story of Judith. Any one who bears in mind the strange changes which stories undergo will hesitate to pronounce this impossi-

\* Bugge holds that the ballad was derived by the Scandinavians from the Germans, more precisely by the Danes from a Low German form. This, he says, would follow from what he has maintained above, and he finds support for his view in many particular traits of Norse copies. Thus, one of the Norwegian names for the murderer is Alemarken. The first three syllables are very near to the Danish Oldemor; but -ken seems to be the German diminutive suffix, and can only be explained by the ballad having come from Germany.

† This toilet derives importance solely from the agreement with Judith x, 3: for the rest it is entirely in the ballad style. Compare the toilets in 'Hafsfrun,' Afzelius, No 92, 111, 148, Arwidsson, No 150, 11, 320, Wigström, Folkdiktning, No 2, p. 11, Landstad, No 55, p. 494: 'Guldsmedens Datter,' Grundtvig, No. 245, 1v, 481 ff, Wigström, ib., No 18, p. 37, Landstad, No 43, p. 437: 'Torkilds Riim, Lyngbye, Færøiske Qvæder, 534, 535, Afzelius, 111, 202: 'Stolts Karin,' Arwidsson, No 63, 1, 388: 'Liti Kerstis hevn,' Landstad, No 67, p. 559 = 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet': in many of which there is a gold crown. There is a man's toilet in Grundtvig, No 207, 1v, 201.

ble. What poor Ophelia says of us human creatures is even truer of ballads: "We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

But when we consider how much would have to be dropped, how much to be taken up, and how much to be transformed, before the Hebrew "gest" could be converted into the European ballad, we naturally look for a less difficult hypothesis. It is a supposition attended with less difficulty that an independent European tradition existed of a half-human, half-demonic being, who possessed an irresistible power of decoying away young maids, and was wont to kill them after he got them into his hands, but who at last found one who was more than his match, and lost his own life through her craft and courage. A modification of this story is afforded by the large class of Bluebeard tales. The Quintalin story seems to be another variety, with a substitution of lust for bloodthirst. The Dutch ballad may have been *affected* by some lost ballad of Holofern, and may have taken up some of its features, at least that of carrying home Halewyn's [Roland's] head, which is found in no other version.||

A a is translated by Grundtvig in Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, No 37, p. 230: B b in the same, No 36, p. 227: C a, b, D a, b, blended, No 35, p. 221. A, by Rosa Warrens, Schottische V. L. der Vorzeit, No 1, p. 1: Gerhard, p. 15. C b, by Rosa Warrens, No

‡ Bugge would naturally have seen the Assyrian scouts that Judith falls in with (x, 11) in Roland's father, mother, and brother, all of whom hail the maid as she is making for Roland's quarters (C 30-38); still more "Holofernes jacebat in lecto" (xiii, 4), in "Roland die op zijn bedde lag," C 39.

§ Judith xiv, 1: "Suspendite caput hoc super muros nostros." The cutting off and bringing home of the head, as need hardly be said, is not of itself remarkable, being found everywhere from David to Beowulf, and from Beowulf to 'Sir Andrew Barton.'

|| Dutch B, which, as before said, has been completely rewritten, makes the comparison with Holofernes:

34 'Ik heb van't leven hem beroofd,  
in mynen schoot heb ik zyn hoofd,  
hy is als Holofernes geloofd.'

37 Zy reed dan voort als Judith wys,  
zoo regt nae haer vaders paleis,  
daer zy wierd ingehaald met eer en prys.

34, p. 148: Wolf, *Halle der Völker*, I, 38, ham, p. 244, by Knortz, *Lied. u. Rom. Alt-Hauschatz*, 225. C, D, etc., as in Alling-Englands, No 4, p. 14.

## A

a. Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 22. b. Motherwell's MS., p. 563.

- 1 FAIR lady Isabel sits in her bower sewing,  
Aye as the gowans grow gay  
There she heard an elf-knight blawing his horn.  
The first morning in May
- 2 'If I had yon horn that I hear blawing,  
And yon elf-knight to sleep in my bosom.'
- 3 This maiden had scarcely these words spoken,  
Till in at her window the elf-knight has luppen.
- 4 'It's a very strange matter, fair maiden,' said  
he,  
'I canna blaw my horn but ye call on me.
- 5 'But will ye go to yon greenwood side?  
If ye canna gang, I will cause you to ride.'
- 6 He leapt on a horse, and she on another,  
And they rode on to the greenwood together.

7 'Light down, light down, lady Isabel,' said he,  
'We are come to the place where ye are to  
die.'

- 8 'Hae mercy, hae mercy, kind sir, on me,  
'Till ance my dear father and mother I see.'
- 9 'Seven king's-daughters here hae I slain,  
And ye shall be the eight o them.'
- 10 'O sit down a while, lay your head on my  
knee,  
That we may hae some rest before that I die.'
- 11 She stroakd him sae fast, the nearer he did  
creep,  
Wi a sma charm she lulld him fast asleep.
- 12 Wi his ain sword-belt sae fast as she ban him,  
Wi his ain dag-durk sae sair as she dang him.
- 13 'If seven king's-daughters here ye hae slain,  
Lye ye here, a husband to them a'.'

## B

a. Buchan's MSS, II, fol. 80. b. Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 201. c. Motherwell's MS., p. 561.  
d. Harris MS., No 19.

- 1 THERE came a bird out o a bush,  
On water for to dine,  
An sighing sair, says the king's daughter,  
'O wae's this heart o mine!'
- 2 He's taen a harp into his hand,  
He's harped them all asleep,  
Except it was the king's daughter,  
Who one wink couldna get.
- 3 He's luppen on his berry-brown steed,  
Taen'er on behind himsell,  
Then baith rede down to that water  
That they ca Wearie's Well.

4 'Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,  
No harm shall thee befall;  
Oft times I've watered my steed  
Wi the waters o Wearie's Well.'

5 The first step that she stepped in,  
She stepped to the knee;  
And sighend says this lady fair,  
'This water's nae for me.'

6 'Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,  
No harm shall thee befall;  
Oft times I've watered my steed  
Wi the water o Wearie's Well.'

7 The next step that she stepped in,  
She stepped to the middle;  
'O,' sighend says this lady fair,  
I've wat my gowden girdle.'

- 8 'Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,  
No harm shall thee befall;  
Oft times have I watered my steed  
Wi the water o Wearie's Well.'
- 9 The next step that she stepped in,  
She stepped to the chin;  
'O,' sighend says this lady fair,  
'They sud gar twa loves twin.'
- 10 'Seven king's-daughters I've drownd there,  
In the water o Wearie's Well,  
And I'll make you the eight o them,  
And ring the common bell.'
- 11 'Since I am standing here,' she says,  
'This dowie death to die,
- One kiss o your comely mouth  
I'm sure wad comfort me.'
- 12 He louted him oer his saddle bow,  
To kiss her cheek and chin;  
She's taen him in her arms twa,  
An thrown him headlong in.
- 13 'Since seven king's daughters ye've drowned  
there,  
In the water o Wearie's Well,  
I'll make you bridegroom to them a',  
An ring the bell mysell.'
- 14 And aye she warsled, and aye she swam,  
And she swam to dry lan;  
She thanked God most cheerfully  
The dangers she oercame.

## C

a. Herd's MSS, I, 166. b. Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 93. c. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 67, = b "collated with a copy obtained from recitation."

- 1 FALSE Sir John a wooing came  
To a maid of beauty fair;  
May Colven was this lady's name,  
Her father's only heir.
- 2 He wood her butt, he wood her ben,  
He wood her in the ha,  
Until he got this lady's consent  
To mount and ride awa.
- 3 He went down to her father's bower,  
Where all the steeds did stand,  
And he's taken one of the best steeds  
That was in her father's land.
- 4 He's got on and she's got on,  
And fast as they could flee,  
Until they came to a lonesome part,  
A rock by the side of the sea.
- 5 'Loup off the steed,' says false Sir John,  
'Your bridal bed you see;  
For I have drowned seven young ladies,  
The eight one you shall be.
- 6 'Cast off, cast off, my May Colven,  
All and your silken gown,
- For it's oer good and oer costly  
To rot in the salt sea foam.
- 7 'Cast off, cast off, my May Colven,  
All and your embroiderd shoen,  
For they're oer good and oer costly  
To rot in the salt sea foam.'
- 8 'O turn you about, O false Sir John,  
And look to the leaf of the tree,  
For it never became a gentleman  
A naked woman to see.'
- 9 He turnd himself straight round about,  
To look to the leaf of the tree;  
So swift as May Colven was  
To throw him in the sea.
- 10 'O help, O help, my May Colven,  
O help, or else I'll drown;  
I'll take you home to your father's bower,  
And set you down safe and sound.'
- 11 'No help, no help, O false Sir John,  
No help, nor pity thee;  
Tho seven king's-daughters you have drownd,  
But the eight shall not be me.'
- 12 So she went on her father's steed,  
As swift as she could flee,  
And she came home to her father's bower  
Before it was break of day.



13 Up then and spoke the pretty parrot :  
 ' May Colven, where have you been ?  
 What has become of false Sir John,  
 That woo'd you so late the streen ?

14 ' He woo'd you butt, he woo'd you ben,  
 He woo'd you in the ha,  
 Until he got your own consent  
 For to mount and gang awa.'

15 ' O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,  
 Lay not the blame upon me ;

Your cup shall be of the flowered gold,  
 Your cage of the root of the tree.'

16 Up then spake the king himself,  
 In the bed-chamber where he lay :  
 ' What ails the pretty parrot,  
 That prattles so long or day ?'

17 ' There came a cat to my cage door,  
 It almost a worried me,  
 And I was calling on May Colven  
 To take the cat from me.'

## D

a. Sharpe's Ballad Book (1823), No 17, p. 45. b. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, 11, 45. c. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. 21, No. XXIV, one stanza.

1 O HEARD ye of a bloody knight,  
 Lived in the south country ?  
 For he has betrayed eight ladies fair  
 And drowned them in the sea.

2 Then next he went to May Collin,  
 She was her father's heir,  
 The greatest beauty in the land,  
 I solemnly declare.

3 ' I am a knight of wealth and might,  
 Of townlands twenty-three ;  
 And you'll be lady of them all,  
 If you will go with me.'

4 ' Excuse me, then, Sir John,' she says ;  
 ' To wed I am too young ;  
 Without I have my parents' leave,  
 With you I darena gang.'

5 ' Your parents' leave you soon shall have,  
 In that they will agree ;  
 For I have made a solemn vow  
 This night you'll go with me.'

6 From below his arm he pulled a charm,  
 And stuck it in her sleeve,  
 And he has made her go with him,  
 Without her parents' leave.

7 Of gold and silver she has got  
 With her twelve hundred pound,

And the swiftest steed her father had  
 She has taen to ride upon.

8 So privily they went along,  
 They made no stop or stay,  
 Till they came to the fatal place  
 That they call Bunion Bay.

9 It being in a lonely place,  
 And no house there was nigh,  
 The fatal rocks were long and steep,  
 And none could hear her cry.

10 ' Light down,' he said, ' fair May Collin,  
 Light down and speak with me,  
 For here I've drowned eight ladies fair,  
 And the ninth one you shall be.'

11 ' Is this your bowers and lofty towers,  
 So beautiful and gay ?  
 Or is it for my gold,' she said,  
 ' You take my life away ?'

12 ' Strip off,' he says, ' thy jewels fine,  
 So costly and so brave,  
 For they are too costly and too fine  
 To throw in the sea wave.'

13 ' Take all I have my life to save,  
 O good Sir John, I pray ;  
 Let it neer be said you killed a maid  
 Upon her wedding day.'

14 ' Strip off,' he says, ' thy Holland smock,  
 That's bordered with the lawn,  
 For it's too costly and too fine  
 To rot in the sea sand.'

15 'O turn about, Sir John,' she said,  
 'Your back about to me,  
 For it never was comely for a man  
 A naked woman to see.'

16 But as he turned him round about,  
 She threw him in the sea,  
 Saying, 'Lie you there, you false Sir John,  
 Where you thought to lay me.'

17 'O lie you there, you traitor false,  
 Where you thought to lay me,  
 For though you stripped me to the skin,  
 Your clothes you 've got with thee.'

18 Her jewels fine she did put on,  
 So costly, rich and brave,  
 And then with speed she mounts his steed,  
 So well she did behave.

19 That lady fair being void of fear,  
 Her steed being swift and free,  
 And she has reached her father's gate  
 Before the clock struck three.

20 Then first she called the stable groom,  
 He was her waiting man;  
 Soon as he heard his lady's voice  
 He stood with cap in hand.

21 'Where have you been, fair May Collin?  
 Who owns this dapple grey?'  
 'It is a found one,' she replied,  
 'That I got on the way.'

22 Then out bespoke the wily parrot  
 Unto fair May Collin:  
 'What have you done with false Sir John,  
 That went with you yestreen?'

23 'O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,  
 And talk no more to me,  
 And where you had a meal a day  
 O now you shall have three.'

24 Then up bespoke her father dear,  
 From his chamber where he lay:  
 'What aileth thee, my pretty Poll,  
 That you chat so long or day?'

25 'The cat she came to my cage-door,  
 The thief I could not see,  
 And I called to fair May Collin,  
 To take the eat from me.'

26 Then first she told her father dear  
 The deed that she had done,  
 And next she told her mother dear  
 Concerning false Sir John.

27 'If this be true, fair May Collin,  
 That you have told to me,  
 Before I either eat or drink  
 This false Sir John I'll see.'

28 Away they went with one consent,  
 At dawning of the day,  
 Until they came to Carline Sands,  
 And there his body lay.

29 His body tall, by that great fall,  
 By the waves tossed to and fro,  
 The diamond ring that he had on  
 Was broke in pieces two.

30 And they have taken up his corpse  
 To yonder pleasant green,  
 And there they have buried false Sir John,  
 For fear he should be seen.

### E

J. H. Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 74.

1 AN outlandish knight came from the north  
 lands,  
 And he came a-wooing to me;  
 He told me he'd take me unto the north lands,  
 And there he would marry me.

2 'Come, fetch me some of your father's gold,  
 And some of your mother's fee,  
 And two of the best nags out of the stable,  
 Where they stand thirty and three.'

3 She fetched him some of her father's gold,  
 And some of her mother's fee,  
 And two of the best nags out of the stable,  
 Where they stood thirty and three.

- 4 She mounted her on her milk-white steed,  
He on the dapple grey;  
They rode till they came unto the sea-side,  
Three hours before it was day.
- 5 'Light off, light off thy milk-white steed,  
And deliver it unto me;  
Six pretty maids have I drowned here,  
And thou the seventh shalt be.
- 6 'Pull off, pull off thy silken gown,  
And deliver it unto me;  
Methinks it looks too rich and too gay  
To rot in the salt sea.
- 7 'Pull off, pull off thy silken stays,  
And deliver them unto me;  
Methinks they are too fine and gay  
To rot in the salt sea.
- 8 'Pull off, pull off thy Holland smock,  
And deliver it unto me;  
Methinks it looks too rich and gay  
To rot in the salt sea.'
- 9 'If I must pull off my Holland smock,  
Pray turn thy back unto me;  
For it is not fitting that such a ruffian  
A naked woman should see.'
- 10 He turned his back towards her  
And viewed the leaves so green;  
She caught him round the middle so small,  
And tumbled him into the stream.
- 11 He dropped high and he dropped low,  
Until he came to the side;
- 'Catch hold of my hand, my pretty maiden,  
And I will make you my bride.'
- 12 'Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,  
Lie there instead of me;  
Six pretty maids have you drowned here,  
And the seventh has drowned thee.'
- 13 She mounted on her milk-white steed,  
And led the dapple grey;  
She rode till she came to her own father's hall,  
Three hours before it was day.
- 14 The parrot being in the window so high,  
Hearing the lady, did say,  
'I'm afraid that some ruffian has led you  
astray,  
That you have tarried so long away.'
- 15 'Don't prittle nor prattle, my pretty parrot,  
Nor tell no tales of me;  
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
Although it is made of a tree.'
- 16 The king being in the chamber so high,  
And hearing the parrot, did say,  
'What ails you, what ails you, my pretty parrot,  
That you prattle so long before day?'
- 17 'It's no laughing matter,' the parrot did say,  
'That so loudly I call unto thee,  
For the cats have got into the window so high,  
And I'm afraid they will have me.'
- 18 'Well turned, well turned, my pretty parrot,  
Well turned, well turned for me;  
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
And the door of the best ivory.'

## F

Roxburghe Ballads, III, 449.

- 1 'Go fetch me some of your father's gold,  
And some of your mother's fee,  
And I'll carry you into the north land,  
And there I'll marry thee.'
- 2 She fetched him some of her father's gold,  
And some of her mother's fee;  
She carried him into the stable,  
Where horses stood thirty and three.
- 3 She leaped on a milk-white steed,  
And he on a dapple-grey;  
They rode till they came to a fair river's  
side,  
Three hours before it was day.
- 4 'O light, O light, you lady gay,  
O light with speed, I say,  
For six knight's daughters have I drowned  
here,  
And you the seventh must be.'

- 5 'Go fetch the sickle, to crop the nettle  
That grows so near the brim,  
For fear it should tangle my golden locks,  
Or freckle my milk-white skin.'
- 6 He fetch'd the sickle, to crop the nettle  
That grows so near the brim,  
And with all the strength that pretty Polly had  
She push'd the false knight in.
- 7 'Swim on, swim on, thou false knight,  
And there bewail thy doom,  
For I don't think thy cloathing too good  
To lie in a watry tomb.'
- 8 She leaped on her milk-white steed,  
She led the dapple grey;  
She rid till she came to her father's house,  
Three hours before it was day.
- 9 'Who knocked so loudly at the ring?'  
The parrot he did say;  
'O where have you been, my pretty Polly,  
All this long summer's day?'
- \* 10 'O hold your tongue, parrot,  
Tell you no tales of me;  
Your cage shall be made of beaten gold,  
Which is now made of a tree.'
- 11 O then bespoke her father dear,  
As he on his bed did lay:  
'O what is the matter, my parrot,  
That you speak before it is day?'
- 12 'The cat 's at my cage, master,  
And sorely frightened me,  
And I call'd down my Polly  
To take the cat away.'

A. Burden. *Song xix of Forbes's 'Cantus,' Aberdeen, 1682, 3d ed., has, as pointed out by Motherwell, Minstrelsy, p. lx, nearly the same burden: 'The gowans are gay, The first morning of May. And again, a song in the Tea Table Miscellany, as remarked by Buchan, 'There gowans are gay, The first morning of May: p. 404 of the 12th ed., London, 1763.*

b. No doubt furnished to Motherwell by Buchan, as a considerable number of ballads in this part of his MS. seem to have been.

3<sup>2</sup>. Then in. 8<sup>1</sup>. kind sir, said she.

10<sup>2</sup>. That we may some rest before I die.

11<sup>1</sup>. the near. 13<sup>2</sup>. to them ilk ane.

1 is given by Motherwell, *Minstrelsy, p. lx, but apparently to improve metre and secure rhyme, thus:*

Lady Isabel sits in her bouir sewing,  
She heard an elf-knight his horn blowing.

B b. Buchan's printed copy differs from the manuscript very slightly, except in spelling.

4<sup>3</sup>, 6<sup>3</sup>. Aft times hae I.

5<sup>3</sup>. And sighing sair says. 7<sup>3</sup>, 9<sup>3</sup>. And sighing says.

14<sup>2</sup>. Till she swam. 14<sup>3</sup>. Then thanked. 14<sup>4</sup>. she 'd.

c. Like A b, derived by Motherwell from Buchan.

4<sup>1</sup>, 6<sup>1</sup>, 8<sup>1</sup>. wade in, wade in.

14<sup>3</sup>. And thanked.

Dixon, *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, p. 63, printing B from the manuscript, makes one or two trivial changes.*

d is only this fragment.

4<sup>3</sup> Mony a time I rade wi my brown foal  
The water o Wearie's Wells.

'Leave aff, leave aff your gey mantle,  
It 's a' gowd but the hem;  
Leave aff, leave [aff], it 's far owre gude  
To weet i the saut see faem.'

5 She wade in, an he rade in,  
Till it took her to the knee;  
Wi sighin said that lady gay  
'Sie wadin 's no for me.'

\* \* \* \*

9 He rade in, and she wade in,  
Till it took her to the chin;  
Wi sighin said that ladie gay  
'I 'll wade nae-farer in.'

10<sup>3</sup> 'Sax king's dochters I hae drowned,  
An the seventh you sall be.'

\* \* \* \*

13 'Lie you there, you fause young man,  
Where you thought to lay me.'

C b. *The printed copy follows the manuscript with only very trifling variations: Colvin for Colven; 13<sup>1</sup>, up then spak; 16<sup>4</sup>, ere day; 17<sup>2</sup>, al-most worried.*

c. 2<sup>1,2</sup>, he 's courted. 2<sup>3</sup>, Till once he got.  
*Between 2 and 3 is inserted:*

She 's gane to her father's coffers,  
Where all his money lay,  
And she's taken the red, and she's left  
the white.  
And so lightly as she tripped away.

3<sup>1</sup> She's gane down to her father's stable,  
3 And she's taken the best, and she's left  
the warst.

4 He rode on, and she rode on,  
They rode a long summer's day,  
Until they came to a broad river,  
An arm of a lonesome sea.

5<sup>3,4</sup> 'For it's seven king's daughters I have  
drowned here,  
And the eighth I'll out make with  
thee.'

6<sup>1,2</sup> 'Cast off, cast off your silks so fine,  
And lay them on a stone.'

7<sup>1,2,3</sup> 'Cast off, cast off your holland smock,  
And lay it on this stone,  
For it's too fine.' . .

9<sup>3,4</sup> She's twined her arms about his waist,  
And thrown him into

10<sup>1,2</sup> 'O hold a grip of me, May Colvin,  
For fear that I should'

3 father's gates 4 and safely I'll set you  
down.

11 'O lie you there, thou false Sir John,  
O lie you there,' said she,  
'For you lie not in a cauldre bed  
Than the ane you intended for me.'

12<sup>3</sup>, father's gates. 4. At the breaking of the  
day.

13<sup>4</sup>, yestreen.

*Between 13 and 14 is inserted:*

Up then spake the pretty parrot,  
In the bonnie cage where it lay:  
'O what hae ye done with the false Sir  
John,  
That he behind you does stay?'

15<sup>3,4</sup> 'Your cage will be made of the beaten  
gold,  
And the spakes of ivorie.'

17<sup>1,2</sup> 'It was a cat cam . . .  
I thought 't would have' . . .

D a. 2<sup>1</sup>, Colin.

b. *Buchan's copy makes many slight changes  
which are not noticed here.*

1<sup>2</sup>, west countrie.

*After 1 is inserted:*

All ladies of a gude account  
As ever yet were known;  
This traitor was a baron knight,  
They calld him fause Sir John.

*After 2:*

'Thou art the darling of my heart,  
I say, fair May Colvin,  
So far excells thy beauties great  
That ever I hae seen.'

3<sup>2</sup>, Hae towers, towns twenty three.  
7<sup>2</sup>, five hunder. 7<sup>3</sup>, The best an steed.

8<sup>3</sup>, fatal end. 8<sup>4</sup>, Binyan's Bay.

12<sup>2</sup>, rich and rare. 12<sup>4</sup>, sea ware.

*After 12:*

'Then aff she's taen her jewels fine,  
And thus she made her moan:  
'Hae mercy on a virgin young,  
I pray you, gude Sir John.'

'Cast aff, cast aff, fair May Colvin,  
Your gown and petticoat,  
For they're too costly and too fine  
To rot by the sea rock.'

13<sup>4</sup>, Before her. 14<sup>4</sup>, to toss. 18<sup>3</sup>, her steed.

23<sup>3</sup>, What hast thou made o fause.

28<sup>3</sup>, Charlestown sands. *Sharpe thinks Car-*

*line Sands means Carlinseugh Sands on the coast of Forfarshire.*  
After 30:

Ye ladies a'. wherever you be,  
That read this mournful song,  
I pray you mind on May Colvin,  
And think on fause Sir John.

Aff they've taen his jewels fine,  
To keep in memory;

And sae I end my mournful sang  
And fatal tragedy.

c. *Motherwell's one stanza is:*

O heard ye eer o a bloody knight  
That livd in the west countrie?  
For he has stown seven ladies fair,  
And drown'd them a' in the sea.

E. 3<sup>2</sup>. of the. 17<sup>2</sup>. But so.

## 5

## GIL BRENTON

A. a. 'Gil Brenton,' Jamieson Brown MS., fol. 34.  
b. 'Chil Brenton,' William Tytler Brown MS., No 3.

B. 'Cospatriek,' Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 117 (1802).

C. 'We were sisters, we were seven,' Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, p. 207.

D. 'Lord Dingwall,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 204.

E. Elizabeth Cochrane's song-book, No 112.

F. a. 'Lord Brangwill,' Motherwell's MSS, p. 219.  
b. 'Lord Bengwill,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xvi.

G. 'Bothwell,' Herd's Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, p. 244.

H. Kinloch MSS, v, 335.

EIGHT copies of this ballad are extant, four of them hitherto unpublished. A a, No 16 in the Jamieson-Brown MS., is one of twenty ballads written down from the recitation of Mrs Brown of Falkland, by her nephew, Robert Scott, in 1783, or shortly before. From these twenty thirteen were selected, and, having first been revised by Mrs. Brown, were sent, with two others, to William Tytler in the year just mentioned. William Tytler's MS. has disappeared, but a list of the ballads which it contained, with the first stanza of each, is given by Dr Anderson, in Nichols's Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century, VII, 176. B is the 'Cospatriek' of the Border Minstrelsy, described by Scott as taken down from the recitation of a lady (known to be Miss Christian Rutherford, his mother's sister) "with some stanzas transferred from

Herd's copy, and some readings adopted from a copy in Mrs Brown's manuscript under the title of Child Brenton," that is, from A b. C purports to be one of a considerable number of pieces, "copied from the recital of a peasant-woman of Galloway, upwards of ninety years of age." Though overlaid with verses of Cunningham's making (of which forty or fifty may be excised in one mass) and though retouched almost everywhere, both the groundwork of the story and some genuine lines remain unimpaired. The omission of most of the passage referred to, and the restoration of the stanza form, will give us, perhaps, a thing of shreds and patches, but still a ballad as near to genuine as some in Percy's Reliques or even Scott's Minstrelsy. D and F are (the former presumably, the second certainly) from recitation of the first quarter of this

century. **E** is one of the few ballads in Elizabeth Cochrane's song-book, and probably of the first half of the last century. **G**, the earliest printed form of the ballad, appeared in Herd's first collection, in the year 1769. **H** was taken down from recitation by the late Dr Hill Burton in his youth.

**A**, **B**, and **C** agree in these points: A bride, not being a maid, looks forward with alarm to her wedding night, and induces her bower-woman to take her place for the nonce. The imposture is detected by the bridegroom, through the agency of magical blankets, sheets, and pillows, **A**; or of blankets, bed, sheet, and sword, **B**; or simply of the Billie Blin, **C**. (The sword is probably an editorial insertion; and Jamieson, *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 343, doubts, but without sufficient reason, the Billie Blin.) The bridegroom has recourse to his mother, who demands an explanation of the bride, and elicits a confession that she had once upon a time encountered a young man in a wood, who subjected her to violence. Before they parted, he gave her certain tokens, which he enjoined her to be very careful of, a lock of his hair, a string of beads, a gold ring, and a knife. **B** omits the knife, and **C** the beads. The mother goes back to her son, and asks what he had done with the tokens she had charged him never to part with. He owns that he had presented them to a lady, one whom he would now give all his possessions to have for his wife. The lady of the greenwood is identified by the tokens.

**A**, **C**, and **D** make the mother set a golden chair for the bride, in which none but a maid can sit, **D** [no leal maid will sit till bidden, **C**]. In **D** the chair is declined; in **C**, taken without bidding; in **A** the significance of the

chair has been lost. **E**, **F**, **G** employ no kind of test of maidenhood, — the bride frankly avows that she is with child to another man; and **D**, as well as **E**, **F**, **G**, omits the substitution of the chambermaid. The tokens in **D** are a chain, a ring, and three locks of hair; in **E**, gloves and a ring; in **F**, **G**, green gloves, a ring, and three locks [plaits] of hair. Only the ring remains in **H**.

"This ballad," says Motherwell (1827), "is very popular, and is known to reciters under a variety of names. I have heard it called Lord Bangwell, Bengwill, Dingwall, Brengwill, etc., and The Seven Sisters, or the Leaves of Lind." He adds: "There is an unedited ballad in Scotland, which is a nearer approximation to the Danish song, inasmuch as the substitution of the maiden sister for the real bride constitutes a prominent feature of the tale."\* (*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, lxi<sup>21</sup> and xc.)

Scott remarks that Cospatrik † "was the designation of the Earl of Dunbar, in the days of Wallace and Bruce." Mr Macmath informs me that it is in use at the present day in the families of the Earl of Home and of Dunbar of Mochrum, Bart, who, among others, claim descent from the ancient earls of Dunbar and March. The story of the ballad might, of course, attach itself to any person prominent in the region where the ballad was known.

**Swedish.** Three Swedish versions of this ballad were given by Afzelius: **A**, 'Riddar Olle' in 50 two-line stanzas, II, 217; **B**, 19 two-line stanzas, II, 59; **C**, 19 two-line stanzas, II, 56: No 33, I, 175-182 of Bergström's edition. Besides these, there are two fragments in Cavallius and Stephens's unprinted collection: **D**, 6 stanzas; **E**, 7 stanzas, the latter printed in Grundtvig, v, 307.‡ All

\* In his note-book, p. 117, Motherwell writes, with less than his usual discretion: "The ballad of Bothwell, Cospatric, or Gil Brenton, appears to be copied from an account of the birth of Makbeth given by Wintown." The substance of this account is, that Macbeth's mother had a habit of repairing to the woods for wholesome air, and that, during one of her rambles, she fell in with a fair man, really the Devil, who passed the day with her, and got on her a son.

‡ And of that dede in taknyng  
He gave his lemman thare a ryng,

And bad hyr that scho suld kepe that wele,  
And hald for hys luve that jwele."

*Cronykil*, Book VI, ch. xviii, 57-90.

† Scott says: "Cospatrik, Comes Patricius;" but Cos-(Gos-)patrick is apparently Servant of Patrick, like Gil-patrik (Kil-patrik). Mr Macmath suggests to me that Gil Brenton may have originally been Gil-brandon, which seems very likely. See Notes and Queries, 5th S., x, 443.

‡ A fragment in Rancken's 'Några Prof af Folksång,' p. 14 f, belongs not to 'Riddar Olle,' as there said, but to



these were obtained from recitation in the present century. **A** comes nearest to our **A**, **B**. Like Scottish **B**, it seems to have been compounded from several copies. Sir Olof betrothed Ingalilla, and carried her home for the spousal, wearing a red gold crown and a wan cheek. Ingalilla gave birth to twin-boys. Olof had a maid who resembled Ingalilla completely, and who, upon Ingalilla's entreaty, consented to play the part of bride on the morrow. Dressed in Ingalilla's clothes, blue kirtle, green jacket, etc., and wearing five gold rings and a gold crown, the maid rode to church, with Ingalilla at her back, and her beauty was admired by all as she came and went. But outside of the church were a good many musicians; and one of these piped out, "God-a-mercy, Ingalilla, no maid art thou!" Ingalilla threw into the piper's hand something which made him change his tune. He was an old drunken fellow, and no one need mind what he sang. After five days of drinking, they took the bride to her chamber, not without force. Ingalilla bore the light before her, and helped put her to bed; then lay down herself. Olof had over him a fur rug, which could talk as well as he, and it called out,

'Hear me, Sir Olof, hear what I say;  
Thou hast taken a strumpet, and missed a may.'

And Olof,

'Hear, little Inga, sweetheart,' he said;  
'What didst thou get for thy maidenhead?'

Inga explained. Her father was a strange sort of man, and built her bower by the sea-strand, where all the king's courtiers took ship. Nine had broken in, and one had robbed her of her honor. He had given her an embroidered sark, a blue kirtle, green jacket, black mantle, gloves, five gold rings, a red gold crown, a golden harp, and a silver-mounted knife, which she now wishes in the youngster's

body. The conclusion is abruptly told in two stanzas. Olof bids Inga not to talk so, for he is father of her children. He embraces her and gives her a queen's crown and name. **B** has the same story, omitting the incident of the musician. **C** has preserved this circumstance, but has lost both the substitution of the waiting-woman for the bride and the magical coverlet. **D** has also lost these important features of the original story; **E** has retained them.

**Danish.** 'Brud ikke Mø,' Grundtvig, No 274, v, 304. There are two old versions (more properly only one, so close is the agreement), and a third from recent tradition. This last, Grundtvig's **C**, from Jutland, 1856, seems to be of Swedish origin, and, like Swedish **C**, **D**, wants the talking coverlet, though it has kept the other material feature, that of the substitution. **A** is found in two manuscripts, one of the sixteenth and the other of the seventeenth century. **B** is the well-known 'Ingefred og Gudrune,' or 'Herr Samsings Natteergale,' Syv, iv, No 62, Danske Viser, No 194, translated in Jamieson's Illustrations, p. 340, and by Prior, III, 347. A later form of **B**, from recent recitation, 1868, is given in Kristensen's Jydske Folkeviser, I, No 53.

The story in **A** runs thus: Sølverlad and Vendelrod [Ingefred and Gudrune] were sitting together, and Vendelrod wept sorely. Sølverlad asked her sister the reason, and was told there was cause. Would she be bride one night? Vendelrod would give her wedding clothes and all her outfit. But Sølverlad asked for bridegroom too, and Vendelrod would not give up her bridegroom, happen what might. She went to church and was married to Samsing. On the way from church they met a spaeman [**B**, shepherd], who warned Vendelrod that Samsing had some nightingales that could tell him whether he had married a maid or no. The sisters turned aside

'Herr Äster och Fröken Sissa,' though the burden is 'Riddar Olof.' Other verses, at p. 16, might belong to either. 'Riddar Ola,' E. Wigström's Folkdiktning, p. 37, No 18, belongs with the Danish 'Guldsmedens Datter,' Grundtvig, No 245.

\* The inquiry seems to refer to the morning gift. "Die

Morgengabe ist ein Geschenk des Mannes als Zeichen der Liebe (in signum amoris), für die Uebergabe der vollen Schönheit (in honore pulchritudinis) und der Jungfräulichkeit (pretium virginitatis)." Weinhold, Die deutschen Frauen in dem Mittelalter, S. 270.

and changed clothes, but could not change cheeks! Sølverlad was conducted to Samsing's house and placed on the bride bench. An unlucky jester called out, "Methinks this is not Vendelrod!" but a gold ring adroitly thrown into his bosom opened his eyes still wider, and made him pretend he had meant nothing. The supposed bride is put to bed. Samsing invokes his nightingales: "Have I a maid or no?" They reply, it is a maid that lies in the bed, but Vendelrod stands on the floor. Samsing asks Vendelrod why she avoided her bed, and she answers: her father lived on the strand; her bower was broken into by a large company of men, and one of them robbed her of her honor. In this case there are no tokens for evidence. Samsing owns immediately that he and his men had broken into the bower, and Vendelrod's agony is over.

Some of the usual tokens, gold harp, sark, shoes, and silver-mounted knife, are found in the later C. Danish D is but a single initial stanza.

Besides Sølverlad and Vendelrod, there is a considerable number of Danish ballads characterized by the feature that a bride is not a maid, and most or all of these have similarities to 'Gil Brenton.' 'Hr. Find og Vendelrod,' Grundtvig, No 275, has even the talking blanket (sometimes misunderstood to be a bed-board). In this piece there is no substitution. Vendelrod gives birth to children, and the news makes Find jump over the table. Still he puts the question mildly, who is the father, and recognizes that he is the man, upon hearing the story of the bower on the strand, and seeing half a gold ring which Vendelrod had received "for her honor."

In 'Ingelilles Bryllup,' Grundtvig, No 276, Blidelild is induced to take Ingelild's place by the promise that she shall marry Ingelild's brother. Hr. Magnus asks her why she is so sad, and says he knows she is not a maid. Blidelild says, "Since you know so much, I will tell you more," and relates Ingelild's adventure,—how she had gone out to the river, and nine knights came riding by, etc. [so A; in B and C we have the bower on the strand,

as before]. Hr. Magnus avows that he was the ninth, who stayed when eight rode away. Blidelild begs that he will allow her to go and look for some lost rings, and uses the opportunity to send back Ingelild in her stead.

Various other Scandinavian ballads have more or less of the story of those which have been mentioned. In the Danish 'Brud i Vaande,' Grundtvig, No 277, a bride is taken with untimely pains while being "brought home." The question asked in several of the Scottish ballads, whether the saddle is uncomfortable, occurs in A, B; the bower that was forced by eight swains and a knight in A, C, D, F; the gifts in A, B, F; and an express acknowledgment of the act of violence by the bridegroom in A, B, D. We find all of these traits except the first in the corresponding Swedish ballad 'Herr Äster och Fröken Sissa,' Afzelius, No 38, new ed., No 32,<sup>1</sup>; the saddle and broken bower in Swedish D, Grundtvig, No 277, Bilag 1; only the saddle in Swedish F, Grundtvig, No. 277, Bilag 3, and C, Arwidsson, No 132; the saddle and gifts in Icelandic A, B, C, D, E, Grundtvig, No 277, Bilag 5, 6, 7, 8.

'Peder og Malfred,' Grundtvig, No 278, in four versions, the oldest from a manuscript of 1630, represents Sir Peter as riding away from home about a month after his marriage, and meeting a woman who informs him that there is a birth in his house. He returns, and asks who is the father. Sir Peter satisfies himself that he is the man by identifying the gifts, in A, B, C, D; and in A, B we have also the bower by the strand.

In 'Oluf og Ellinsborg,' Grundtvig, No 279, A, B, C, one of the queen's ladies is habitually sad, and is pressed by her lover to account for this. She endeavors to put him off with fictitious reasons, but finally nerves herself to tell the truth: she was walking by herself in her orchard, when five knights came riding by, and one was the cause of her grief. Oluf owns it was all his doing. A Swedish ballad, remarkably close to the Danish, from a manuscript of the date 1572 (the oldest Danish version is also from a manuscript of

the 16th century), is 'Riddar Lage och Stolts Elensborg,' Arwidsson, No 56.

'Iver Hr. Jonson,' Grundtvig, No 280, in five versions, the oldest of the 16th century, exhibits a lady as fearing the arrival of her lover's ship, and sending her mother to meet him, while she takes to her bed. Immediately upon her betrothed's entering her chamber, she abruptly discloses the cause of her trouble. Eight men had broken into her bower on the strand, and the ninth deprived her of her honor. Iver Hr. Jonson, with as little delay, confesses that he was the culprit, and makes prompt arrangements for the wedding.

There is another series of ballads, represented by 'Leesome Brand' in English, and by 'Redselille og Medelvold' in Danish, which describe a young woman, who is on the point of becoming a mother, as compelled to go off on horseback with her lover, and suffering from the ride. We find the question, whether the saddle is too narrow or the way too long, in the Danish 'Bolde Hr. Nilas' Løn,' Grundtvig, 270, 'Redselille og Medelvold,' Grundtvig, 271 C, D, E, I, K, L, M, P, Q, V, Y, and the Norwegian versions, A, D, E, F, of 'Sønens Sorg,' Grundtvig, 272, Bilag 1, 4, 5, 6.\* The gifts also occur in Grundtvig's 271 A, Z, and Norwegian D, Bilag 9.

Perhaps no set of incidents is repeated so often in northern ballads as the forcing of the bower on the strand, the giving of keepsakes, the self-identification of the ravisher through these, and his full and hearty reparation. All or some of these traits are found in many ballads besides those belonging to the groups here spoken of: as 'Hildebrand og Hilde,' E, I, Grundtvig, No 83, and Norwegian A, III, 857; 'Guldsmedens Datter,' Grundtvig, 245, and its Swedish counterpart at p. 481 of the preface to the same, and in Eva Wigström's *Folkdiktning*, p. 37, No 18; 'Liden Kirstins Dans,' Grundtvig, 263 (translated by Prior, 112), and Norwegian B, C, Bilag 2, 3; 'Jomfruens Harpeslæt,' Grundtvig, 265 (translated by Jamieson, 'Illustrations,' p. 382, Prior, 123, Buchanan, p. 6), and Swedish D, Bilag 2,

\* And again, "Is it the saddle, your horse, or your true-love?" almost exactly as in our B, E, F, Grundtvig, 40 C,

Swedish A, Afzelius, 81. So Landstad, 42, 45; Arwidsson, 141; Grundtvig, 37 G; 38 A, D; Kristensen, I, No 95, II, No 28 A, C.

A very pretty Norwegian tale has for the talisman a stepping-stone at the side of the bed: Asbjørnsen og Moe, No 29, 'Vesle Aase Gaasepige,' Dasent, 2d ed., p. 478. An English prince had pictures taken of all the handsomest princesses, to pick his bride by. When the chosen one arrived, Aase the goose-girl informed her that the stone at the bedside knew everything and told the prince; so if she felt uneasy on any account, she must not step on it. The princess begged Aase to take her place till the prince was fast asleep, and then they would change. When Aase came and put her foot on the stone, the prince asked, "Who is it that is stepping into my bed?" "A maid clean and pure," answered the stone. By and by the princess came and took Aase's place. When they were getting up in the morning, the prince asked again, "Who is it stepping out of my bed?" "One that has had three children," said the stone. The prince sent his first choice away, and tried a second. Aase faithfully warned her, and she had cause for heeding the advice. When Aase stepped in, the stone said it was a maid clean and pure; when the princess stepped out, the stone said it was one that had had six children. The prince was longer in hitting on a third choice. Aase took the bride's place once more, but this time the prince put a ring on her finger, which was so tight that she could not get it off, for he saw that all was not right. In the morning, when he asked, "Who is stepping out of my bed?" the stone answered, "One that has had nine children." Then the prince asked the stone to clear up the mystery, and it revealed how the princesses had put little Aase in their place. The prince went straight to Aase to see if she had the ring. She had tied a rag over her finger, pretending she had cut it; but the prince soon had the rag off, recognized his ring, and Aase got the prince, for the good reason that so it was to be.

The artifice of substituting waiting-woman E, F, Afzelius, 91, Landstad, 45, 52. So the Scottish ballad, 'The Cruel Brother,' B 15 f.

for bride has been thought to be derived from the romance of Tristan, in which Brangwain [Brengain, Brangaene] sacrifices herself for Isold: Scott's 'Sir Tristrem,' ii, 54; Gottfried v. Strassburg, xviii, ed. Bechstein. Grundtvig truly remarks that a borrowing by the romance from the popular ballad is as probable a supposition as the converse; and that, even should we grant the name of the hero of the ballad to be a reminiscence of that of Isold's attendant (c. g. Brangwill of Brangwain), nothing follows as to the priority of the romance in respect to this passage. A similar artifice is employed in the ballad of 'Torkild Trundeson,' Danske Viser, 200 (translated by Prior, 100); Afzelius, II, 86, from the Danish; Arwidsson, 36. The resemblance is close to 'Ingelilles Bryllup,' C, Grundtvig, 276. See also, further on, 'The Twa Knights.'

The Billie Blin presents himself in at least four Scottish ballads: 'Gil Brenton,' C; 'Willie's Lady,' one version of 'Young Beichan;' two of 'The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter;' and also in the English ballad of 'King Arthur and the King of Cornwall,' here under the slightly disfigured name of Burlow Beanie.\* In all he is a serviceable household demon; of a decidedly benignant disposition in the first four, and, though a loathly fiend with seven heads in the last, very obedient and useful when once thoroughly subdued. He is clearly of the same nature as the Dutch *belewitte* and German *bilwiz*, characterized by Grimm as a friendly domestic genius, *penas, guote holde*; and the names are actually associated in a passage cited by Grimm from Voet: "De illis quos nostrates appellant *beeld-wit et blinde belien*, a quibus nocturna visa videri atque ex iis arcana revelari putant." † Though the etymology of these words is not unencumbered with difficulty, *bil* seems to

point to a just and kindly-tempered being. Bilvís, in the seventh book of Saxo Grammaticus, is an aged counsellor whose bent is to make peace, while his brother Bölvis, a blind man, is a strife-breeder and mischief-maker.‡ The same opposition of Bil and Böl apparently occurs in the Edda, Grímnismál, 47<sup>4</sup>, where Bil-eygr and Böl-eygr (Bal-eygr) are appellatives of Odin, which may signify mild-eyed and evil-eyed. Bölvis is found again in the Hrômund's saga, under the description of 'Blind the Bad,' and 'the Carl Blind whose name was Bavís.' But much of this saga is taken from the story of Helgi Hundingslayer; and Blind the Bad in the saga is only Sæmund's Blindr inn bölvísi, — the blind man whose baleful wit sees through the disguise of Helgi, and all but betrays the rash hero to his enemies; that is, Odin in his malicious mood (Bölverkr), who will presently be seen in the ballad of 'Earl Brand' masking as Old Carl Hood, "aye for ill and never for good." Originally and properly, perhaps, only the bad member of this mythical pair is blind; but it would not be at all strange that later tradition, which confuses and degrades so much in the old mythology, should transfer blindness to the good-natured one, and give rise to the anomalous Billie Blind. See Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, 1879, I, 391 ff; Uhland, Zur Geschichte der Dichtung u. Sage, III, 132 ff, VII, 229; Schmeller, Bayerisches Wörterbuch, II, 1037 ff, ed. 1877; Van den Bergh, Woordenboek der nederlandsche Mythologie, 12.

It has been suggested to me that "the Haleigh throw" in E 6 is a corruption of the High Leith Row, a street in Edinburgh. I have not as yet been able to obtain information of such a street.

D is translated by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, No 40, p. 262.

\* The auld belly-blind man in 'Earl Richard,' 44<sup>3</sup>, 45<sup>1</sup>, Kinloch's A. S. Ballads, p. 15, retains the bare name; and Belly Blind, or Billie Blin, is the Scotch name for the game of Blindman's-buff.

† Gisbertus Voetius, De Miraculis, Disput., II, 1018. Cited

also by Schmeller, Bayerisches Wörterbuch, from J. Prætorius's Alectryomantia, p. 3.

‡ Merlin, in Layamon, v. 17130 ff (as pointed out by Grundtvig, I, 274), says that his mind is balewise, "ni gæst is bæliwis," and that he is not disposed to gladness, mirth, or good words.

## A

a. Jamieson-Brown MS., No 16, fol. 34. b. William Tytler's Brown MS., No 3. From the recitation of Mrs Brown of Falkland, 1783, Aberdeenshire.

- 1 GIL BRENTON has sent oer the fame,  
He 's woo'd a wife an brought her hame.
- 2 Full seven score o ships came her wi,  
The lady by the greenwood tree.
- 3 There was twal an twal wi beer an wine,  
An twal an twal wi muskadine :
- 4 An twall an twall wi bouted flowr,  
An twall an twall wi paramour :
- 5 An twall an twall wi baken bread,  
An twall an twall wi the goud sae red.
- 6 Sweet Willy was a widow's son,  
An at her stirrup-foot he did run.
- 7 An she was dressd i the finest pa,  
But ay she loot the tears down fa.
- 8 An she was deekd wi the fairest flowrs,  
But ay she loot the tears down pour.
- 9 'O is there water i your shee?  
Or does the win blaw i your glee?
- 10 'Or are you mourning i your meed  
That eer you left your mither guede?
- 11 'Or are ye mourning i your tide  
That ever ye was Gil Brenton's bride?'
- 12 'The[re] is nae water i my shee,  
Nor does the win blaw i my glee :
- 13 'Nor am I mourning i my tide  
That eer I was Gil Brenton's bride :
- 14 'But I am mourning i my meed  
That ever I left my mither guede.
- 15 'But, bonny boy, tell to me  
What is the customs o your country.'
- 16 'The customs o't, my dame,' he says,  
'Will ill a gentle lady please.
- 17 'Seven king's daughters has our king wedded,  
An seven king's daughters has our king bedded.
- 18 'But he 's cutted the paps frae their breast-bane,  
An sent them mourning hame again.
- 19 'But whan you come to the palace yate,  
His mither a golden chair will set.
- 20 'An be you maid or be you nane,  
O sit you there till the day be dane.
- 21 'An gin you 're sure that you are a maid,  
Ye may gang safely to his bed.
- 22 'But gin o that you be na sure,  
Then hire some woman o youre bowr.'
- 23 O whan she came to the palace yate,  
His mither a golden chair did set.
- 24 An was she maid or was she nane,  
She sat in it till the day was dane.
- 25 An she 's calld on her bowr woman,  
That waiting was her bowr within.
- 26 'Five hundred pound, maid, I'll gi to the,  
An sleep this night wi the king for me.'
- 27 Whan bells was rung, an mass was sung,  
An a' man unto bed was gone,
- 28 Gil Brenton an the bonny maid  
Intill ae chamber they were laid.
- 29 'O speak to me, blankets, an speak to me, sheets,  
An speak to me, cods, that under me sleeps ;
- 30 'Is this a maid that I ha wedded?  
Is this a maid that I ha bedded?'
- 31 'It's nae a maid that you ha wedded,  
But it's a maid that you ha bedded.
- 32 'Your lady 's in her bigly bowr,  
An for you she drees mony sharp showr.'
- 33 O he has taen him thro the ha,  
And on his mither he did ca.
- 34 'I am the most unhappy mian  
That ever was in christend lan.

- 35 'I woo'd a maiden meek an mild,  
An I've married a woman great wi child.'
- 36 'O stay, my son, intill this ha,  
An sport you wi your merry men a'.
- 37 'An I'll gang to yon painted bowr,  
An see how 't fares wi yon base whore.'
- 38 The auld queen she was stark an strang;  
She gard the door flee aff the ban.
- 39 The auld queen she was stark an steer;  
She gard the door lye i the fleer.
- 40 'O is your bairn to laird or loon?  
Or is it to your father's groom?'
- 41 'My bairn's na to laird or loon,  
Nor is it to my father's groom.
- 42 'But hear me, mither, on my knee,  
An my hard wierd I'll tell to thee.
- 43 'O we were sisters, sisters seven,  
We was the fairest under heaven.
- 44 'We had nae mair for our seven years wark  
But to shape an sue the king's son a sark.
- 45 'O it fell on a Saturday's afternoon,  
Whan a' our langsome wark was dane,
- 46 'We keist the cavils us amang,  
To see which shoud to the greenwood gang.
- 47 'Ohone, alas! for I was youngest,  
An ay my wierd it was the hardest.
- 48 'The cavil it did on me fa,  
Which was the cause of a' my wae.
- 49 'For to the greenwood I must gae,  
To pu the nut but an the slae;
- 50 'To pu the red rose an the thyme,  
To strew my mother's bowr and mine.
- 51 'I had na pu'd a flowr but ane,  
Till by there came a jelly hind greeme,
- 52 'Wi high-coldd hose an laigh-coldd shoone,  
An he 'peard to be some kingis son.
- 53 'An be I maid or be I nane,  
He kept me there till the day was dane.
- 54 'An be I maid or be I nae,  
He kept me there till the close of day.
- 55 'He gae me a lock of yallow hair,  
An bade me keep it for ever mair.
- 56 'He gae me a earket o gude black beads,  
An bade me keep them against my needs.
- 57 'He gae to me a gay gold ring,  
An bade me ke[e]p it aboon a' thing.
- 58 'He gae to me a little pen-kniffe,  
An bade me keep it as my life.'
- 59 'What did you wi these tokens rare  
That ye got frae that young man there?'
- 60 'O bring that coffer hear to me,  
And a' the tokens ye sal see.'
- 61 An ay she ranked, an ay she flang,  
Till a' the tokens came till her han.
- 62 'O stay here, daughter, your bowr within,  
Till I gae parley wi my son.'
- 63 O she has taen her thro the ha,  
An on her son began to ea.
- 64 'What did you wi that gay gold ring  
I bade you keep aboon a' thing?'
- 65 'What did you wi that little pen-kniffe  
I bade you keep while you had life?'
- 66 'What did you wi that yallow hair  
I bade you keep for ever mair?'
- 67 'What did you wi that good black beeds  
I bade you keep against your needs?'
- 68 'I gae them to a lady gay  
I met i the greenwood on a day.
- 69 'An I would gi a' my father's lan,  
I had that lady my yates within.
- 70 'I would gi a' my ha's an towrs,  
I had that bright burd i my bowrs.'



71 'O son, keep still your father's lan ;  
You hae that lady your yates within.

72 'An keep you still your ha's an towrs ;  
You hae that bright burd i your bowrs.'

73 Now or a month was come an gone,  
This lady bare a bonny young son.

74 An it was well written on his breast-bane  
'Gil Brenton is my father's name.'

### B

Scott's *Minstrelsy*, II, 117, ed. 1802. Ed. 1830, III, 263.  
Partly from the recitation of Miss Christian Rutherford.

- 1 COSPATRICK has sent oer the faem,  
Cospatrick brought his ladye hame.
- 2 And fourscore ships have come her wi,  
The ladye by the grenewood tree.
- 3 There were twal and twal wi baken bread,  
And twal and twal wi gowd sae reid :
- 4 And twal and twal wi bouted flour,  
And twal and twal wi the paramour.
- 5 Sweet Willy was a widow's son,  
And at her stirrup he did run.
- 6 And she was clad in the finest pall,  
But aye she let the tears down fall.
- 7 'O is your saddle set awrye ?  
Or rides your steed for you owre high ?
- 8 'Or are you mourning in your tide  
That you suld be Cospatrick's bride ?'
- 9 'I am not mourning at this tide  
That I suld be Cospatrick's bride ;
- 10 'But I am sorrowing in my mood  
That I suld leave my mother good.
- 11 'But, gentle boy, come tell to me,  
What is the custom of thy countrye ?'
- 12 'The enstom thereof, my dame,' he says,  
'Will ill a gentle laydye please.
- 13 'Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,  
And seven king's daughters has our lord  
bedded ;

14 'But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast  
bane,  
And sent them mourning hame again.

15 'Yet, gin you're sure that you're a maid,  
Ye may gae safely to his bed ;

16 'But gif o that ye be na sure,  
Then hire some damsell o your bour.'

17 The ladye's calld her bour-maiden,  
That waiting was into her train ;

18 'Five thousand merks I will gie thee,  
To sleep this night with my lord for me.'

19 When bells were rung, and mass was sayne,  
And a' men unto bed were gane,

20 Cospatrick and the bonny maid,  
Into ae chamber they were laid.

21 'Now, speak to me, blankets, and speak to me,  
bed,  
And speak, thou sheet, enchanted web ;

22 'And speak up, my bonny brown sword, that  
winna lie,  
Is this a true maiden that lies by me ?'

23 'It is not a maid that you hae wedded,  
But it is a maid that you hae bedded.

24 'It is a liel maiden that lies by thee,  
But not the maiden that it should be.'

25 O wrathfully he left the bed,  
And wrathfully his claiths on did.

26 And he has taen him thro the ha,  
And on his mother he did ea.



- 27 'I am the most unhappy man  
That ever was in christen land !
- 28 'I courted a maiden meik and mild,  
And I hae gotten naething but a woman wi  
child.'
- 29 'O stay, my son, into this ha,  
And sport ye wi your merry-men a' ;
- 30 'And I will to the secret bour,  
To see how it fares wi your paramour.'
- 31 The carline she was stark and sture ;  
She aff the hinges dang the dure.
- 32 'O is your bairn to laird or loun ?  
Or is it to your father's groom ?'
- 33 'O hear me, mother, on my knee,  
Till my sad story I tell to thee.
- 34 'O we were sisters, sisters seven,  
We were the fairest under heaven.
- 35 'It fell on a summer's afternoon,  
When a' our toilsome task was done,
- 36 'We cast the kavils us amang,  
To see which suld to the grene-wood gang.
- 37 'O hon, alas ! for I was youngest,  
And aye my wierd it was the hardest.
- 38 'The kaval it on me did fa,  
Whilk was the cause of a' my woe.
- 39 'For to the grene-wood I maun gae,  
To pu the red rose and the slae ;
- 40 'To pu the red rose and the thyme,  
To deck my mother's bour and mine.
- 41 'I hadna pu'd a flower but ane,  
When by there came a gallant hende,
- 42 'Wi high-coll'd hose and laigh-coll'd shoon,  
And he seemd to be sum king's son.
- 43 'And be I maid or be I nae,  
He kept me there till the close o day.
- 44 'And be I maid or be I nane,  
He kept me there till the day was done.
- 45 'He gae me a lock o his yellow hair,  
And bade me keep it ever mair.
- 46 'He gae me a earknet o bonny beads,  
And bade me keep it against my needs.
- 47 'He gae to me a gay gold ring,  
And bade me keep it abune a' thing.'
- 48 'What did ye wi the tokens rare  
That ye gat frae that gallant there ?'
- 49 'O bring that coffer unto me,  
And a' the tokens ye sall see.'
- 50 'Now stay, daughter, your bour within,  
While I gae parley wi my son.'
- 51 O she has taen her thro the ha,  
And on her son began to ca.
- 52 'What did you wi the bonny beads  
I bade ye keep against your needs ?
- 53 'What did you wi the gay gowd ring  
I bade ye keep abune a' thing ?'
- 54 'I gae them a' to a ladye gay  
I met in grene-wood on a day.
- 55 'But I wad gie a' my halls and tours,  
I had that ladye within my bours.
- 56 'But I wad gie my very life,  
I had that ladye to my wife.'
- 57 'Now keep, my son, your ha's and tours ;  
Ye have that bright burd in your bours.
- 58 'And keep, my son, your very life ;  
Ye have that ladye to your wife.'
- 59 Now or a month was cum and gane,  
The ladye bore a bonny son.
- 60 And 't was weel written on his breast-bane,  
'Cospatriek is my father's name.'
- 61 'O rowe my ladye in satin and silk,  
And wash my son in the morning milk.'

## C

Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, p. 207. "From the recital of a peasant-woman of Galloway, upwards of ninety years of age."

- 1 WE were sisters, we were seven,  
We were the fairest under heaven.
- 2 And it was a' our seven years wark  
To sew our father's seven sarks.
- 3 And whan our seven years wark was done,  
We laid it out upo the green.
- 4 We coost the lotties us amang,  
Wha wad to the greenwood gang,
- 5 To pu the lily bnt and the rose,  
To strew witha' our sisters' bowers.
- 6 . . . . . I was youngest,  
. . . . . my weer was hardest.
- 7 And to the greenwood I bud gae,  
. . . . .
- 8 There I met a handsome childe,  
. . . . .
- 9 High-coled stockings and laigh-coled shoon,  
He bore him like a king's son.
- 10 An was I weel, or was I wae,  
He keepit me a' the simmer day.
- 11 An though I for my hame-gaun sich[t],  
He keepit me a' the simmer night.
- 12 He gae to me a gay gold ring,  
And bade me keep it aboon a' thing.
- 13 He gae to me a cuttie knife,  
And bade me keep it as my life :
- 14 Three lauchters o his yellow hair,  
For fear we wad neer meet mair.  
\* \* \* \*
- 15 Next there came shippes three,  
To carry a' my bridal fee.
- 16 Gowd were the beaks, the sails were silk,  
Wrought wi maids' hands like milk.
- 17 They came toom and light to me,  
But heavie went they waie frae me.
- 18 They were fu o baken bread,  
They were fu of wine sae red.
- 19 My dowry went a' by the sea,  
But I gaed by the grenewode tree.
- 20 An I sighed and made great mane,  
As thro the grenewode we rade our lane.
- 21 An I ay sixed an wiped my ee,  
That eer the grenewode I did see.
- 22 'Is there water in your glove,  
Or win into your shoe?  
O[r] am I oer low a foot-page  
To rin by you, ladie ?'
- 23 'O there's nae water in my glove,  
Nor win into my shoe ;  
But I am maning for my mither  
Wha's far awa frae me.'  
\* \* \* \*
- 24 'Gin ye be a maiden fair,  
Meikle gude ye will get there.
- 25 'If ye be a maiden but,  
Meikle sorrow will ye get.
- 26 'For seven king's daughters he hath wedded,  
But never wi ane o them has bedded.
- 27 'He cuts the breasts frae their breast-bane,  
An sends them back unto their dame.
- 28 'He sets their backs unto the saddle,  
An sends them back unto their father.
- 29 'But be ye maiden or be ye nane,  
To the gowden chair ye draw right soon.
- 30 'But be ye leman or be ye maiden,  
Sit nae down till ye be bidden.'
- 31 Was she maiden or was she nane,  
To the gowden chair she drew right soon.
- 32 Was she leman or was she maiden,  
She sat down ere she was bidden.

33 Out then spake the lord's mother ;  
Says, ' This is not a maiden fair.

34 ' In that chair nae leal maiden  
Eer sits down till they be bidden.'

35 The Billie Blin then outspake he,  
As he stood by the fair ladie.

36 ' The bonnie may is tired wi riding,  
Gaurd her sit down ere she was bidden.'

\* \* \* \*

37 But on her waiting-maid she ca'd :  
' Fair ladie, what 's your will wi me ?'  
' O ye maun gie yere maidenheid  
This night to an unco lord for me.'

38 ' I hae been east, I hae been west,  
I hae been far beyond the sea,  
But ay, by grenewode or by bower,  
I hae keepit my virginie.

39 ' But will it for my ladie plead,  
I 'll gie 't this night to an unco lord.'

\* \* \* \*

40 When bells were rung an vespers sung,  
An men in sleep were locked soun,

41 Childe Branton and the waiting-maid  
Into the bridal bed were laid.

42 ' O lie thee down, my fair ladie,  
Here are a' things meet for thee ;

43 ' Here 's a bolster for yere head,  
Here is sheets an comelie weids.'

\* \* \* \*

44 ' Now tell to me, ye Billie Blin,  
' If this fair dame be a leal maiden.'

45 ' I wat she is as leal a wight  
As the moon shines on in a simmer night.

46 ' I wat she is as leal a may  
As the sun shines on in a simmer day.

47 ' But your bonnie bride 's in her bower,  
Dreeing the mither's trying hour.'

48 Then out o his bridal bed he sprang,  
An into his mither's bower he ran.

49 ' O mither kind, O mither dear,  
This is nae a maiden fair.

50 ' The maiden I took to my bride  
Has a bairn atween her sides.

51 ' The maiden I took to my bower  
Is dreeing the mither's trying hour.'

52 Then to the chamber his mother flew,  
And to the wa the door she threw.

53 She stapt at neither bolt nor ban,  
Till to that ladie's bed she wan.

54 Says, ' Ladie fair, sae meek an mild,  
Wha is the father o yere child ?'

55 ' O mither dear,' said that ladie,  
' I canna tell gif I sud die.

56 ' We were sisters, we were seven,  
We were the fairest under heaven.

57 ' And it was a' our seven years wark  
To sew our father's seven sarks.

58 ' And whan our seven years wark was done,  
We laid it out upon the green.

59 ' We coost the lotties us amang,  
Wha wad to the greenwode gang ;

60 ' To pu the lily but an the rose,  
To strew witha' our sisters' bowers.

61 . . . . . ' I was youngest,  
. . . . . my weer was hardest.

62 ' And to the greenwode I bu[d] gae.

. . . . .

63 ' There I met a handsome childe,

. . . . .

64 ' Wi laigh-coled stockings and high-coled shoon,  
He seemed to be some king's son.

65 ' And was I weel or was I wae,  
He keepit me a' the simmer day.

66 ' Though for my hame-gaun I oft sicht,  
He keepit me a' the simmer night.

67 'He gae to me a gay gold ring,  
An bade me keep it aboon a' thing;

68 'Three lauchters o his yellow hair,  
For fear that we suld neer meet mair.

69 'O mither, if ye 'll believe nae me,  
Break up the coffer, an there ye 'll see.'

70 An ay she coost, an ay she flang,  
Till her ain gowd ring came in her hand.

71 And scarce aught i the coffer she left,  
Till she gat the knife wi the siller heft,

72 Three lauchters o his yellow hair,  
Knotted wi ribbons dink and rare.

73 She cried to her son, 'Where is the ring  
Your father gave me at our wooing,  
An I gae you at your hunting?

74 'What did ye wi the cuttie knife,  
I bade ye keep it as yere life?'

75 'O hand yere tongue, my mither dear;  
I gae them to a lady fair.

76 'I wad gie a' my lands and rents,  
I had that ladie within my brents.

77 'I wad gie a' my lands an towers,  
I had that ladie within my bowers.'

78 'Keep still yere lands, keep still yere rents;  
Ye hae that ladie within yere brents.

79 'Keep still yere lands, keep still yere towers;  
Ye hae that lady within your bowers.'

80 Then to his ladie fast ran he,  
An low he kneeled on his knee.

81 'O tauk ye up my son,' said he,  
'An, mither, tent my fair ladie.

82 'O wash him purely i the milk,  
And lay him saftly in the silk.

83 'An ye maun bed her very soft,  
For I maun kiss her wondrous oft.'

84 It was weel written on his breast-bane  
Childe Branton was the father's name.

85 It was weel written on his right hand  
He was the heir o his daddie's land.

## D

Buchan's Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, 1, 204.

1 WE were sisters, sisters seven,  
Bowin down, bowin down  
The fairest women under heaven.  
And aye the birks a-bowin

2 They kiest kevels them amang,  
Wha woud to the grenewood gang.

3 The kevels they gied thro the ha,  
And on the youngest it did fa.

4 Now she must to the grenewood gang,  
To pu the nuts in grenewood hang.

5 She hadna tarried an hour but ane  
Till she met wi a highlan groom.

6 He keeped her sae late and lang  
Till the evening set and birds they sang.

7 He gae to her at their parting  
A chain o gold and gay gold ring;

8 And three locks o his yellow hair;  
Bade her keep them for evermair.

9 When six lang months were come and gane.  
A courtier to this lady eame.

10 Lord Dingwall courted this lady gay,  
And so he set their wedding-day.

11 A little boy to the ha was sent,  
To bring her horse was his intent.

12 As she was ridin the way along,  
She began to make a heavy moan.

- 13 'What ails you, lady,' the boy said,  
'That ye seem sae dissatisfied?
- 14 'Are the bridle reins for you too strong?  
Or the stirrups for you too long?'
- 15 'But, little boy, will ye tell me  
The fashions that are in your countrie?'
- 16 'The fashions in our ha I'll tell,  
And o them a' I'll warn you well.
- 17 'When ye come in upon the floor,  
His mither will meet you wi a golden chair.
- 18 'But be ye maid or be ye nane,  
Unto the high seat make ye boun.
- 19 'Lord Dingwall aft has been beguiled  
By girls whom young men hae defiled.
- 20 'He's cutted the paps frae their breast-bane,  
And sent them back to their ain hame.'
- 21 When she came in upon the floor,  
His mother met her wi a golden chair.
- 22 But to the high seat she made her boun:  
She knew that maiden she was nane.
- 23 When night was come, they went to bed,  
And ower her breast his arm he laid.
- 24 He quickly jumped upon the floor,  
And said, 'I've got a vile rank whore.'
- 25 Unto his mother he made his moan,  
Says, 'Mother dear, I am undone.
- 26 'Ye've aft tald, when I brought them hame,  
Whether they were maid or nane.
- 27 'I thought I'd gotten a maiden bright;  
I've gotten but a waefu wight.
- 28 'I thought I'd gotten a maiden clear,  
But gotten but a vile rank whore.'
- 29 'When she came in upon the floor,  
I met her wi a golden chair.
- 30 'But to the high seat she made her boun,  
Because a maiden she was nane.'
- 31 'I wonder wha's tauld that gay ladie  
The fashion into our countrie.'
- 32 'It is your little boy I blame,  
Whom ye did send to bring her hame.'
- 33 Then to the lady she did go,  
And said, 'O Lady, let me know
- 34 'Who has defiled your fair bodie:  
Ye're the first that has beguiled me.'
- 35 'O we were sisters, sisters seven,  
The fairest women under heaven.
- 36 'And we kiest kevels us amang,  
Wha woud to the grenewood gang;
- 37 'For to pu the finest flowers,  
To put around our summer bowers.
- 38 'I was the youngest o them a';  
The hardest fortune did me befa.
- 39 'Unto the grenewood I did gang,  
And pu'd the nuts as they down hang.
- 40 'I hadna stayd an hour but ane  
Till I met wi a highlan groom.
- 41 'He keeped me sae late and lang  
Till the evening set and birds they sang.
- 42 'He gae to me at our parting  
A chain of gold and gay gold ring;
- 43 'And three locks o his yellow hair;  
Bade me keep them for evermair.
- 44 'Then for to show I make nae lie,  
Look ye my trunk, and ye will see.'
- 45 Unto the trunk then she did go,  
To see if that were true or no.
- 46 And aye she songht, and aye she flang,  
Till these four things came to her hand.
- 47 Then she did to her ain son go,  
And said, 'My son, ye'll let me know,
- 48 'Ye will tell to me this thing:  
What did you wi my wedding-ring?'

- 49 'Mother dear, I'll tell nae lie :  
I gave it to a gay ladie.
- 50 'I would gie a' my ha's and towers,  
I had this bird within my bowers.'
- 51 'Keep well, keep well your lands and strands ;  
Ye hae that bird within your hands.
- 52 'Now, my son, to your bower ye'll go :  
Comfort your ladie, she's full o' woe.'
- 53 Now when nine months were come and gane,  
The lady she brought hame a son.
- 54 It was written on his breast-bane  
Lord Dingwall was his father's name.
- 55 He's taen his young son in his arms,  
And aye he praised his lovely charms.
- 56 And he has gien him kisses three,  
And doubled them ower to his ladie.

## E

Elizabeth Cochrane's Song-Book, p. 146, No 112.

- 1 LORD BENWALL he's a hunting gone ;  
Hey down, etc.  
He's taken with him all his merry men.  
Hey, etc.
- 2 As he was walking late alone,  
He spied a lady both brisk and young.
- 3 He kepted her so long and long,  
From the evening late till the morning came.
- 4 All that he gave her at their parting  
Was a pair of gloves and a gay gold ring.
- 5 Lord Benwall he's a wooing gone,  
And he's taken with him all his merry men.
- 6 As he was walking the Haleigh throw,  
He spy'd seven ladyes all in a row.
- 7 He cast a lot among them all ;  
Upon the youngest the lot did fall.
- 8 He wedded her and brought her home,  
And by the way she made great moan.
- 9 'What aileth my dearest and dayly flower ?  
What ails my dear, to make such moan ?
- 10 'Does the steed carry you too high ?  
Or does thy pillow sit awry ?
- 11 'Or does the wind blow in thy glove ?  
Or is thy heart after another love ?
- 12 'The steed does not carry me too high,  
Nor does my pillow sit awry.
- 13 'Nor does the wind blow in my glove,  
Nor is my heart after another love.'
- 14 When they were down to supper set,  
The weary pain took her by the back.
- 15 'What ails my dearest and dayly flower ?  
What ails my dearest, to make such moan ?
- 16 'I am with child, and it's not to thee,  
And oh and alas, what shall I doe !'
- 17 'I thought I had got a maid so mild ;  
But I have got a woman big with child.
- 18 'I thought I had got a dayly flower ;  
I have gotten but a common whore.'
- \*   \*   \*   \*   \*
- 19 'Rise up, Lord Benwall, go to your hall,  
And cherrish up your merry men all.'
- \*   \*   \*   \*   \*
- 20 'As I was walking once late alone,  
I spy'd a lord, both brisk and young.
- 21 'He kepted me so long and long,  
From the evening late till the morning came.
- 22 'All that he gave me at our parting  
Was a pair of gloves and a gay gold ring.
- 23 'If you will not believe what I tell to thee,  
There's the key of my coffer, you may go and see.'

- 24 His mother went, and threw and flang,  
Till to her hand the ring it came.
- 25 'Lord Benwall, wilt thou tell to me  
Where is the ring I gave to thee?'
- 26 'Now I would give all my lands and tower,  
To have that lady in my bower.
- 27 'I would give all my lands and rents,  
To have that lady in my tents.'
- 28 'You need not give all your lands and tower,  
For you have that lady in your power.
- 29 'You need not give all your lands and rents,  
For you have that lady in your tents.'
- 30 Now it was written on the child's breast-bone  
Lord Benwall's sirname and his name.
- 31 It was written on the child's right hand  
That he should be heir of Lord Benwall's land.
- 32 'Canst cloath my lady in the silk,  
And feed my young son with the milk.'

## F

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 219. From the recitation of Mrs Thomson, February, 1825. b. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p. xvi, the first stanza only.

- 1 THERE were three sisters in a bouir,  
Eh down and Oh down  
And the youngest o them was the fairest flour.  
Eh down and O down
- 2 And we began our seven years wark,  
To sew our brither John a sark.
- 3 When seven years was come and gane,  
There was nae a sleeve in it but ane.
- 4 But we coost keivils us amang  
Wha wud to the green-wood gang.
- 5 But tho we had coosten neer sae lang,  
The lot it fell on me aye to gang.
- 6 I was the youngest, and I was the fairest,  
And alace! my wierd it was aye the sairest.
- 7 . . . . .  
Till I had to the woods to gae.
- 8 To pull the cherrie and the slae,  
And to seek our ae brither, we had nae mae.
- 9 But as I was walking the leas o Lyne,  
I met a youth gallant and fine;
- 10 Wi milk white stockings and coal black shoon;  
He seemed to be some gay lord's son.
- 11 But he keepit me there sae lang, sae lang,  
Till the maids in the morning were singing  
their sang.
- 12 Would I wee or would I way,  
He keepit me the lang simmer day.
- 13 Would I way or would I wight,  
He keepit me the simmer night.
- 14 But guess what was at our parting?  
A pair o grass green gloves and a gay gold  
ring.
- 15 He gave me three plaits o his yellow hair,  
In token that we might meet mair.
- 16 But when nine months were come and gane,  
This gallant lord cam back again.
- 17 He 's wed this lady, and taen her wi him;  
But as they were riding the leas o Lyne,
- 18 This lady was not able to ride,  
. . . . .
- 19 'O does thy saddle set thee aside?  
Or does thy steed ony wrang way ride?
- 20 'Or thinkst thou me too low a groom?  
. . . . .
- 21 'Or hast thou musing in thy mind  
For the leaving of thy mother kind?'



- 22 'My saddle it sets not me aside,  
Nor does my steed ony wrang way ride.
- 23 'Nor think I thee too low a groom  
. . . . .
- 24 'But I hae musing in my mind  
For the leaving of my mother kind.'
- 25 'I'll bring thee to a mother of mine,  
As good a mother as eer was thine.'
- 26 'A better mother she may be,  
But an unco woman she'll prove to me.'
- 27 But when lords and ladies at supper sat,  
Her pains they struck her in the back.
- 28 When lords and ladies were laid in bed,  
Her pains they struck her in the side.
- 29 'Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Brangwill,  
For I'm wi child and you do not know 't.'
- 30 He took up his foot and gave her sic a bang  
Till owre the bed the red blood sprang.
- 31 He is up to his mother's ha,  
Calling her as hard as he could ca.
- 32 'I went through moss and I went through -  
mure,  
Thinking to get some lily flour.
- 33 . . . . .  
'But to my house I have brocht a hure.
- 34 'I thocht to have got a lady baith meek and  
mild,  
But I've got a woman that's big wi child.'
- 35 'O rest you here, Lord Brangwill,' she said,  
'Till I relieve your lady that lyes so low.'
- 36 'O daughter dear, will you tell to me  
Who is the father of your babie?'
- 37 'Yes, mother dear, I will tell thee  
Who is the father of my babie.
- 38 'As I was walking the leas o Lyne,  
I met a youth gallant and fine ;
- 39 'With milk-white stockings and coal-black  
shoon ;  
He seemd to be sum gay lord's son.
- 40 'He keepit me sae lang, sae lang,  
Till the maids in the morning were singing  
their sang.
- 41 'Would I wee or would I way,  
He keepit me the lang simmer day.
- 42 'Would I way or would I wight,  
He keepit me the simmer night.
- 43 'But guess ye what was at our parting ?  
A pair of grass green gloves and a gay gold  
ring.
- 44 'He gave me three plaits o his yellow hair,  
In token that we might meet mair.'
- 45 'O dochter dear, will ye show me  
These tokens that he gave to thee?'
- 46 'Altho my back should break in three,  
Unto my coffer I must be.'
- 47 'Thy back it shall not break in three,  
For I'll bring thy coffer to thy knee.'
- 48 Aye she coost, and aye she flang,  
Till these three tokens came to her hand.
- 49 Then she is up to her son's ha,  
Calling him hard as she could ca.
- 50 'O son, O son, will you tell me  
. . . . .
- 51 'What ye did wi the grass green gloves and  
gay gold ring  
That ye gat at your own birth-een?'
- 52 'I gave them to as pretty a may  
As ever I saw in a simmer day.
- 53 'I wud rather than a' my lands sae broad  
That I had her as sure as eer I had.
- 54 'I would rather than a' my lands sae free  
I had her here this night wi me.'

55 'I wish you good o your lands sae broad,  
For ye have her as sure as eer ye had.

57 'Gar wash my auld son in the milk,  
Gar deck my lady's bed wi silk.'

56 'I wish ye good o your lands sae free,  
For ye have her here this night wi thee.'

58 He gave his auld son kisses three,  
But he doubled them a' to his gay ladye.

## G

Herd's Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 244; ed.  
1776, I, 83.

1 As Bothwell was walking in the lowlands alane,  
Hey down and a down  
He met six ladies sae gallant and fine.  
Hey down and a down

14 When day was gane, and night was come,  
'What ails my love on me to frown?

15 'Or does the wind blow in your glove?  
Or runs your mind on another love?'

16 'Nor blows the wind within my glove,  
Nor runs my mind on another love;

2 He cast his lot amang them a',  
And on the youngest his lot did fa.

17 'But I nor maid nor maiden am,  
For I'm wi bairn to another man.'

3 He's brought her frae her mother's bower,  
Unto his strongest castle and tower.

18 'I thought I'd a maiden sae meek and sae  
mild,  
But I've nought but a woman wi child.'

4 But ay she cried and made great moan,  
And ay the tear came trickling down.

19 His mother's taen her up to a tower,  
And lockit her in her secret bower.

5 'Come up, come up,' said the foremost man,  
'I think our bride comes slowly on.'

20 'Now, doughter mine, come tell to me,  
Wha's bairn this is that you are wi.'

6 'O lady, sits your saddle awry,  
Or is your steed for you owre high?'

21 'O mother dear, I canna learn  
Wha is the faither of my bairn.

7 'My saddle is not set awry,  
Nor carries me my steed owre high;

22 'But as I walkd in the lowlands my lane,  
I met a gentleman gallant and fine.

8 'But I am weary of my life,  
Since I maun be Lord Bothwell's wife.'

23 'He keepit me there sae late and sae lang,  
Frae the evning late till the morning dawn.

9 He's blawn his horn sae sharp and shrill,  
Up start the deer on evry hill.

24 'And a' that he gied me to my propine  
Was a pair of green gloves and a gay gold  
ring;

10 He's blawn his horn sae lang and loud,  
Up start the deer in gude green-wood.

25 'Three lauchters of his yellow hair,  
In case that we shoud meet nae mair.'

11 His lady mother lookit owre the castle wa,  
And she saw them riding ane and a'.

26 His lady mother went down the stair:

12 She's calld upon her maids by seven,  
To mak his bed baith saft and even.

27 'Now son, now son, come tell to me,  
Where's the green gloves I gave to thee?'

13 She's calld upon her cooks by nine,  
To make their dinner fair and fine.

28 'I gied to a lady sae fair and so fine  
The green gloves and a gay gold ring.

29 'But I wad gie my castles and towers,  
I had that lady within my bowers.

30 'But I wad gie my very life,  
I had that lady to be my wife.'

31 'Now keep, now keep your castles and towers,  
You have that lady within your bowers.

32 'Now keep, now keep your very life,  
You have that lady to be your wife.'

33 'O row my lady in sattin and silk,  
And wash my son in the morning milk.'

## H

Kinloch MSS, v, 335, in the handwriting of Dr John Hill Burton.

1 WE were seven sisters in a bower,  
Adown adown, and adown and adown  
The flower of a' fair Scotland ower.  
Adown adown, and adown and adown

2 We were sisters, sisters seven,  
The fairest women under heaven.

3 There fell a dispute us amang,  
Wha would to the greenwood gang.

4 They kiest the kevels them amang,  
O wha would to the greenwood gang.

5 The kevels they gied thro the ha,  
And on the youngest it did fa.

6 The kevel fell into her hand,  
To greenwood she was forced to gang.

7 She hedna pued a flower but ane,  
When by there came an earl's son.

8 'And was he well or was he wae,  
He keepet me that summer's day.'

9 And was he weel or was he weight,  
He keepet her that summer's night.

10 And he gave her a gay goud ring  
His mother got at her wedding.

\* \* \* \*

11 'Oh is yer stirrup set too high?  
Or is your saddle set awry?

12 'Oh is yer stirrup set too side?  
Or what's the reason ye canna ride?'

\* \* \* \*

13 When all were at the table set,  
Then not a bit could this lady eat.

14 When all made merry at the feast,  
This lady wished she were at her rest.

\* \* \* \*

A. a. *In the MS. two lines are written continuously, and two of these double lines numbered as one stanza.*

19<sup>1</sup>, 23<sup>1</sup>, 69<sup>2</sup>, 71<sup>2</sup>, *perhaps gate, gates in MS.*

54<sup>1</sup>, *MS. be a nae.* 56.<sup>1</sup> *casket in MS.?*

b. 1.

Chil Brenton has sent oer the faem,  
Chil Brenton's brought his lady hame.

B. *Printed by Scott in four-line stanzas.*

7, 55, 56, 58, 61, *seem to be the stanzas transferred from Herd, but only the last without change.*

C. *The stanzas are not divided in Cromek. Between 14 and 15 the following nineteen couplets have been omitted.*

First blew the sweet, the simmer wind,  
Then autumn wi her breath sae kind,  
Before that eer the guid knight came  
The tokens of his luv to claim.  
Then fell the brown an yellow leaf  
Afore the knight o luv shawed prief;  
Three morns the winter's rime did fa,  
When loud at our yett my luv did ca.  
'Ye hae daughters, ye hae seven,  
Ye hae the fairest under heaven.

I am the lord o lands wide,  
 Ane o them maun be my brîle.  
 I am lord of a baronie,  
 Ane o them maun lie wi me.  
 O cherry lips are sweet to pree,  
 A rosie cheek 's meet for the ee ;  
 Lang brown locks a heart can bind,  
 Bonny black een in luv are kind :  
 Sma white arms for clasping 's meet,  
 Whan laid atween the bridal-sheets ;  
 A kindlie heart is best of a',  
 An debonnairest in the ha.  
 Ane by ane thae things are sweet,  
 Ane by ane in luv they 're meet ;  
 But when they a' in ae maid bide,  
 She is fittest for a bride.  
 Sae be it weel or be it wae,  
 The youngest maun be my ladie ;  
 Sae be it gude, sae be it meet,  
 She maun warm my bridal-sheet.

Little kend he, whan aff he rode,  
 I was his tokend luv in the wood ;  
 Or when he gied me the wedding-token,  
 He was sealing the vows he thought were broken.  
 First came a page on a milk-white steed,  
 Wi golden trappings on his head :  
 A' gowden was the saddle lap,  
 And gowden was the girth's cap.

15-21 have been allowed to stand principally  
 on account of 18.

*There is small risk in pronouncing 24, 25, 42,  
 43, 80, 81 spurious, and Cunningham sur-  
 passes his usual mawkishness in 83.*

E is written in four-line stanzas.

19. mother, in the margin.

20. lady, in the margin.

F. a. 7<sup>2</sup>. MS. Till [Still?].

7<sup>2</sup> and 8, 17 and 18<sup>1</sup>, 20<sup>1</sup> and 21, 23<sup>1</sup> and 24,  
 32 and 33<sup>2</sup>, 50<sup>1</sup> and 51, are respectively  
 written as a stanza in the MS.

12<sup>1</sup>, 41<sup>1</sup>. Motherwell conjectures

Would I wait, or would I away.

13<sup>1</sup>, 42<sup>1</sup>. Motherwell conjectures

Would I away, or would I wait.

14<sup>2</sup>, 43<sup>2</sup>. MS. green sleeves : but see 51<sup>1</sup>, and  
 also E 22<sup>1</sup>, G 24<sup>2</sup>, 28<sup>2</sup>.

29<sup>2</sup>, above you do not know 't is written know  
 not who till, apparently a conjecture of Moth-  
 erwell's.

30<sup>2</sup>, sometimes recited

Till owre the bed this lady he flang.

53<sup>1</sup>. MS. abroad.

b. 1. Seven ladies livd in a bower,

Hey down and ho down

And aye the youngest was the flower.

Hey down and ho down

G. The stanzas are not divided in Herd.

H. 4 is crossed through in the MS., but no reason  
 given.

## 6

### WILLIE'S LADY

a. 'Willie's Lady,' Fraser-Tytler MS.

b. 'Sweet Willy,' Jamieson-Brown MS., No 15, fol.  
 33.

a, 'Willie's Lady,' was No 1 in the manu-  
 script of fifteen ballads furnished William Tyt-  
 ler by Mrs Brown in 1783, and having been  
 written down a little later than b may be re-  
 garded as a revised copy. This manuscript,  
 as remarked under No 5, is not now in the

possession of the Fraser-Tytler family, having  
 often been most liberally lent, and, probably,  
 at last not returned. But a transcript had  
 been made by the grandfather of the present  
 family of two of the pieces contained in it,  
 and 'Willie's Lady' is one of these two.

Lewis had access to William Tytler's copy, and, having regulated the rhymes, filled out a gap, dropped the passage about the girdle, and made other changes to his taste, printed the ballad in 1801 as No 56 of his *Tales of Wonder*. The next year Scott gave the "ancient copy, never before published," "in its native simplicity, as taken from Mrs Brown of Faulkland's MS.," — William Tytler's, — in *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, II, 27, but not with literal accuracy. Jamieson, in 1806, gave 'Sweet Willy,' almost exactly according to the text of his Brown manuscript, in an appendix to the second volume of his collection, p. 367, and at p. 175 of the same volume, a reconstruction of the ballad which might have been spared.

b lacks altogether the passage which makes proffer of the cup, a, stanzas 5-11, and substitutes at that place the girdle of a 21-28. The woodbine in a 36, 41, is also wanting, and the concluding stanza. A deficiency both in matter and rhyme at a 32 is supplied by b 25, 26, but not happily:

'An do you to your mither then,  
An bid her come to your boy's christnen;

'For dear's the boy he's been to you:  
Then notice well what she shall do.'

Again, the transition in a, from st. 33 to st. 34, is abrupt even for a ballad, and b introduces here four stanzas narrating the execution of the Billy Blind's injunctions, and ending,

And notic'd well what she did say,

whereby we are prepared for the witch's exclamations.\*

Danish versions of this ballad are numerous: A-I, 'Hustru og Mands Moder' ['Fostermøder,' 'Stifmøder'], Grundtvig, No 84, II, 404 ff: J-T, 'Hustru og Mands Moder,' Kristensen, II, 111 ff, No 35: U-X, 'Barselkvinden,' Kris-

tensen, I, 201 ff, No 74: Y, 'Hustru og Slegfred,' Grundtvig, No 85, II, 448 ff: in all twenty-five, but many of Kristensen's copies are fragments. Grundtvig's 84 A, B, and 85 a are from manuscripts of the sixteenth century. 84 F-I and several repetitions of 85 are of the seventeenth. Grundtvig's 84 C, D, E, and all Kristensen's versions, are from recent oral tradition. Some of these, though taken down since 1870, are wonderfully well preserved.

The Danish ballads divide into two classes, principally distinguished by their employing or not employing of the artifice of wax children. (There is but one of these in N, R, Kristensen's E, I, II, 116, 122, and in the oldest Swedish ballad, as in the Scottish: but children in Scandinavian ballads are mostly born in pairs.) Of the former class, to which our only known copy belongs, are F-I, N-T, X (Grundtvig, 84 F-I, Kristensen, II, No 35, E-L, I, No 74 D). N and I furnish, perhaps, the most consistent story, which, in the former, runs thus: Sir Peter married Ellen (elsewhere Mettelille, Kirstin, Tidelil, Ingerlil), and gave her in charge to his mother, a formidable witch, and, as appears from F, violently opposed to the match. The first night of her marriage Ellen conceived twins. She wrapped up her head in her cloak and paid a visit to her mother-in-law, to ask how long women go with child. The answer was,

'Forty weeks went Mary with Christ,  
And so each Danish woman must.

'Forty weeks I went with mine,  
But eight years shalt thou go with thine.'

The forty weeks had passed, and Ellen began to long for relief. Sir Peter besought aid of his sister Ingerlin. If I help your young bride, she said, I must be traitor to my mother. Sir Peter insisted, and Ingerlin moulded a fine child of wax,† wrapped it in linen, and exhibited it to her mother, who, supposing that her

\* The Jamieson-Brown copy contains seventy-eight verses; Scott's and the Tytler copy, eighty-eight. Dr Anderson's, Nichols's *Illustrations*, VII, 176, counts seventy-six instead of eighty-eight; but, judging by the description which Anderson has given of the Alexander-Fraser-Tytler-Brown

MS., at p. 179, he is not exact. Still, so large a discrepancy is hard to explain.

† The sister does this in F-I and S: in O, P, the husband "has" it done.

arts had been baffled, burst out into exclamations of astonishment. She had thought she could twist a rope out of flying sand, lay sun and moon flat on the earth with a single word, turn the whole world round about! She had thought all the house was spell-bound, except the spot where the young wife's chest stood, the chest of red rowan, which nothing can bewitch! The chest was instantly taken away, and Ellen's bed moved to the place it had occupied; and no sooner was this done than Ellen gave birth to two children.

In the ballads of the other class, the young wife, grown desperate after eight years of suffering, asks to be taken back to her maiden home. Her husband's mother raises objections: the horses are in the meadow, the coachman is in bed. Then, she says, I will go on my bare feet. The moment her husband learns her wish, the carriage is at the door, but by the arts of the mother it goes to pieces on the way, and the journey has to be finished on horseback. The joy of her parents at seeing their daughter approaching was quenched on a nearer view: she looked more dead than quick. She called her family about her and distributed her effects. A great wail went up in the house when two sons were cut from the mother's side. (C, J, K, L, W: Grundtvig, 84 C; Kristensen, II, No 35 A, B, C; I, No 74 C.)

The first son stood up and brushed his hair:  
'Most surely am I in my ninth year.'

The second stood up both fair and red:  
'Most sure we'll avenge our dear mother dead.'\*

Several of the most important ballads of the first class have taken up a part of the story of those of the second class, to the detriment of consistency. F, G, H, O, P (Grundtvig, 84 F, G, H, Kristensen, II, No 35 F, G), make the wife quit her husband's house for her father's, not only without reason, but against reason. If the woman is to die, it is natural enough that she should wish to die with the friends of her early days, and away from her

uncongenial mother-in-law; but there is no kind of occasion for transferring the scene of the trick with the wax children to her father's house; and, on the other hand, it is altogether strange that her husband's mother and the rowan-tree chest (which sometimes appears to be the property of the mother, sometimes that of the wife) should go with her.

Y, 'Hustru og Slegfred,' Grundtvig, 85, agrees with the second class up to the point when the wife is put to bed at her mother's house, but with the important variation that the spell is the work of a former mistress of the husband; instead of his mother, as in most of the ballads, or of the wife's foster-mother, as in C, D, J, K, M (Grundtvig, 84 C, D, Kristensen, II, No 35 A, B, D), or of the wife's step-mother as in A only. The conclusion of 'Hustru og Slegfred' is rather flat. The wife, as she lies in bed, bids all her household hold up their hands and pray for her relief, which occurs on the same day. The news is sent to her husband, who rejoins his wife, is shown his children, praises God, and burns his mistress. Burning is also the fate of the mother-in-law in B, I, O, P, whereas in F she dies of chagrin, and in G bursts into a hundred flinders (flentsteene).

This ballad, in the mixed form of O, P (Kristensen, II, 35 F, G), has been resolved into a tale in Denmark, a few lines of verse being retained. Recourse is had by the spell-bound wife to a cunning woman in the village, who informs her that in her house there is a place in which a rowan-tree chest has stood, and that she can get relief there. The cunning woman subsequently pointing out the exact spot, two boys are born, who are seven years old, and can both walk and talk. Word is sent the witch that her son's wife has been delivered of two sons, and that she herself shall be burned the day following. The witch says, "I have been able to twine a string out of running water. If I have not succeeded in bewitching the woman, she must have found the place where the damned rowan chest stood." (Grundtvig, III, 858, No 84 b.)

Three Swedish versions of the ballad have been printed. A, B, from tradition of this

\* Grundtvig, 84 D, E; Kristensen, I, No 74 A, B, C; II, No 35 A, B, C.

century. are given by Arwidsson, II, 252 ff, 'Liten Kerstins Förtrollning,' No 134. These resemble the Danish ballads of the second class closely. Liten Kerstin goes to her mother's house, gives birth to two children, and dies. In **A** the children are a son and daughter. The son stands up, combs his hair, and says, "I am forty weeks on in my ninth year." He can run errands in the village, and the daughter sew red silk. In **B** both children are boys. One combs his hair, and says, "Our grandmother shall be put on two wheels." The other draws his sword, and says, "Our mother is dead, our grandmother to blame. I hope our mother is with God. Our grandmother shall be laid on seven wheels." The other copy, **C**, mentioned by Grundtvig as being in Cavallius and Stephens' manuscript collection, has been printed in the Svenska Fornminnesforeningens Tidskrift, vol. ii, p. 72 ff, 1873-74. It dates from the close of the sixteenth century, and resembles the mixed ballads of the Danish first class, combining the flitting to the father's house with the artifice of the wax children. The conclusion of this ballad has suffered greatly. After the two sons are born, we are told that Kirstin, before unmentioned, goes to the chest and makes a wax child. If the chest were moved, Elin would be free of her child. And then the boy stands up and brushes his hair, and says he has come to his eighth year.

Three stanzas and some of the incidents of a Norwegian version of this ballad have been communicated to Grundtvig, III, 858 f, No 84 c, by Professor Sophus Bugge. The only place which was unaffected by a spell was where Signelíti's bride-chest stood, and the chest being removed, the birth took place. The witch was a step-mother, as in Danish **A**.

There are two familiar cases of malicious arrest of childbirth in classic mythology, — those of Latona and Alceme. The wrath of Juno was the cause in both, and perhaps the myth of Alceme is only a repetition of an older story, with change of name. The pangs

of Latona were prolonged through nine days and nights, at the end of which time Ilithyia came to her relief, induced by a bribe. (Hymn to the Delian Apollo, 91 ff.) Homer, II. xix, 119, says only that Hera stopped the delivery of Alceme and kept back Ilithyia. Antoninus Liberalis, in the second century of our era, in one of his abstracts from the Metamorphoses of Nicander, a poem of the second century B. C., or earlier, has this account: that when Alceme was going with Hercules, the Fates and Ilithyia, to please Juno, kept her in her pains by sitting down and folding their hands; and that Galinthias, a playmate and companion of Alceme, fearing that the suffering would drive her mad, ran out and announced the birth of a boy, upon which the Fates were seized with such consternation that they let go their hands, and Hercules immediately came into the world. (Antoninus Lib., Metam. c. xxix.) Ovid, Metamorphoses, ix, 281-315, is more circumstantial. After seven days and nights of torture, Lucina came, but, being bribed by Juno, instead of giving the aid for which she was invoked, sat down on the altar before Alceme's door, with the right knee crossed over the left, and fingers interlocked, mumbling charms which checked the processes of birth. Galanthis, a servant girl *media de plebe*, was shrewd enough to suspect that Juno had some part in this mischief; and besides, as she went in and out of the house, she always saw Lucina sitting on the altar, with her hands clasped over her knees. At last, by a happy thought, she called out, "Whoever you are, wish my mistress joy; she is lighter, and has her wish." Lucina jumped up and unclasped her hands, and the birth followed instantly. Pausanias, ix, 11, tells a similar but briefer story, in which Historis, daughter of Tiresias, takes the place of Galanthis. See, for the whole matter, 'Ilithyia oder die Hexe,' in C. A. Böttiger's Kleine Schriften, I, 76 ff.

Apuleius, in his Metamorphoses, mentions a case of suspended childbirth, which, curiously enough, had lasted eight years,\* as in the Dan-

\* Eadem amatoris sui uxorem, quod in eam dicaeule probrum dixerat, jam in sarcina prægationis, obsæpto utero et repigrato fetu, perpetua prægatione damnavit, et, ut

cuncti numerant, jam octo annorum onere misella illa velut elephantum paritura distenditur. I, 9.



ish and Swedish ballads. The witch is a mistress of her victim's husband, as in Grundtvig, 85, and as in a story cited by Scott from Heywood's 'Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels,' p. 474. "There is a curious tale about a Count of Westeravia [Vestavia, in diocesi Argentoratensi], whom a deserted concubine bewitched upon his marriage, so as to preclude all hopes of his becoming a father. The spell continued to operate for three years, till one day, the count happening to meet with his former mistress, she maliciously asked him about the increase of his family. The count, conceiving some suspicion from her manner, craftily answered that God had blessed him with three fine children; on which she exclaimed, like Willie's mother in the ballad, 'May Heaven confound the old hag by whose counsel I threw an enchanted pitcher into the draw-well of your palace!' The spell being found and destroyed, the count became the father of a numerous family."

A story like that of the ballad is told as a fact that took place in Arran within this century. A young man forsook his sweetheart and married another girl. When the wife's time came, she suffered excessively. A packman who was passing suspected the cause, went straight to the old love, and told her that a fine child was born; when up she sprang, and pulled out a large nail from the beam of the roof, calling out to her mother, "Muckle good your craft has done!" The wife was forthwith delivered. (Napier, in *The Folklore Record*, II, 117.)

In the Sicilian tales, collected by Laura Gonzenbach, Nos 12 and 15, we have the spell of folded hands placed between the knees to prevent birth, and in No 54 hands raised to the head.\* In all these examples the spell is finally broken by telling the witch a piece of false news, which causes her to forget herself

\* We may suppose with closed fingers, or clasping the head, though this is not said. Antique vases depict one or two Ilithyias as standing by with hands elevated and open,

and take away her hands. (Sicilianische Märchen aus dem Volksmund gesammelt, Leipzig, 1870.)

We find in a Roumanian tale, contributed to *Das Ausland* for 1857, p. 1029, by F. Obert, and epitomized by Grundtvig, III, 859, No 84 d, a wife condemned by her offended husband to go with child till he lays his hand upon her. It is twenty years before she obtains grace, and the son whom she then bears immediately slays his father. A Wallachian form of this story (Walachische Märchen von Arthur u. Albert Schott, No 23) omits the revenge by the new-born child, and ends happily.

With respect to the knots in st. 34, it is to be observed that the tying of knots (as also the fastening of locks), either during the marriage ceremony or at the approach of parturition was, and is still, believed to be effectual for preventing conception or childbirth. The minister of Logierait, Perthshire, testifies, about the year 1793, that immediately before the celebration of a marriage it is the custom to loosen carefully every knot about bride and bridegroom, — garters, shoe-strings, etc. The knots are tied again before they leave the church. (*Statistical Account of Scotland*, v, 83.) So among the Laps and Norwegians, when a child is to be born, all the knots in the woman's clothes, or even all the knots in the house, must be untied, because of their impeding delivery. (Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 322, who also cites the *Statistical Account of Scotland*.)

Willie's Lady is translated by Schubart, p. 74, Talvj, p. 555, and by Gerhard, p. 139. Grundtvig, 84 H (= Syv, 90, *Danske Viser*, 43), is translated by Jamieson, *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 344, and by Prior, No 89.

during the birth of Athene from the head of Zeus. Welcker, *Kleine Schriften*, III, 191, note 12.

## A

- a. A copy, by Miss Mary Fraser Tytler, of a transcript made by her grandfather from William Tytler's manuscript.  
 b. Jamieson-Brown MS., No 15, fol. 33.

- 1 WILLIE has taen him oer the fame,  
He 's woo'd a wife and brought her hame.
- 2 He 's woo'd her for her yellow hair,  
But his mother wrought her mickle care.
- 3 And mickle dolour gard her dree;  
For lighter she can never be.
- 4 But in her bower she sits wi pain,  
And Willie mourns oer her in vain.
- 5 And to his mother he has gone,  
That vile rank witch of vilest kind.
- 6 He says: 'My ladie has a cup,  
Wi gowd and silver set about.
- 7 'This goodlie gift shall be your ain,  
And let her be lighter o her young bairn.'
- 8 'Of her young bairn she 'll neer be lighter,  
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter.
- 9 'But she shall die and turn to clay,  
And you shall wed another may.'
- 10 'Another may I 'll never wed,  
Another may I 'll neer bring home.'
- 11 But sighing says that weary wight,  
'I wish my life were at an end.'
- 12 'Ye doe [ye] unto your mother again,  
That vile rank witch of vilest kind.
- 13 'And say your ladie has a steed,  
The like o 'm 's no in the lands of Leed.
- 14 'For he [i]s golden shod before,  
And he [i]s golden shod behind.
- 15 'And at ilka tet of that horse's main,  
There's a golden chess and a bell ringing.
- 16 'This goodlie gift shall be your ain,  
And let me be lighter of my young bairn.'
- 17 'O her young bairn she 'll neer be lighter,  
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter.
- 18 'But she shall die and turn to clay,  
And ye shall wed another may.'
- 19 'Another may I [ 'll ] never wed,  
Another may I [ 'll ] neer bring hame.'
- 20 But sighing said that weary wight,  
'I wish my life were at an end.'
- 21 'Ye doe [ye] unto your mother again,  
That vile rank witch of vilest kind.
- 22 'And say your ladie has a girdle,  
It 's red gowd unto the middle.
- 23 'And ay at every silver hem,  
Hangs fifty silver bells and ten.
- 24 'That goodlie gift has be her ain,  
And let me be lighter of my young bairn.'
- 25 'O her young bairn she 's neer be lighter,  
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter.
- 26 'But she shall die and turn to clay,  
And you shall wed another may.'
- 27 'Another may I 'll never wed,  
Another may I 'll neer bring hame.'
- 28 But sighing says that weary wight,  
'I wish my life were at an end.'
- 29 Then out and spake the Belly Blind;  
He spake aye in good time.
- 30 'Ye doe ye to the market place,  
And there ye buy a loaf o wax.
- 31 'Ye shape it bairn and bairnly like,  
And in twa glassen een ye pit;
- 32 'And bid her come to your boy's christening;  
Then notice weel what she shall do.
- 33 'And do you stand a little fore bye,  
And listen weel what she shall say.'

- 34 ' Oh wha has loosed the nine witch knots  
That was amo that ladie's locks?
- 35 ' And wha has taen out the kaims o care  
That hangs amo that ladie's hair?
- 36 ' And wha 's taen down the bush o woodbine  
That hang atween her bower and mine?
- 37 ' And wha has killd the master kid  
That ran beneath that ladie's bed?
- 38 ' And wha has loosed her left-foot shee,  
And lotten that ladie lighter be?'
- 39 O Willie has loosed the nine witch knots  
That was amo that ladie's locks.
- 40 And Willie 's taen out the kaims o care  
That hang amo that ladie's hair.
- 41 And Willie 's taen down the bush o woodbine  
That hang atween her bower and thine.
- 42 And Willie has killed the master kid  
That ran beneath that ladie's bed.
- 43 And Willie has loosed her left-foot shee,  
And letten his ladie lighter be.
- 44 And now he 's gotten a bonny young son,  
And mickle grace be him upon.

a. *The stanzas are not regularly divided in the MS., nor were they so divided by Scott.*

41<sup>2</sup>. hung (?) beneath: *but see* 36<sup>2</sup>.

*Scott's principal variations are:*

12<sup>1</sup>. Yet gae ye.

14<sup>1</sup>. For he is silver shod.

15. At every tuft of that horse main  
There's a golden chess and a bell to ring.

21<sup>1</sup>. Yet gae ye. <sup>2</sup>. o rankest kind.

22<sup>2</sup>. It's a' red gowd to.

24<sup>1</sup>. This gudely gift sall be.

26<sup>1</sup>. For she.

28<sup>2</sup>. my days.

30<sup>1</sup>. Yet gae ye. <sup>2</sup>. there do buy.

31<sup>1</sup>. Do shape. <sup>2</sup>. you'll put.

32<sup>1</sup>. And bid her your boy's christening to.

33<sup>1</sup>. a little away. <sup>2</sup>. To notice weel what she  
may saye.

35<sup>2</sup>. That were amang.

38<sup>2</sup>. And let.

39<sup>1</sup>. Syne Willie.

40<sup>2</sup>. That were into.

41<sup>1</sup>, 42<sup>1</sup>, 43<sup>1</sup>. And he.

41<sup>2</sup>. Hung atween her bour and the witch car-  
line.

44<sup>2</sup>. a bonny son.

b. *Divided in Jamieson's MS. into stanzas of four verses, two verses being written in one line: but Jamieson's 8 = a 14-16.*

1<sup>1</sup>. Sweet Willy's taen.

5-11, wanting. *Instead of the cup, the girdle occurs here: = a 21-28.*

12<sup>1</sup>. He did him till. <sup>2</sup>. wildest kin.

13<sup>1</sup>. An said, My lady.

14<sup>1,2</sup>. he is.

16<sup>2</sup>. An lat her be lighter o her young bairn.

18<sup>1</sup>. go to clay.

a 21<sup>1</sup> = b 5<sup>1</sup>. Now to his mither he has gane.  
<sup>2</sup>. kin.

a 22<sup>1</sup> = b 6<sup>1</sup>. He say[s] my lady. <sup>2</sup>. It's a'  
red.

a 23<sup>1</sup> = b 7<sup>1</sup>. at ilka. <sup>2</sup>. Hings.

a 24<sup>1</sup> = b 8<sup>1</sup>. gift sall be your ain. <sup>2</sup>. lat her  
. . . o her.

a 29 = b 22. Then out it spake the belly blin;  
She spake ay in a good time.

a 32 = b 25, 26.

An do you to your mither then, An bid her  
come to your boy's christnen;  
For dear's the boy he's been to you: Then no-  
tice well what she shall do.

*Between a 33 and a 34 occurs in b (28-31):*

He did him to the market place, An there he  
bought a loaf o wax.

He shap'd it bairn and bairnly like, An in't twa  
glazen een he pat.

He did him till his mither then, An bade him  
(sic) to his boy's christnen.

An he did stan a little forebye, An notic'd well  
what she did say.

a 35<sup>2</sup> = b 33<sup>2</sup>. hang amo.  
 36. *wanting in b.*  
 37<sup>2</sup>. aneath.  
 39<sup>2</sup> = b 36<sup>2</sup>. hang amo his.  
 40<sup>1</sup>. kemb o care. <sup>2</sup>. his lady's.  
 41. *wanting in b.*

42<sup>2</sup> = b 38<sup>2</sup>. ran aneath his.  
 44. *wanting in b.*  
 b 22<sup>2</sup> *makes the Billy Blind feminine. This is not so in a, or in any other ballad, and may be only an error of the transcriber, who has not always written carefully.*

## 7

## EARL BRAND

A. a. b. 'Earl Bran,' Mr Robert White's papers.  
 c. 'The Brave Earl Brand and the King of England's Daughter,' Bell, *Ancient Poems*, etc., p. 122. d. Fragmentary verses remembered by Mr R. White's sister.

B. 'The Douglas Tragedy,' Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III, 246, ed. 1803.

C. 'Lord Douglas,' Motherwell's MS., p. 502.

D. 'Lady Margaret,' Kinloch MSS, I, 327.

E. 'The Douglas Tragedy,' Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 180.

F. 'The Child of Ell,' Percy MS., p. 57; Hales and Furnivall, I, 133.

'Earl Brand,' first given to the world by Mr Robert Bell in 1857, has preserved most of the incidents of a very ancient story with a faithfulness unequalled by any ballad that has been recovered from English oral tradition. Before the publication of 'Earl Brand,' A c, our known inheritance in this particular was limited to the beautiful but very imperfect fragment called by Scott 'The Douglas Tragedy,' B; half a dozen stanzas of another version of the same in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, E; so much of Percy's 'Child of Elle' as was genuine, which, upon the printing of his manuscript, turned out to be one fifth, F; and two versions of Erlinton, A, C.\* What now can be added is but little: two transcripts of 'Earl Brand,' one of which, A a, has suffered less from literary revision than the only copy hitherto printed, A c; a third version of 'The Douglas Tragedy,' from Motherwell's manuscript, C; a fourth from Kinloch's manuscripts, D; and another of 'Er-

linton,' B. Even 'Earl Brand' has lost a circumstance that forms the turning-point in Scandinavian ballads, and this capital defect attends all our other versions, though traces which remain in 'Erlinton' make it nearly certain that our ballads originally agreed in all important particulars with those which are to this day recited in the north of Europe.

The corresponding **Scandinavian** ballad is 'Ribold and Guldborg,' and it is a jewel that any clime might envy. Up to the time of Grundtvig's edition, in *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, No 82, though four versions had been printed, the only current copy for a hundred and fifty years had been Syv's No 88, based on a broadside of the date 1648, but compounded from several sources; and it was in this form that the ballad became known to the English through Jamieson's translation. Grundtvig has now published twenty-seven versions of 'Ribold og Guldborg' (II, 347 ff, nineteen; 675 ff, four; III, 849 ff, four: †

\* 'Erlinton,' though not existing in a two-line stanza, follows immediately after 'Earl Brand.' The copy of 'The Douglas Tragedy' in Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, III, 86, is merely Scott's, with changes to facilitate singing.

† B\*, III, 853, a fragment of five stanzas, has been dropped by Grundtvig from No 82, and assigned to No 249. See D. g. F. IV, 494.

of all which only two are fragments), and nine of 'Hildebrand og Hilde,' No 83, which is the same story set in a dramatic frame-work (II, 393 ff, seven; 680 f, one; III, 857, one, a fragment). Three more Danish versions of 'Ribold og Guldberg' are furnished by Kristensen, Gamle jydsk Folkeviser, I, No 37, II, No 84 A, B (C\*, D\*, E\*). To these we may add the last half, sts 15-30, of 'Den farlige Jomfru,' Grundtvig, 184 G. Of Grundtvig's texts, 82 A is of the sixteenth century; B-H are of the seventeenth; the remainder and Kristensen's three from recent tradition. Six versions of 'Hildebrand og Hilde,' A-F, are of the seventeenth century; one is of the eighteenth, G; and the remaining two are from oral tradition of our day.

The first six of Grundtvig's versions of 'Ribold and Guldberg,' A-F, are all from manuscripts, and all of a pure traditional character, untampered with by "collators." G and H are mixed texts: they have F for their basis, but have admitted stanzas from other sources. Most of the versions from recitation are wonderful examples and proofs of the fidelity with which simple people "report and hold" old tales: for, as the editor has shown, verses which never had been printed, but which are found in old manuscripts, are now met with in recited copies; and these recited copies, again, have verses that occur in no Danish print or manuscript, but which nevertheless are found in Norwegian and Swedish recitations, and, what is more striking, in Icelandic tradition of two hundred years' standing.

The story in the older Danish ballads runs thus. Ribold, a king's son, sought Guldberg's love in secret. He said he would carry her to a land where death and sorrow came not; where all the birds were cuckoos, and all the grass was leeks, and all the streams ran wine. Guldberg, not indisposed, asked how she should evade the watch kept over her by all her family and by her betrothed. Ribold disguised her in his cloak and armor, B, E, F, and rode off, with Guldberg behind him. On the heath they meet a rich earl [a crafty man, C; her betrothed, D], who asks, Whither away,

with your stolen maid? [little page, B, F.] Ribold replies that it is his youngest sister, whom he has taken from a cloister, A, E [sick sister, C; brother, B, F; page, D]. This shift avails nothing; no more does a bribe which he offers for keeping his secret. Report is at once made to her father that Guldberg has eloped with Ribold. Guldberg perceives that they are pursued, and is alarmed. Ribold reassures her, and prepares to meet his foes. He bids Guldberg hold his horse, B, C, E, and, whatever may happen, not to call him by name: "Though thou see me bleed, name me not to death; though thou see me fall, name me not at all!" Ribold cuts down six or seven of her brothers and her father, besides others of her kin; the youngest brother only is left, and Guldberg in an agony calls upon Ribold to spare him, to carry tidings to her mother. No sooner was his name pronounced than Ribold received a mortal wound. He sheathed his sword, and said, Come, wilt thou ride with me? Wilt thou go home to thy mother again, or wilt thou follow so sad a swain? And she answered, I will not go home to my mother again; I will follow thee, my heart's dearest man. They rode through the wood, and not a word came from the mouth of either. Guldberg asked, Why art thou not as glad as before? And Ribold answered, Thy brother's sword has been in my heart. They reached his house. He called to one to take his horse, to another to bring a priest, and said his brother should have Guldberg. But she would not give her faith to two brothers. Ribold died that night, C. Three dead came from Ribold's bower: Ribold and his lief, and his mother, who died of grief! In A Guldberg slays herself, and dies in her lover's arms.

'Hildebrand and Hilde,' A, B, C, D, opens with the heroine in a queen's service, sewing her seam wildly, putting silk for gold and gold for silk. The queen calls her to account. Hilde begs her mistress to listen to her tale of sorrow. She was a king's daughter. Twelve knights had been appointed to be her guard, and one had beguiled her, Hildebrand, son of the king of England. They went off together,

and were surprised by her brothers [father, B, C, D]. Hildebrand bade her be of good cheer; but she must not call him by name if she saw him bleed or fall, A, B, D. A heap of knights soon lay at his feet. Hilde forgot herself, and called out, Hildebrand, spare my youngest brother! Hildebrand that instant received a mortal wound, and fell. The younger brother tied her to his horse, and dragged her home. They shut her up at first in a strong tower, built for the purpose, A, B [Swedish A, a dark house], and afterwards sold her into servitude for a church bell. Her mother's heart broke at the bell's first stroke, and Hilde, with the last word of her tale, fell dead in the queen's arms.

The most important deviation of the later versions from the old is exhibited by S and T, and would probably be observed in Q, R, as well, were these complete. S, T are either a mixture of 'Ribold and Guldborg' with 'Hildebrand and Hilde,' or forms transitional between the two. In these Ribold does not live to reach his home, and Guldborg, unable to return to hers, offers herself to a queen, to spin silk and weave gold [braid hair and work gold]. But she cannot sew for grief. The queen smacks her on the cheek for neglecting her needle. Poor Guldborg utters a protest, but gives no explanation, and the next morning is found dead. Singularly enough, the name of the hero in Q, R, S, T, is also an intermediate form. Ribold is the name in all the old Danish copies except C, and that has Ride-bolt. Danish I, K, X, Z, all the Icelandic copies, and Swedish D, have either Ribold or some unimportant variation. Q, R, S, have Ride-brand [T, Rederbrand]. All copies of Grundtvig 83, except Danish G, Swedish C, which do not give the hero's name, have Hilde-brand; so also 82 N, O, P, V, and Kristensen, I, No 37. The name of the woman is nearly constant both in 82 and 83.

The paradise promised Guldborg in all the old versions of 82\* disappears from the re-

cited copies, except K, M. It certainly did not originally belong to 'Ribold and Guldborg,' or to another Danish ballad in which it occurs ('Den trofaste Jomfru,' Grundtvig, 249 A), but rather to ballads like 'Kvindemorden,' Grundtvig, 183 A, or 'Líti Kersti,' Landstad, 44, where a supernatural being, a demon or a hillman, seeks to entice away a mortal maid. See No 4, p. 27. In 82 L, N, U, V, Y, Æ, Ø, and Kristensen's copies, the lovers are not encountered by anybody who reports their flight. Most of the later versions, K, L, M, N, P, U, V, Y, Æ, Ø, and Kristensen's three, make them halt in a wood, where Ribold goes to sleep in Guldborg's lap, and is roused by her when she perceives that they are pursued. So Norwegian B, Swedish A, B, C, and 'Hildebrand and Hilde' B, M, Q, R, S, T, Z, have not a specific prohibition of *dead-naming*, but even these enjoin silence. 83 C is the only ballad in which there is a fight and no prohibition of either kind, but it is clear from the course of the story that the stanza containing the usual injunction has simply dropped out. P is distinguished from all other forms of the story by the heroine's killing herself before her dying lover reaches his house.

The four first copies of 'Hildebrand and Hilde,' as has been seen, have the story of Ribold and Guldborg with some slight differences and some abridgment. There is no elopement in B: the lovers are surprised in the princess' bower. When Hilde has finished her tale, in A, the queen declares that Hildebrand was her son. In B she interrupts the narrative by announcing her discovery that Hildebrand was her brother. C and D have nothing of the sort. There is no fight in E-H. E has taken up the commonplace of the bower on the strand which was forced by nine men.† Hildebrand is again the son of the queen, and, coming in just as Hilde has expired, exclaims that he will have no other love, sets his sword against a stone, and runs

\* Though the paradise has not been transmitted in any known copy of 'Earl Brand,' it appears very distinctly in the opening stanza of 'Leesome Brand' A. This last has several stanzas towards the close (33-35) which seem to be-

long to 'Earl Brand,' and perhaps derived these, the "unco land," and even its name, by the familiar process of intermixture of traditions.

† See No 5, pp. 64, 65, 66.



upon it. **H** has the same catastrophe. **F** represents the father as simply showing great indignation and cruelty on finding out that one of the guardian knights had beguiled his daughter, and presently selling her for a new church bell. The knight turns out here again to be the queen's son; the queen says he shall betroth Hille, and Hille faints for joy. **G** agrees with **B** as to the surprise in the bower. The knight's head is hewn off on the spot. The queen gives Hilde her youngest son for a husband, and Hilde avows that she is consoled. **I** agrees with **E** so far as it goes, but is a short fragment.

There are three Icelandic versions of this ballad, 'Ribbalds kvæði,' Íslenzk Fornkvæði, No 16, all of the seventeenth century. They all come reasonably close to the Danish as to the story, and particularly **A**. Ribbald, with no prologue, invites Gullbrún "to ride." He sets her on a white horse; of all women she rode best. They have gone but a little way, when they see a pilgrim riding towards them, who hails Ribbald with, Welcome, with thy stolen maid! Ribbald pretends that the maid is his sister, but the pilgrim knows very well it is Gullbrún. She offers her cloak to him not to tell her father, but the pilgrim goes straight to the king, and says, Thy daughter is off! The king orders his harp to be brought, for no purpose but to dash it on the floor once and twice, and break out the strings. He then orders his horse. Gullbrún sees her father come riding under a hill-side, then her eleven brothers, then seven brothers-in-law. She begs Ribbald to spare her youngest brother's life, that he may carry the news to her mother. He replies, I will tie my horse by the reins; you take up your sewing! then three times forbids her to name him during the fight. He slew her father first, next the eleven brothers, then the other seven, all which filled her with compunction, and she cried out, Ribbald, still thy brand! On the instant Ribbald received many wounds. He wiped his bloody sword, saying, This is what you deserve, Gullbrún, but love is your shield; then set her on her horse, and rode to his brother's door. He called out, Here is a wife

for you! But Gullbrún said, Never will I be given to two brothers. Soon after Ribbald gave up the ghost. There was more mourning than mirth; three bodies went to the grave in one coffin, Ribbald, his lady, and his mother, who died of grief.

**B** and **C** have lost something at the beginning, **C** starting at the same point as our 'Douglas Tragedy.' The king pursues Ribbald by water. Gullbrún (**B**) stands in a tower and sees him land. Ribbald gives Gullbrún to his brother, as in **A**: she lives in sorrow, and dies a maid.

Norwegian. ('Ribold and Guldberg.') **A**, 'Rikeball og stolt Guðbjörg,' Landstad, 33; **B**, 'Veneros og stolt Ölleber,' Landstad, 34; **C**, **D**, **E**, **F**, in part described and cited, with six other copies, Grundtvig, III, p. 853 f. The last half of Landstad No 23, stanzas 17-34, and stanzas 18-25 of Landstad 28 **B**, also belong here. **A** agrees with the older Danish versions, even to the extent of the paradise. **B** has been greatly injured. Upon the lady's warning Veneros of the approach of her father, he puts her up in an oak-tree for safety. He warns her not to call him by name, and she says she will rather die first; but her firmness is not put to the test in this ballad, some verses having dropped out just at this point. Veneros is advised to surrender, but dispatches his assailants by eighteen thousands (like Lille brór, in Landstad, 23), and by way of conclusion hews the false Pál greive, who had reported his elopement to Ölleber's father, into as many pieces. He then takes Ölleber on his horse, they ride away and are married. Such peculiarities in the other copies as are important to us will be noticed further on.

('Hildebrand and Hilde.') **A**, one of two Norwegian copies communicated by Professor Bugge to Grundtvig, III, 857 f, agrees well with Danish **E**, but has the happy conclusion of Danish **F**, **G**, **I**. The heroine is sold for nine bells. **B**, the other, omits the bower-breaking of **A** and Danish **E**, and ends with marriage.

The Swedish forms of 'Ribold and Guldberg' are: **A**, 'Hillebrand,' Afzelius, No 2; **B**, 'Herr Redebold,' and **C**, 'Kung Vallemo,'



Afzelius, No 80; new ed., No 2, 1, 2, 3; D, 'Ribbolt,' Arwidsson, No 78; E, 'Herr Redebold' F, 'Herting Liljebrand,' and G, 'Herr Balder,' in Cavallius and Stephens' manuscript collection; H, 'Kung Walmon,' E. Wigström's *Folkdiktning*, No 15, p. 33. A, B, C, H, are not markedly different from the ordinary Danish ballad, and this is true also, says Grundtvig, of the unprinted versions, E, F, G. D and G are of the seventeenth century, the others from recent tradition. Ribold is pictured in D as a bold prince, equally versed in runes and arts as in manly exercises. He visits Giötha by night: they slumber sweet, but wake in blood. She binds up his wounds with rich kerchiefs. He rides home to his father's, and sits down on a bench. The king bids his servants see what is the matter, and adds, Be he sick or be he hurt, he got it at Giötha-Lilla's. They report the prince stabbed with sharp pikes within, and bound with silk kerchiefs without. Ribold bids them bury him in the mould, and not blame Giötha-Lilla; "for my horse was fleet, and I was late, and he hurtled me 'gainst an apple-tree" (so Hillebrand in A). E represents the heroine as surviving her lover, and united to a young king, but always grieving for Redebold.

'Hildebrand and Hilde' exists in Swedish in three versions: A, a broadside of the last part of the seventeenth century, now printed in the new edition of Afzelius, p. 142 ff of the notes (the last nine stanzas before, in *Danske Viser*, III, 438 f); B, Afzelius, No 32, new ed. No 26, C, Arwidsson, No 107, both taken down in this century. In A and B Hillebrand, son of the king of England, carries off Hilla; they halt in a grove; she wakes him from his sleep when she hears her father and seven brothers coming; he enjoins her not to call him by name, which still she does upon her father's being slain [or when only her youngest brother is left], and Hillebrand thereupon receives mortal wounds. He wipes his sword, saying, This is what you would deserve, were you not Hilla. The youngest brother ties Hilla to his horse, drags her home, and confines her in a dark house, which swarms with snakes and dragons (A only). They sell her for a

new church bell, and her mother's heart breaks at the first sound. Hilla falls dead at the queen's knee. C has lost the dead-naming, and ends with the queen's promising to be Hilla's best friend.

A detailed comparison of the English ballads, and especially of 'Earl Brand,' with the Scandinavian (such as Grundtvig has made, III, 855 f) shows an unusual and very interesting agreement. The name Earl Brand, to begin with, is in all probability a modification of the Hildebrand found in Danish 82 N, O, P, V, C\*, in all versions of Danish 83, and in the corresponding Swedish A. Ell, too, in Percy's fragment, which may have been Ellë earlier, points to Hilde, or something like it, and Erl-inton might easily be corrupted from such a form as the Alibrand of Norwegian B (Grundtvig, III, 858). Hildebrand is the son of the king of England in Danish 83 A-E, and the lady in 'Earl Brand' is the same king's daughter, an interchange such as is constantly occurring in tradition. Stanza 2 can hardly be the rightful property of 'Earl Brand.' Something very similar is met with in 'Leesome Brand,' and is not much in place there. For 'old Carl Hood,' of whom more presently, Danish 82 X and Norwegian A, C have an old man, Danish C a crafty man, T a false youngster, and Norwegian B and three others "false Pál greive." The lady's urging Earl Brand to slay the old carl, and the answer, that it would be sair to kill a gray-haired man, sts 8, 9, are almost literally repeated in Norwegian A, Landstad, No 33. The knight does slay the old man in Danish X and Norwegian C, and slays the court page in Danish Z, and false Pál greive in Norwegian B, — in this last *after* the battle. The question, "Where have ye stolen this lady away?" in st. 11, occurs in Danish 82 A, D, E, K, P, R, S, T, Z, in Norwegian B and Icelandic B, and something very similar in many other copies. The reply, "She is my sick sister, whom I have brought from Winchester" [nunnery], is found almost literally in Danish C, X, Z: "It is my sick sister; I took her yesterday from the cloister." [Danish E, it is my youngest sister from the cloister; she is sick: Danish A,

youngest sister from cloister: Danish **R** and Norwegian **B**, sister from cloister: Danish **S**, **T**, sister's daughter from cloister: Norwegian **F**, sister from Holstein: Danish **P**, Icelandic **A**, Norwegian **A**, sister.] The old man, crafty man, rich earl, in the Scandinavian ballads, commonly answers that he knows Guldborg very well; but in Danish **D**, where Ribold says it is a court page he has hired, we have something like sts 14, 15: "Why has he such silk-braided hair?" On finding themselves discovered, the lovers, in the Scandinavian ballad, attempt to purchase silence with a bribe: Danish **A-I**, **M**, Icelandic and Norwegian **A**, **B**. This is not expressly done in 'Earl Brand,' but the same seems to be meant in st. 10 by "I'll gie him a pound." St. 17 is fairly paralleled by Danish **S**, 18, 19: "Where is Guldborg, thy daughter? Walking in the garden, gathering roses;" and st. 18, by Norwegian **B**, 15: "You may search without and search within, and see whether Ölleber you can find." The announcement in st. 19 is made in almost all the Scandinavian ballads, in words equivalent to "Ribold is off with thy daughter," and then follows the arming for the pursuit. The lady looks over her shoulder and sees her father coming, as in st. 21, in Danish 82 **A**, **F**, **H**, **I**, **Q**, **R**, **T**, **X**, **Z**, and Norwegian **A**.

The scene of the fight is better preserved in the Scottish ballads than in 'Earl Brand,' though none of these have the cardinal incident of the death-naming. All the Scottish versions, **B-F**, and also 'Erlinton,' **A**, **B**, make the lady hold the knight's horse: so Danish 82 **B**, **C**, **E**, **I**, **Æ**, **D\***, Icelandic **C**, Norwegian and Swedish **A**, and Danish 83 **D**. Of the knight's injunction, "Name me not to death, though thou see me bleed," which, as has been noted, is kept by nearly every Danish ballad (and by the Icelandic, the Norwegian, and by Swedish 'Ribold and Guldborg,' **A**, **B**, **C**, **H**, Swedish 'Hildebrand and Hilde,' **A**, **B**), there is left in English only this faint trace, in 'Erlinton,' **A**, **B**: "See ye dinna change your cheer until ye see my body bleed." It is the wish to save the life of her youngest brother that causes the lady to call her lover by name

in the larger number of Scandinavian ballads, and she adds, "that he may carry the tidings to my mother," in Danish 82 **A**, **B**, **C**, **E**, **F**, **G**, **H**, **M**, **X**, 83 **B**, **C**, **D**. Grief for her father's death is the impulse in Danish 82 **I**, **N**, **O**, **Q**, **R**, **S**, **Y**, **Z**, **Æ**, **Ø**, **A\***, **C\***, **D\***, **E\***, Swedish **A**, **B**, **C**, **H**. English **A** says nothing of father or brother; but in **B**, **C**, **D**, **E**, it is the father's death that causes the exclamation. All the assailants are slain in 'Erlinton' **A**, **B**, except an aged knight [the auldest man], and he is spared to carry the tidings home. 'Erlinton' **C**, however, agrees with the oldest Danish copies in making the youngest brother the motive of the lady's intervention. It is the fifteenth, and last, of the assailants that gives Earl Brand his death-wound; in Danish **H**, the youngest brother, whom he has been entreated to spare; and so, apparently, in Danish **C** and Norwegian **A**.

The question, "Will you go with me or return to your mother?" which we find in English **B**, **C**, **D**, is met with also in many Danish versions, 82 **B**, **H**, **K**, **L**, **M**, **N**, **P**, **U**, **Z**, **Æ**, **Ø**, **C\***, and Swedish **A**, **B**, **C**. The dying man asks to have his bed made in English **B**, **C**, as in Danish 82 **B**, **C**, **K**, **L**, **N**, **U**, **X**, **Æ**, **Ø**, **C\***, **D\***, Norwegian **A**, Swedish **A**, **B**, **C**, **H**, and desires that the lady may marry his brother in English **A**, as in nearly all the Danish versions, Icelandic **A**, **B**, **C**, Norwegian **C**, **D**, **E**, Swedish **C**. He declares her a maiden true in 'Earl Brand,' **A** c 33, and affirms the same with more particularity in Danish 82 **B**, **C**, **E**, **F**, **G**, **M**, **Ø**, Icelandic **B**, **C**, Norwegian **A**, **C**, **E**, Swedish **C**. The growth of the rose and brier [bush and brier] from the lovers' grave in English **B**, **C**, is not met with in any version of 'Ribold and Guldborg' proper, but 'Den farlige Jomfru' **G**, Grundtvig, 184, the last half of which, as already remarked, is a fragment of a Ribold ballad, has a linden in place of the rose and brier.

No complete ballad of the Ribold class is known to have survived in German, but a few verses have been interpolated by tradition in the earliest copy of the Ulinger ballad (vv. 47-56), which may almost with certainty be assigned to one of the other description.

They disturb the narrative where they are, and a ready occasion for their slipping in was afforded by the scene being exactly the same in both ballads: a knight and a lady, with whom he had eloped, resting in a wood.\* See No 4, p. 32 of this volume.

We find in a pretty Neapolitan-Albanian ballad, which, with others, is regarded by the editors as a fragment of a connected poem, several of the features of these northern ones. A youth asks a damsel in marriage, but is not favored by her mother, father, or brother. He wins over first the mother and then the father by handsome presents, but his gifts, though accepted, do not conciliate the brother. He carries off the lady on horseback, and is attacked by the brother, four uncles, and seven cousins. He is killed and falls from his horse; with him the lady falls dead also, and both are covered up with stones. In the spring the youth comes up a cypress, the damsel comes up a vine, and encloses the cypress in her arms. (*Rapsodie d'un poema albanese raccolte nelle colonie del Napoletano, de Rada and de' Coronei, Florence, 1866, lib. ii., canto viii.*)

These ballads would seem to belong among the numerous ramifications of the Hilde saga. Of these, the second lay of Helgi Hundingslayer, in Sæmund's Edda, and 'Waltharius,' the beautiful poem of Ekkehard, are most like the ballads.† Leaving 'Waltharius' till we come to 'Erlinton,' we may notice that Sigrún, in the Helgi lay, though promised by her father

to another man, Hödbrodd, son of Granmar, preferred Helgi. She sought him out, and told him frankly her predicament: she feared, she said, the wrath of her friends, for breaking her father's promise. Helgi accepted her affection, and bade her not care for the displeasure of her relatives. A great battle ensued between Helgi and the sons of Granmar, who were aided by Sigrún's father and brothers. All her kinsmen were slain except one brother, Dag. He bound himself to peace with Helgi, but, notwithstanding, made sacrifices to Odin to obtain the loan of his spear, and with it slew Helgi. We have, therefore, in so much of the lay of Helgi Hundingslayer, the groundwork of the story of the ballads: a woman, who, as in many of the Ribold ballads, has been betrothed to a man she does not care for, gives herself to another; there is a fight, in which a great number of her kinsmen fall; one brother survives, who is the death of the man she loves. The lay of Helgi Hiörvard's son, whose story has much in common with that of his namesake, affords two resemblances of detail not found in the lay of the Hundingslayer. Helgi Hiörvard's son, while his life-blood is ebbing, expresses himself in almost the words of the dying Ribold: "The sword has come very near my heart." He then, like Ribold and Earl Brand, declares his wish that his wife should marry his brother, and she, like Guldborg, declines a second union.‡

\* Compare vv 49-56, "Wilt thou ride to them, or wilt thou fight with them, or wilt thou stand by thy love, sword in hand?" "I will not ride to them, I will not fight with them [i. e., begin the fight], but I will stand by my love, sword in hand," with Norwegian **A**, 29, 30: "Shall we ride to the wood, or shall we bide like men?" "We will not ride to the wood, but we will bide like men." And also with Danish **Æ**, sts 14, 15.

† The chief branches, besides the Helgi lay and Walter, are the saga in Snorri's Edda, *Skáldskaparmál*, § 50; that in Saxo Grammaticus, *Stephani*, ed. 1644, pp. 88-90; *Sörla þáttur*, in *Fornaldar Sögur*, I, 391 ff; the Shetland ballad printed in Low's *Tour through the Islands of Orkney and Shetland*, 108 ff, and in Barry's *History of the Orkney Islands*, 2d ed., 489 ff, and paraphrased in Hibbert's *Description of the Shetland Islands*, 561 ff; the *Thidrik* saga, §§ 233-239, Unger; *Gudrun*, v-viii. The names of father, daughter, and lover in these are: (1) Högni, —, Högni, Högín-, Högni, —, [Artus], Hagen; (2) [Sigrún], Hilde-gunde, Hildir, Hilda, Hildir, Hildina, Hildir, Hilde; (3) Helgi, [Walter], Hedin, Hithin-, Hedin, —, [Herbert], Hetel. Hagan, in 'Waltha-

rius,' may be said to take the place of the father, who is wanting; and this is in a measure true also of Hedin, Helgi's half-brother, in the lay of Helgi Hiörvard's son. See the excellent discussion of the saga by Klee, *Zur Hildesage*, Leipzig, 1873.

The Swedish ballad, 'Herr Hjelm,' **A**, Arwidsson, I, 155, No 21; **B**, **C**, Afzelius, II, 178, 226, No 74 (Helmer); **D**, E. Wigström, *Folkdiktning*, p. 25, No 10 (Hjelman), has several points of agreement with Ribold and the Hilde saga. The hero kills six of seven brothers [also the father, in **A**], spares the seventh on oath of fidelity, and is treacherously slain by him. The youngest brother carries her lover's head to his sister, is invited to drink by her (in three of the four copies), and slain while so engaged; reminding us of Hildina in the Shetland ballad. Danish 'Herr Hjælm,' Grundtvig, *Danske Folkeminder*, 1861, p. 81, agrees with the Swedish, except that there are only three brothers.

‡ *Helgakviða Hjörvarðssonar*, ed. Grundtvig, 42-44, Ribold og Guldborg, **A** 33, 34, **B** 46, **D** 46, 47, **E** 42, **Q** 24. The observation is Professor Bugge's.

There is also a passage in the earlier history of Helgi Hundingslayer of which traces appear to be preserved in ballads, and before all in the English ballad 'Earl Brand,' A. Hunding and Helgi's family were at feud. Helgi introduced himself into Hunding's court as a spy, and when he was retiring sent word to Hunding's son that he had been there disguised as a son of Hagal, Helgi's foster-father. Hunding sent men to take him, and Helgi, to escape them, was forced to assume woman's clothes and grind at the mill. While Hunding's men are making search, a mysterious blind man, surnamed the bale-wise, or evil-witted (Blindr inn bölvísi), calls out, Sharp are the eyes of Hagal's maid; it is no churl's blood that stands at the mill; the stones are riving, the meal-trough is springing; a hard lot has befallen a war-king when a chieftain must grind strange barley; fitter for that hand is the sword-hilt than the mill-handle. Hagal pretends that the fierce-eyed maid is a virago whom Helgi had taken captive, and in the end Helgi escapes. This malicious personage reappears in the Hrômund saga as "Blind the Bad" and "the Carl Blind, surnamed Bavís," and is found elsewhere. His likeness to "old Carl Hood," who "comes for ill, but never for good," and who gives information of Earl Brand's flight with the king's daughter, does not require to be insisted on. Both are identical, we can scarcely doubt, with the blind [one-eyed] old man of many tales, who goes about in various disguises, sometimes as beggar, with his hood or hat slouched over his face, — that is Odin, the Síðhötr or Deep-hood of Sæmund, who in the saga of Hálf and his champions is called simple Hood, as here, and expressly said to be Odin.\* Odin, though

not a thoroughly malignant divinity, had his dark side, and one of his titles in Sæmund's Edda is Bölverkr, *maleficus*. He first caused war by casting his spear among men, and Dag, after he has killed Helgi, says Odin was the author of all the mischief, for he brought strife among kinsmen.†

The disastrous effects of "naming" in a great emergency appear in other northern traditions, though not so frequently as one would expect. A diverting Swedish saga, which has been much quoted, relates how St. Olof bargained with a troll for the building of a huge church, the pay to be the sun and moon, or St. Olof himself. The holy man was equally amazed and embarrassed at seeing the building run up by the troll with great rapidity, but during a ramble among the hills had the good luck to discover that the troll's name was Wind and Weather, after which all was easy. For while the troll was on the roof of the church, Olof called out to him,

'Wind and Weather, hi!  
You've set the spire awry;'

and the troll, thus called by his name, lost his strength, fell off, and was dashed into a hundred pieces, all flint stones. (Iduna, Part 3, p. 60 f, note. Other forms of the same story in Afzelius, Sago-Häfder, III, 100 f; Faye, Norske Folke-Sagn, p. 14, 2d ed.; Hofberg, Nerikes Gamla Minnen, p. 234.)

It is a Norwegian belief that when a nix assumes the human shape in order to carry some one off, it will be his death if the selected victim recognizes him and names him, and in this way a woman escaped in a ballad. She called out, So you are the Nix, that pestilent beast, and the nix "disappeared in red

\* Hötr, er Óðinn var reyndar, Hood, who was Odin really, Fornaldar Sögur, II, p. 25. Klee observes, p. 10 f, that Högni [Hagen] is the evil genius of the Hildesage. Sometimes he is the heroine's father; in 'Waltharius,' strangely enough, the hero's old friend (and even there a one-eyed man.) Klee treats the introduction of a rival lover (as in the Shetland ballad and Gudrun) as a departure from the older story. But we have the rival in Helgi Hundingslayer. The proper marplot in this lay is Blind the Ill-witted (Odin), whose part is sustained in 'Earl Brand' by the malicious Hood, in several Norwegian ballads by a very enigmatical "false Pál greive," in two other Norwegian ballads and one

Danish by an old man, and, what is most remarkable, in the Shetland ballad by the rejected lover of Hildina (the Sir Nilas of Danish D, Hertug Nilssón of some Norwegian copies), who bears the name Hiluge, interpreted with great probability by Conrad Hofmann (Munich Sitzungsberichte, 1867, II, 209, note), Illhugi, der Bössinnige, evil-minded (Icelandic illhugaðr, illúðigr.)

† Inimicitias Othinus serit, Saxo, p. 142, ed. 1644. See Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, I, 120, note 2, III, 56, new ed., for Odin's bad points, though some of Grimm's interpretations might now be objected to.

blood." (Faye, as above, p. 49, note.) A nix is baffled in the same way in a Færoe and an Icelandic ballad cited by Grundtvig, II, 57.

The marvellous horse Blak agrees to carry Waldemar [Hildebrand] over a great piece of water for the rescue of his daughter [sister], stipulating, however, that his name shall not be uttered. The rider forgets himself in a panic, calls to the horse by his name, and is thrown off into the water. The horse, whose powers had been supernatural, and who had been *running* over the water as if it were land, has now only ordinary strength, and is forced to swim. He brings the lady back on the same terms, which she keeps, but when he reaches the land he is bleeding at every hair, and falls dead. (Landstad, 58; Grundtvig, 62; Afzelius, 59, preface; Kristensen, I, No 66.)

Klaufi, a berserker, while under the operation of his peculiar fury, loses his strength, and can no longer wield the weapon he was fighting with, upon Gríss's crying out, "Klaufi, Klaufi, be not so mad!" (Svarfdæla Saga, p. 147, and again p. 156 f.) So the blood-thirst of the avenger's sword in the magnificent Danish ballad 'Hævnersværdet' is restrained by naming. (Grundtvig, No 25, st. 35.) Again, men engaged in *hamfarir*, that is in roving about in the shape of beasts, their proper bodies remaining lifeless the while, must not be called by name, for this might compel them to return at once to their own shape, or possibly prevent their ever doing so. (Kristni Saga, ed. 1773, p. 149. R. T. King, in Notes and Queries, 2d Ser., II, 506.) Grundtvig remarks that this belief is akin to what is related in Fáfnismál (prose interpolation after st. 1), that Sigurd concealed his name by reason of a belief in old times that a dying man's word had great power, if he cursed his foe by name. (D. g. F., II, 340.)

The beautiful fancy of plants springing from the graves of star-crossed lovers, and signifying by the intertwining of stems or leaves, or in other analogous ways, that an earthly passion has not been extinguished by death, presents itself, as is well known, very frequently in popular poetry. Though the graves be made far apart, even on opposite sides of

the church, or one to the north and one to the south outside of the church, or one without kirk wall and one in the choir, however separated, the vines or trees seek one another out, and mingle their branches or their foliage:

"Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires!"

The principal ballads which exhibit this conception in one or another form are the following:

In English, 'The Douglas Tragedy,' 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William,' 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' 'Fair Janet,' 'Prince Robert,' 'Lord Lovel.' The plants in all these are either a brier and a rose, or a brier and a birk.

**Swedish.** Arwidsson, No 73: the graves are made east and west of the church, a linden grows from each, the trees meet over the church roof. So E. Wigström, Folkdiktning, No 20, p. 42. Arwidsson 74 A: Rosea Lilla and the duke are buried south and north in the church-yard. A rose from her grave covers his with its leaves. The duke is then laid in her grave, from which a linden springs. 74 B: the rose as before, and a linden from the duke's grave. Arwidsson, 72, 68, Afzelius, No 19 (new ed., 18), 23 (new ed., 21, 1, 2): a common grave, with a linden, two trees, or lilies, and, in the last, roses also growing from the mouths of both lovers. In one version the linden leaves bear the inscription, My father shall answer to me at doomsday.

**Norwegian.** Landstad, 65: the lovers are laid north and south of the church; lilies grow over the church roof.

**Danish.** Danske Viser, 124, 153, two roses. Kristensen, II, No 60, two lilies, interlocking over church wall and ridge. 61 B, C (= Afzelius, 19), separate graves; B, a lily from each grave; C, a flower from each breast. Grundtvig, 184 G, 271 N, a linden; Danske Folkeminder, 1861, p. 81, two lilies.

**German.** 'Der Ritter u. die Maid,' (1) Nicolai, I, No 2, = Kretzschmer, I, 54; (2) Uhland, 97 A, Simrock, 12; (3) Erk's Lied-erhort, 26; Hoffmann u. Richter, 4: the lovers are buried together, and there grow from



their grave (1) three pinks, (2) three lilies, (3) two lilies. Wunderhorn, 1857, I, 53, Mittler, No 91: the maid is buried in the churchyard, the knight under the gallows. A lily grows from his grave, with an inscription, *Beid wären beisammen im Himmel*. Ditfurth, II, 7: two lilies spring from her (or their) grave, bearing a similar inscription. In Haupt and Schmalzer, *Volkslieder der Wenden*, I, 136, from the German, rue is *planted* on the maid's grave, in accordance with the last words of the knight, and the same inscription appears on one of the leaves.

'Graf Friedrich,' Uhland, 122, Wunderhorn, II, 293, Mittler, 108, Erk's *Liederhort*, 15 a: Graf Friedrich's bride is by accident mortally wounded while he is bringing her home. Her father kills him, and he is dragged at a horse's heels. Three lilies spring from his grave, with an inscription, *Er wär bei Gott geblieben*. He is then buried with his bride, the transfer being attended with other miraculous manifestations. Other versions, Hoffmann u. Richter, 19, = Mittler, 112, = *Liederhort*, 15; Mittler, 113, 114; also Meinert, 23, = Mittler, 109, etc.: the lilies in most of these growing from the *bride's* grave, with words attesting the knight's innocence.

Lilies with inscriptions also in Wunderhorn, II, p. 251, = Mittler, 128, 'Alle bei Gott die sich lieben;' Mittler, 130; Ditfurth, II, 4, 9; Scherer, *Jungbrunnen*, 9 A, 25; Pogatschnigg und Hermann, 1458. Three lilies from a maid's grave: 'Die schwazbraune Hexe' ('Es blies ein Jäger'), Nicolai, I, 8; Wunderhorn, I, 36; Gräter's *Bräur*, I, 280; Uhland, 103; *Liederhort*, 9; Simrock, 93; Fiedler, p. 158; Ditfurth, II, 33, 34; Reifferscheid, 15, etc. Three roses, Hoffmann u. Richter, 171, p. 194; three pinks, *ib.*, 172; rose, pink, lily, *Alemannia*, IV, 35. Three lilies from a man's grave: 'Der Todwunde:' Schade, *Bergreien*, 10, = Uhland, 93 A, = *Liederhort*, 34 g, = Mittler, 47, etc.

Portuguese. 'Conde Nillo,' 'Conde Niño,' Almeida-Garrett, III, No 18, at p. 21; Braga, *Rom. Geral*, No 14, at p. 38, = Hartung, I, 217: the infanta is buried at the foot of the

high altar, Conde Nillo near the church door; a cypress and an orange [pines]. Almeida-Garrett, III, No 20, at p. 38: a sombre clump of pines over the knight, reeds from the princess's grave, which, though cut down, shoot again, and are heard sighing in the night. Braga, *Archip. Açor.*, 'Filha Maria,' 'Dom Doardos,' 'A Ermida no Mar,' Nos 32, 33, 34, Hartung, I, 220-224; Estacio da Veiga, 'Dom Diniz,' p. 64-67, = Hartung, I, 217, 2: tree and pines, olive and pines, clove-tree and pine, roses and canes: in all, new miracles follow the cutting down. So also Almeida-Garrett, No 6, I, 167.

Roumanian. Alecsandri, 7, Stanley, p. 16, 'Ring and Handkerchief,' translated by Stanley, p. 193, Murray, p. 56: a fir and a vine, which meet over the church.

French. Beaurepaire, *Poésie pop. en Normandie*, p. 51: a thorn and an olive are *planted* over the graves; the thorn embraces the olive.

Romaic. Passow, Nos 414, 415, 456, 469; Zambelios, p. 754, No 41; Tommaseo, *Canti Popolari*, III, 135; Chasiotis, p. 103, No 22: a cypress from the man's grave, a reed from the maid's (or from a common tomb); reversed in Passow, Nos 418, 470, and Schmidt, *Griechische Märchen*, u. s. w., No 59, p. 203. Sakellarios, p. 25, No 9, cypress and apple-tree; p. 38, No 13, cypress and lemon-tree. (F. Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, pp. 166, 168, 182, 183.)

Servian. Talvj, V. L. der Serben, II, p. 85: a fir and a rose; the rose twines round the fir.

Wend. Haupt and Schmalzer, V. L. der Wenden, II, No 48: a maid, who kills herself on account of the death of her lover, orders two grape vines *to be planted* over their graves: the vines intertwine.

Breton. Luzel, I, p. 423: a fleur-de-lis springs from a common tomb, and is always in flower, however often it is plucked.

Italo-Albanian. De Rada, *Rapsodie d'un poema albanese*, etc., p. 47: the youth comes up (nacque) a cypress; the maid a white vine, which clings around the tree. Camarda, *Appendice al saggio di grammatologia comparata*, 'Angelina,' p. 112, the same; but inappropri-

ately, as Liebrecht has remarked, fidelity in love being wanting in this case.

**Magyar.** The lovers are buried before and behind the altar; white and red lilies spring from the tombs; mother or father destroys or attempts to destroy the plants: Aigner, *Ungarische Volksdichtungen*, 2d ed., at p. 92, p. 138, 131 f. Again, at p. 160, of the 'Two Princes' (Hero and Leander): here a white and a red tulip are *planted* over the graves, in a garden, and it is expressly said that the souls of the enamored pair passed into the tulips. In the first piece the miracle occurs twice. The lovers had thrown themselves into a deep lake; plants rose above the surface of the water and intertwined (p. 91); the bodies were brought up by divers and buried in the church, where the marvel was repeated.

**Afghan.** Audam and Doorkhaunee, a poem "read, repeated, and sung, through all parts of the country," Elphinstone's *Account of the Kingdom of Caubul*, 1815, p. 185 f: two trees spring from their remains, and the branches mingle over their tomb. First cited by Talvj, *Versuch*, p. 140.

**Kurd.** Mem and Zin, a poem of Ahméd Xāni, died 1652-3: two rose bushes spring from their graves and interlock. *Bulletin de la classe des sciences historiques, etc., de l'acad. impér. des sciences de St. Pétersbourg*, tome xv, No 11, p. 170.

The idea of the love-animated plants has been thought to be derived from the romance of Tristan, where it also occurs; agreeably to a general principle, somewhat hastily assumed, that when romances and popular ballads have anything in common, priority belongs to the romances. The question as to precedence in this instance is an open one, for the fundamental conception is not less a favorite with ancient Greek than with mediæval imagination.

Tristan and Isolde had unwittingly drunk of a magical potion which had the power to induce an indestructible and ever-increasing love. Tristan died of a wound received in one

of his adventures, and Isolde of a broken heart, because, though summoned to his aid, she arrived too late for him to profit by her medical skill. They were buried in the same church. According to the French prose romance, a green brier issued from Tristan's tomb, mounted to the roof, and, descending to Isolde's tomb, made its way within. King Marc caused the brier to be cut down three several times, but the morning after it was as flourishing as before.\*

Eilhart von Oberge, vv. 9509-21 (ed. Lichtenstein, *Quellen u. Forschungen*, xix, 429) and the German prose romance (Busching u. von der Hagen, *Buch der Liebe*, c. 60), Ulrich von Thürheim, vv. 3546-50, and Heinrich von Freiberg, vv. 6819-41 (in von der Hagen's ed. of G. v. Strassburg's *Tristan*) make King Marc *plant*, the first two a grape-vine over Tristan and a rose over Isolde, the others, wrongly, the rose over Tristan and the vine over Isolde. These plants, according to Heinrich, struck their roots into the hearts of the lovers below, while their branches embraced above. Icelandic ballads and an Icelandic saga represent Tristan's wife as forbidding the lovers to be buried in the same grave, and ordering them to be buried on opposite sides of the church. Trees spring from their bodies and meet over the church roof. (*Íslensk Fornkvæði*, 23 A, B, C, D; *Saga af Tristram ok Ísönd*, Brynjulfson, p. 199; *Tristrams Saga ok Ísöndar*, Kölbing, p. 112). The later Titarel imitates the conclusion of Tristan. (*Der jüngere Titarel*, ed. Hahn, sts 5789, 5790.)

Among the miracles of the Virgin there are several which are closely akin to the prodigies already noted. A lily is found growing from the mouth of a clerk, who, though not leading an exemplary life, had every day said his ave before the image of Mary: Unger, *Mariu Saga*, No 50; Berceo, No 3; *Miracles de N.-D. de Chartres*, p. lxxiii, No 29, and p. 239; *Marien-legenden* (Stuttgart, 1846), No xi and p. 269. A rose springs from the grave and

\* Et de la tombe de monseigneur Tristan yssoit une ronce belle et verte et bien feuillue, qui alloit par dessus la chapelle, et descendoit le bout de la ronce sur la tombe de la royne Yseult, et entroit dedans. La virent les gens du pays

et la comptèrent au roy Marc. Le roy la fist couper par troys foys, et quant il l'avoit le jour fait couper, le lendemain estoit aussi belle comme avoit aultre fois esté. Fol. cxxiv, as cited by Braga, *Rom. Ger.*, p. 185.



roots in the heart of a knight who had spared the honor of a maid because her name was Mary: Unger, No clvi, Hagen's *Gesammtabenteuer*, lxxiii. Roses inscribed Maria grow from the mouth, eyes, and ears of a monk: Unger, cxxxvii; and a lily grows over a monk's grave, springing from his mouth, every leaf of which bears Ave Maria in golden letters: Unger, cxxxviii; *Gesammtabenteuer*, lxxxviii; *Libro de Exemplos*, Romania, 1878, p. 509, 43, 44; etc., etc.

No one can fail to be reminded of the purple, lily-shaped flower, inscribed with the mournful AI AI, that rose from the blood of Hyacinthus, and of the other from the blood of Ajax, with the same letters, "his name and eke his plaint," hæc nominis, illa querellæ. (Ovid, *Met.* x, 210 ff; xiii, 394 ff.) The northern lindens have their counterpart in the elms from the grave of Protesilaus, and in the trees into which Philemon and Baucis were transformed. See, upon the whole subject, the essay of Koberstein in the *Weimar Jahrbuch*, I, 73 ff, with Köhler's supplement, p. 479 ff; Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, II, 689 f, and III, 246.

"The ballad of the 'Douglas Tragedy,'" says Scott, "is one of the few to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality. The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There are the remains of a very an-

cient tower, adjacent to the farm-house, in a wild and solitary glen, upon a torrent named Douglas burn, which joins the Yarrow after passing a craggy rock called the Douglas craig. . . . From this ancient tower Lady Margaret is said to have been carried by her lover. Seven large stones, erected upon the neighboring heights of Blackhouse, are shown, as marking the spot where the seven brethren were slain; and the Douglas burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink: so minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event."

The localities of the Danish story were ascertained, to her entire satisfaction, by Anne Krabbe in 1605-6, and are given again in Ressen's *Atlas Danicus*, 1677. See Grundtvig, II, 342 f.

B, Scott's 'Douglas Tragedy,' is translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, No 11; Afzelius, III, 86; Schubart, p. 159; Talvj, p. 565; Wolff, Halle, I, 76, *Hauschatz*, p. 201; Rosa Warrens, No 23; Gerhard, p. 28; Loève Veimars, p. 292.

'Ribold og Guldberg,' Danish B, is translated by Buchanan, p. 16 (loosely); G by Jamieson, *Illustrations*, p. 317, and Prior, II, 400; T by Prior, II, 407; Swedish A, *For. Quart. Rev.*, xxv, 41. 'Hildebrand og Hilde,' Danish A, B, F, H, by Prior, II, 411-20.

## A

a, b, from the papers of the late Robert White, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne: c, R. Bell, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, etc.* (1857), p. 122: d, fragmentary lines as remembered by Mrs Andrews, Mr White's sister, from her mother's singing.

1 OH did ye ever hear o brave Earl Bran?  
Ay lally, o lilly lally  
He courted the king's daughter of fair Eng-  
land.  
All i the night sae early

2 She was scarcely fifteen years of age.  
Till sae boldly she came to his bedside.

3 'O Earl Bran, fain wad I see  
A pack of hounds let loose on the lea.'

4 'O lady, I have no steeds but one,  
And thou shalt ride, and I will run.'

5 'O Earl Bran, my father has two,  
And thou shall have the best o them a.'

6 They have ridden oer moss and moor,  
And they met neither rich nor poor.

7 Until they met with old Carl Hood;  
He comes for ill, but never for good.

- 8 'Earl Bran, if ye love me,  
Seize this old earl, and gar him die.'
- 9 'O lady fair, it wad be sair,  
To slay an old man that has grey hair.
- 10 'O lady fair, I'll no do sae ;  
I'll gie him a pound, and let him gae.'
- 11 'O where hae ye ridden this lee lang day ?  
Or where hae ye stolen this lady away ?'
- 12 'I have not ridden this lee lang day,  
Nor yet have I stolen this lady away.
- 13 'She is my only, my sick sister,  
Whom I have brought from Winchester.'
- 14 'If she be sick, and like to dead,  
Why wears she the ribbon sae red ?
- 15 'If she be sick, and like to die,  
Then why wears she the gold on high ?'
- 16 When he came to this lady's gate,  
Sae rudely as he rapped at it.
- 17 'O where 's the lady o this ha ?'  
'She 's out with her maids to play at the ba.'
- 18 'Ha, ha, ha ! ye are a' mistaen :  
Gae count your maidens oer again.
- 19 'I saw her far beyond the moor,  
Away to be the Earl o Bran's whore.'
- 20 The father armed fifteen of his best men,  
To bring his daughter back again.
- 21 Oer her left shoulder the lady looked then :  
'O Earl Bran, we both are tane.'
- 22 'If they come on me ane by ane,  
Ye may stand by and see them slain.
- 23 'But if they come on me one and all,  
Ye may stand by and see me fall.'
- 24 They have come on him ane by ane,  
And he has killed them all but ane.
- 25 And that ane came behind his back,  
And he 's gien him a deadly whack.
- 26 But for a' sae wounded as Earl Bran was,  
He has set his lady on her horse.
- 27 They rode till they came to the water o Doune,  
And then he alighted to wash his wounds.
- 28 'O Earl Bran, I see your heart's blood !'  
'T is but the gleat o my scarlet hood.'
- 29 They rode till they came to his mother's gate,  
And sae rudely as he rapped at it.
- 30 'O my son's slain, my son's put down,  
And a' for the sake of an English loun.'
- 31 'O say not sae, my dear mother,  
But marry her to my youngest brother.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 32 'This has not been the death o ane,  
But it's been that of fair seventeen.'
- \* \* \* \* \*

## B

Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III, 246, ed. 1803; III, 6, ed. 1833: the copy principally used supplied by Mr Sharpe, the three last stanzas from a penny pamphlet and from tradition.

- 1 'RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas,' she says,  
'And put on your armour so bright ;  
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine  
Was married to a lord under night.
- 2 'Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
And put on your armour so bright,

And take better care of your youngest sister,  
For your eldest 's awa the last night.'

- 3 He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
And lightly they rode away.
- 4 Lord William lookit oer his left shoulder,  
To see what he could see,  
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,  
Come riding over the lee.

- 5 'Light down, light down, Lady Margret,' he  
said,  
'And hold my steed in your hand,  
Until that against your seven brethren bold,  
And your father, I mak a stand.'
- 6 She held his steed in her milk-white hand,  
And never shed one tear,  
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa,  
And her father hard fighting, who lovd her  
so dear.
- 7 'O hold your hand, Lord William!' she said,  
'For your strokes they are wondrous sair;  
True lovers I can get many a ane,  
But a father I can never get mair.'
- 8 O she's taen out her handkerchief,  
It was o the holland sae fine,  
And aye she dighted her father's bloody  
wounds,  
That were redder than the wine.
- 9 'O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margret,' he said,  
'O whether will ye gang or bide?'  
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,' she said,  
'For ye have left me no other guide.'
- 10 He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
And slowly they baith rade away.
- 11 O they rade on, and on they rade,  
And a' by the light of the moon,  
Until they came to yon wan water,  
And there they lighted down.
- 12 They lighted down to tak a drink  
Of the spring that ran sae clear,  
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,  
And sair she gan to fear.
- 13 'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,  
'For I fear that you are slain;'  
'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet  
cloak,  
That shines in the water sac plain.'
- 14 O they rade on, and on they rade,  
And a' by the light of the moon,  
Until they cam to his mother's ha door,  
And there they lighted down.
- 15 'Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,  
'Get up, and let me in!  
Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,  
'For this night my fair lady I've win.'
- 16 'O mak my bed, lady mother,' he says,  
'O mak it braid and deep,  
And lay Lady Margret close at my back,  
And the sounder I will sleep.'
- 17 Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,  
Lady Margret lang ere day,  
And all true lovers that go thegither,  
May they have mair luck than they!
- 18 Lord William was buried in St. Mary's  
kirk,  
Lady Margret in Mary's quire;  
Out o the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,  
And out o the knight's a briar.
- 19 And they twa met, and they twa plat,  
And fain they wad be near;  
And a' the warld might ken right weel  
They wère twa lovers dear.
- 20 But bye and rade the Black Douglas,  
And wow but he was rough!  
For he pulld up the bonny brier,  
And flang 't in St. Mary's Loch.

## C

Motherwell's MS., p. 502. From the recitation of Mrs  
Notman.

- 1 'RISE up, rise up, my seven brave sons,  
And dress in your armour so bright;  
Earl Douglas will hae Lady Margaret awa  
Before that it be light.
- 2 'Arise, arise, my seven brave sons,  
And dress in your armour so bright;  
It shall never be said that a daughter of  
mine  
Shall go with an earl or a knight.'
- 3 'O will ye stand, fair Margaret,' he says,  
'And hold my milk-white steed,

- Till I fight your father and seven brethren,  
In yonder pleasant mead ?'
- 4 She stood and held his milk-white steed,  
She stood trembling with fear,  
Until she saw her seven brethren fall,  
And her father that loved her dear.
- 5 'Hold your hand, Earl Douglas,' she says,  
'Your strokes are wonderous sair ;  
I may get sweethearts again enew,  
But a father I'll ne'er get mair.'
- 6 She took out a handkerchief  
Was made o' the cambrick fine,  
And aye she wiped her father's bloody wounds,  
And the blood sprung up like wine.
- 7 'Will ye go, fair Margaret ?' he said,  
'Will ye now go, or bide ?'  
'Yes, I'll go, sweet William,' she said,  
'For ye've left me never a guide.
- 8 'If I were to go to my mother's house,  
A welcome guest I would be ;  
But for the bloody deed that's done this day  
I'll rather go with thee.'
- 9 He lifted her on a milk-white steed  
And himself on a dapple gray ;  
They drew their hats out over their face,  
And they both went weeping away.
- 10 They rode, they rode, and they better rode,  
Till they came to yon water wan ;  
They lighted down to gie their horse a drink  
Out of the running stream.
- 11 'I am afraid, Earl Douglas,' she said,  
'I am afraid ye are slain ;'
- I think I see your bonny heart's blood  
Running down the water wan.'
- 12 'Oh no, oh no, fair Margaret,' he said,  
'Oh no, I am not slain ;  
It is but the scad of my scarlet cloak  
Runs down the water wan.'
- 13 He mounted her on a milk-white steed  
And himself on a dapple gray,  
And they have reached Earl Douglas' gates  
Before the break of day.
- 14 'O rise, dear mother, and make my bed,  
And make it braid and wide,  
And lay me down to take my rest,  
And at my back my bride.'
- 15 She has risen and made his bed,  
She made it braid and wide ;  
She laid him down to take his rest,  
And at his back his bride.
- 16 Lord William died ere it was day,  
Lady Margaret on the morrow ;  
Lord William died through loss of blood and  
wounds,  
Fair Margaret died with sorrow.
- 17 The one was buried in Mary's kirk,  
The other in Mary's quire ;  
The one sprung up a bonnie bush,  
And the other a bonny brier.
- 18 These twa grew, and these twa threw,  
Till they came to the top,  
And when they could na farther gae,  
They coost the lovers' knot.

## D

Kinloch MSS, I, 327.

- 1 'SLEEPST thou or wakst thou, Lord Montgom-  
erie,  
Sleepst thou or wakst thou, I say ?  
Rise up, make a match for your eldest daugh-  
ter,  
For the youngest I carry away.'
- 2 'Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
Dress yourselves in the armour sae fine ;
- For it ne'er shall be said that a churlish knight  
Eer married a daughter of mine.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 3 'Loup aff, loup aff, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
'And hold my steed in your hand,  
And I will go fight your seven brethren,  
And your father, where they stand.'
- 4 Sometimes she gaed, sometimes she stood,  
But never dropt a tear,  
Until she saw her brethren all slain,  
And her father who lovd her so dear.

- 5 'Hold thy hand, sweet William,' she says,  
 'Thy blows are wondrous sore ;  
 Sweethearts I may have many a one,  
 But a father I'll never have more.'
- 6 O she's taken her napkin frae her pocket,  
 Was made o the holland fine,  
 And ay as she dighted her father's bloody  
 wounds,  
 They sprang as red as the wine.
- 7 'Two chooses, two ehooses, Lady Margret,'  
 he says,  
 'Two chooses I'll make thee ;  
 Whether to go back to your mother again,  
 Or go along with me.'
- 8 'For to go home to my mother again,  
 An nnwelcome guest I'd be ;  
 But since my fate has ordered it so,  
 I'll go along with thee.'

- 9 He has mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself on the dapple gray,  
And blawn his horn baith loud and shill,  
And it sounded far on their way.
- #
- 10 They rode oer hill, they rode oer dale,  
They rode oer mountains so high,  
Until they came to that beautiful place  
Where Sir William's mother did lie.
- 11 'Rise up, rise up, lady mother,' he said,  
'Rise up, and make much o your own ;  
Rise up, rise up, lady mother,' he said,  
'For his bride's just new come home.'
- 12 Sir William he died in the middle o the night,  
Lady Margaret died on the morrow ;  
Sir William he died of pure pure love,  
Lady Margaret of grief and sorrow.

# E

**Motherwell's Minstrelsy**, p. 180. From recitation.

- 1 HE has lookit over his left shoulder,  
And through his bonnie bridle rein,  
And he spy'd her father and her seven bold  
brethren,  
Come riding down the glen.
- 2 'O hold my horse, Lady Margret,' he said,  
O hold my horse by the bonnie bridle rein,  
Till I fight your father and seven bold breth-  
ren,  
As they come riding down the glen.'
- 3 Some time she rade, and some time she gaed,  
Till she that place did near,

And there she spy'd her seven bold brethren  
slain,  
And her father who loved her so dear.

- 4 'O hold your hand, sweet William,' she said,  
 'Your bull baits are wondrous sair ;  
 Sweet-hearts I may get many a one,  
 But a father I will never get mair.'
- 5 She has taken a napkin from off her neck,  
 That was of the cambrick so fine,  
 And aye as she wiped her father's bloody  
 wounds,  
 The blood ran red as the wine.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 6 He set her upon the milk-white steed,  
 Himself upon the brown ;  
 He took a horn out of his pocket,  
 And they both went weeping along.

## F

Percy MS., p. 57 ; ed. Hales and Furnivall, I, 133.

- 1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 Sayes ‘ Christ thee saue, good Child of Ell !  
 Christ saue thee and thy steede !

- 2 'My father sayes he will [eat] noe meate,  
Nor his drinke shall doe him noe good,  
Till he haue slaine the Child of Ell,  
And haue seene his harts blood.'
- 3 'I wold I were in my sadle sett,  
And a mile out of the towne ;

- I did not care for your father  
And all his merry men!
- 4 'I wold I were in my saddle sett,  
And a little space him froe;  
I did not care for your father  
And all that long him to!'
- 5 He leaned ore his saddle bow  
To kisse this lady good;  
The teares *that* went them *two* betweene  
Were blend water and blood.
- 6 He sett himselfe on one good steed,  
This lady on a palfray,  
And sett his litle horne to his mouth,  
And roundlie he rode away.
- 7 He had not ridden past a mile,  
A mile out of the towne,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 8 Her father was readye with her *seuen* brether,  
He said, 'Sett thou my daughter downe!  
For it ill beseemes thee, thou false churles  
sonne,  
To carry her forth of this towne!'
- 9 'But lowd thou lvest, Sir Iohn the *knight*,  
Thou now doest lye of me;  
A knight me gott, and a lady me bore;  
Soe neuer did none by thee.
- 10 'But light now downe, my lady gay,  
Light downe and hold my horsse,  
Whilest I and your father and your brether  
Doe play vs at this crosse.
- 11 'But light now downe, my owne trew loue,  
And meeklye hold my steede,  
Whilest your father [and your *seuen* brether]  
bold  
\* \* \* \* \*

A. a, b. *Obtained from recitation "many years ago," wrote Mr White in 1873, by James Telfer, of Laughtree Liddesdale, in some part of the neighboring country: the copy has the date 1818. c is said by the editor to have been taken down from the recitation of an old fiddler in Northumberland, but when and by whom he does not tell us. The three are clearly more or less "corrected" copies of the same original, c having suffered most from arbitrary changes. Alterations for rhyme's sake, or for propriety's, that are written above the lines or in the margin of a 2, 5, 8, 19, are adopted in c without advertisement.*

Burden. b. I the brave night sae early: c. I the brave nights so early: d. I (or O) the life o the one, the randy.

1<sup>1</sup>. c. Brand, and always in c. 1<sup>2</sup>. a. daughters. b. He's courted.

2<sup>1</sup>. c. years that tide; that tide is written over of age in a. 2<sup>2</sup>. c. When sae.

4<sup>2</sup>. c. But thou.

5<sup>2</sup>. b. best o these. c. best of tho. of tho is written over o them a in a.

6<sup>2</sup>. b, c. have met.

7<sup>1</sup>. c. Till at last they met. 7<sup>2</sup>. c. He's aye for ill and never.

8<sup>1</sup>. b. O Earl Bran. c. Now Earl Brand. Now in the margin of a. 8<sup>2</sup>. b, c. Slay this.

9<sup>2</sup>. b. man that wears. c. earl that wears. earl . . wears written over man . . has in a.

10. b. O lady fair, I'll no do that,  
I'll pay him penny, let him be jobbing at.

c. My own lady fair, I'll not do that,  
I'll pay him his fee

11<sup>2</sup>. b. where have stohn this fair. c. And where have ye stown this fair.

13. b. She is my sick sister,  
Which I newly brought from Winches-ter.

c. For she is, I trow, my sick sister,  
Whom I have been bringing fra Win-chester.

14<sup>1</sup>. c. nigh to dead. 2. b, c. What makes her wear.

15<sup>1</sup>. c. If she's been. 2. b, c. What makes her wear the gold sae high.

16<sup>1</sup>. c. When came the earl to the lady's yett.  
2. b. rapped at. c. He rudely, rudely rapped thereat.

17<sup>2</sup>. b. maids playen. c. a playing. d. She's out with the fair maids playing at the ball.



- 18<sup>1</sup>. b. mistkane (?) : <sup>2</sup>. b, c. Ye may count.  
b<sup>2</sup>. young Earl.
19. c. I met her far beyond the lea  
With the young Earl Brand, his leman  
to be :  
*In a lea is written over moor, and  
With the young, etc., stands as a  
"correction."*
20. b. Her father, etc.,  
And they have riden after them.  
c. Her father of his best men armed fif-  
teen,  
And they're ridden after them bi-  
dene.
- 21<sup>1</sup>. b, c. The lady looket [looked] over  
[owre] her left shoulder then.
- 22<sup>1</sup>. b, c. If they come on me one by one,  
<sup>2</sup>. b. Ye may stand by and see them fall.  
c. You may stand by till the fights be  
done.  
d. Then I will slay them every one.
- 23<sup>1</sup>. b. all in all. d. all and all.  
<sup>2</sup>. d. Then you will see me the sooner fall.
- 24<sup>2</sup>. b. has slain.
24. c. They came upon him one by one,  
Till fourteen battles he has won.  
And fourteen men he has them slain,  
Each after each upon the plain.
25. c. But the fifteenth man behind stole  
round,  
And dealt him a deep and a deadly  
wound.
26. c. Though he was wounded to the deid,  
He set his lady on her steed.
- 27<sup>1</sup>. c. river Doune : <sup>2</sup>. b. And he lighted  
down. c. And there they lighted to wash  
his wound.
- 28<sup>2</sup>. b. It's but the glent.  
c. It's nothing but the glent and my scar-  
let hood.
- 29<sup>1</sup>. c. yett.
- 29<sup>2</sup>. b. Sae ruddly as he rappet at.  
c. So faint and feebly he rapped thereat.
- 30<sup>1</sup>. b. O my son's slain and cut down.  
c. O my son's slain, he is falling to swoon.

32. b. . . . death of only one,  
But it's been the death of fair seventeen.  
*Instead of 32, c has :*

To a maiden true he'll give his hand,  
To the king's daughter o fair England,  
To a prize that was won by a slain brother's  
brand.

- B. 3. *A stanza resembling this is found in Beau-  
mont and Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning  
Pestle' (1611), Dyce, II, 172, but may belong  
to some other ballad, as 'The Knight and Shep-  
herd's Daughter :'*

He set her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself upon a grey ;  
He never turned his face again,  
But he bore her quite away.

- 8<sup>4</sup>. ware. 18<sup>1</sup>. Marie. 20<sup>4</sup>. flang'd.
- C. 12<sup>3</sup>. MS. scâd.
- D. 10. *The following stanza, superscribed "Mrs  
Lindores, Kelso," was found among Mr Kin-  
lock's papers, and was inserted at I, 331, of  
the Kinlock MSS. It may be a first recollec-  
tion of D 10, but is more likely to be another  
version :*

' We raid over hill and we raid over dale,  
And we raid over mountains sae high,  
Until we cam in sicht o yon bonnie castle  
bowr  
Whare Sir William Arthur did lie.'

- E. 5-6. *"Two stanzas are here omitted, in which  
Lord William offers her the choice of return-  
ing to her mother, or of accompanying him ;  
and the ballad concludes with this [the 6th]  
stanza, which is twice repeated in singing."  
Motherwell's preface.*
- F. 3<sup>4</sup>. MS. merry men.  
6<sup>2</sup>. of one palfray.  
7, 8 are written in one stanza. Half a page,  
or about nine stanzas, is gone after st. 11.

## 8

## ERLINTON

A. 'Erlinton,' Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III, 235, ed. 1803.

C. 'Robin Hood and the Tanner's Daughter,' Gutch's *Robin Hood*, II, 345.

B. 'True Tammas,' Mr R. White's papers.

'ERLINTON' (A) first appeared in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the text formed "from the collation of two copies obtained from recitation." B is a manuscript copy, furnished by the late Mr Robert White of Newcastle, and was probably taken down from recitation by Mr James Telfer early in the century. C, in which Robin Hood has taken the place of a hero who had at least *connections* out of Great Britain, was first printed in Gutch's *Robin Hood*, from a manuscript of Mr Payne Collier, supposed to have been written about 1650.

This ballad has only with much hesitation been separated from the foregoing. In this as in that, a man induces a maid to go off with him; he is set upon by a party of fifteen in A, B, as in 7 A; and he spares the life of one of his assailants [an old man, A, B, the younger brother, C]. Some agreements as to details with Scandinavian Ribold ballads have already been noticed, and it has been observed that while there is no vestige of the dead-naming in 'Earl Brand,' there is an obvious trace of it in 'Erlinton' A, B. 'Erlinton' A, B has also one other correspondence not found in 'Earl Brand,'—the strict watch kept over the lady (st. 2). Even the bigly bower, expressly built to confine her in, is very likely a reminiscence or a displacement of the tower in which Hilde is shut up, *after* her elopement, in some of the Scandinavian ballads (Danish 83 A, B; Swedish A, dark house). But notwithstanding these resemblances to the Ribold story, there is a difference in the larger part of the details, and all the 'Erlinton' ballads have a fortunate conclusion, which also does not seem forced, as it does in Arwidson, 107, the only instance, perhaps, in which

a fortunate conclusion in a Ribold ballad is of the least account; for Grundtvig's F, G are manifestly copies that have been tampered with, and Landstad 34 is greatly confused at the close. It may be an absolute accident, but 'Erlinton' A, B has at least one point of contact with the story of Walter of Aquitania which is not found in 'Earl Brand.' This story requires to be given in brief on account of its kinship to both.

Walter, with his betrothed Hildegunde, fly from the court of Attila, at which they have both lived as hostages since their childhood, taking with them two boxes of jewels. Gunther, king of Worms, learns that a knight and lady, with a richly-laden horse, have passed the Rhine, and sets out in pursuit, with twelve of his best fighting men, resolved to capture the treasure. The fugitives, after a very long ride, make a halt in a forest, and Walter goes to sleep with his head on Hildegunde's knees. The lady meanwhile keeps watch, and rouses her lover when she perceives by the dust they raise that horsemen are approaching. Gunther sends one of his knights with a message demanding the surrender of the treasure. Walter scornfully refuses, but expresses a willingness to make the king a present of a hundred bracelets, or rings, of red gold, in token of his respect. The messenger is sent back with directions to take the treasure by force, if it should be refused again. Walter, having vainly offered a present of two hundred bracelets to avoid a conflict, is attacked by the knight, whom he slays. Ten others go the way of this first, and only the king and one of his troop, Hagen, a very distinguished knight and an old comrade of Walter, remain. These now attack Walter; the combat is long

and fierce; all three are seriously wounded, and finally so exhausted as to be forced to cease fighting. Walter and Hagen enter into a friendly talk while refreshing themselves with wine, and in the end Gunther\* is put on a horse and conducted home by Hagen, while Walter and Hildegunde continue their journey to Aquitania. There they were married and ruled thirty happy years. ('Waltharius,' ed. R. Peiper, 1873.)

The particular resemblances of 'Erlinton' A, B to 'Walter' are that the assailants are "bold knights," or "bravest outlaws," *not* the lady's kinsmen; that there are two parleys before the fight; and that the hero survives the fight and goes off with his love. The utmost that could be insisted on is that some features of the story of Walter have been blended in the course of tradition with the

kindred story of Ribold. 'Erlinton' C is much less like 'Walter,' and more like 'Ribold.'

The 'Sultan's Fair Daughter,' translated by Aigner, *Ungarische Volksdichtungen*, p. 93, 2d ed., has perhaps derived something from the Walter story. Two Magyars escape from the Sultan's prison by the aid of his daughter, under promise of taking her to Hungary. She often looks backwards, fearing pursuit. At last a large band overtake them. One of the Magyars guards the lady; the other assaults the Turks, of whom he leaves only one alive, to carry back information. One of the two has a love at home; the other takes the Sultan's daughter.

'Erlinton' is translated by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder*, No 24, and by Karl Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, No 12.

### A

Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III, 235, ed. 1803; ed. 1833, II, 353.  
Made up from two copies obtained from recitation.

- 1 ERLINTON had a fair daughter;  
I wat he weird her in a great sin;  
For he has built a bigly bower,  
An a' to put that lady in.
- 2 An he has warnd her sisters six,  
An sae has he her brethren se'en,  
Outher to watch her a' the night,  
Or else to seek her morn an een.
- 3 She hadna been i that bigly bower  
Na not a night but barely ane,  
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,  
Chappd at the door, cryin 'Peace within!'
- 4 'O whae is this at my bower door,  
That chaps sae late, nor kens the gin?'  
'O it is Willie, your ain true love,  
I pray you rise an let me in!'

- 5 'But in my bower there is a wake,  
An at the wake there is a wane;  
But I'll come to the green-wood the morn,  
Whar blooms the brier, by mornin dawn.'
- 6 Then she's gane to her bed again,  
Where she has layen till the cock crew  
thrice,  
Then she said to her sisters a',  
'Maidens, 't is time for us to rise.'
- 7 She pat on her back her silken gown,  
An on her breast a siller pin,  
An she's tane a sister in ilka hand,  
An to the green-wood she is gane.
- 8 She hadna walkd in the green-wood  
Na not a mile but barely ane,  
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,  
Whae frae her sisters has her taen.
- 9 He took her sisters by the hand,  
He kissd them baith, an sent them hame,

\* Gunther, as well remarked by Klee, 'Zur Hildesage,' p. 19, cannot have belonged originally to the Hildegunde saga. No sufficient motive is furnished for introducing him. In the Polish version of the story there is only one pursuer,

Arinoldus, whom Walter slays. Rischka, *Verhältniss der polnischen Sage von Walgierz Wdaly zu den deutschen Sagen von W. v. Aquitanien*, p. 8 ff.

- An he 's taen his true love him behind,  
And through the green-wood they are gane.
- 10 They hadna ridden in the bonnie green-wood  
Na not a mile but barely ane,  
When there came fifteen o the boldest knights  
That ever bare flesh, blood, or bane.
- 11 The foremost was an aged knight,  
He wore the grey hair on his chin :  
Says, ' Yield to me thy lady bright,  
An thou shalt walk the woods within.'
- 12 ' For me to yield my lady bright  
To such an aged knight as thee,  
People wad think I war gane mad,  
Or a' the courage flown frae me.'
- 13 But up then spake the second knight,  
I wat he spake right boustonslie :  
' Yield me thy life, or thy lady bright,  
Or here the tane of us shall die.'
- 14 ' My lady is my world's meed ;  
My life I winna yield to nane ;
- But if ye be men of your manhead,  
Ye'll only fight me ane by ane.'
- 15 He lighted aff his milk-white steed,  
An gae his lady him by the head,  
Sayn, ' See ye dinna change your cheer,  
Untill ye see my body bleed.'
- 16 He set his back unto an aik,  
He set his feet against a stane,  
An he has fought these fifteen men,  
An killd them a' but barely ane.
- 17 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
For he has left that aged knight,  
An a' to carry the tidings hame.
- 18 When he gaed to his lady fair,  
I wat he kissd her tenderlie :  
' Thou art mine ain love, I have thee  
bought ;  
Now we shall walk the green-wood  
free.'

## B

MS. of Robert White, Esq., of Newcastle, from James Telfer's collection.

- 1 THERE was a knight, an he had a daughter,  
An he wad wed her, wi muckle sin ;  
Sae he has biggit a bonnie bower, love,  
An a' to keep his fair daughter in.
- 2 But she hadna been in the bonnie bower,  
love,  
And no twa hours but barely ane,  
Till up started Tammas, her ain true lover,  
And O sae fain as he wad been in.
- 3 ' For a' sae weel as I like ye, Tammas,  
An for a' sae weel as I like the gin,  
I wadna for ten thousand pounds, love,  
Na no this night wad I let thee in.
- 4 ' But yonder is a bonnie greenwud,  
An in the greenwud there is a wauk,  
An I'll be there an sune the morn, love,  
It 's a' for my true love's sake.
- 5 ' On my right hand I'll have a glove, love,  
An on my left ane I'll have nane ;  
I'll have wi' me my sisters six, love,  
An we will wauk the wuds our lane.'
- 6 They hadna waukd in the bonnie greenwud,  
Na no an hour but barely ane,  
Till up start Tammas, her ain true lover,  
He 's taen her sisters her frae mang.
- 7 An he has kissed her sisters six, love,  
An he has sent them hame again,  
But he has keepit his ain true lover,  
Saying, ' We will wauk the wuds our lane.'
- 8 They hadna waukd in the bonnie greenwud  
Na no an hour but barely ane,  
Till up start fifteen o the bravest outlaws  
That ever bure either breath or bane.
- 9 An up bespake the foremost man, love,  
An O but he spake angrily :  
' Either your life — or your lady fair, sir,  
This night shall wauk the wuds wi me.'

10 'My lady fair, O I like her weel, sir,  
An O my life, but it lies me near!  
But before I lose my lady fair, sir,  
I'll rather lose my life sae dear.'

11 Then up bespak the second man, love,  
An aye he spake mair angrily,  
Saying, 'Baith your life, and your lady fair,  
sir,  
This night shall wauk the wuds wi me.'

12 'My lady fair, O I like her weel, sir,  
An O my life, but it lies me near!  
But before I lose my lady fair, sir,  
I'll rather lose my life sae dear.'

13 'But if ye'll be men to your manhood,  
As that I will be unto mine,

I'll fight ye every ane man by man,  
Till the last drop's blude I hae be slain.

14 'O sit ye down, my dearest dearie,  
Sit down and hold my noble steed,  
And see that ye never change your cheer  
Until ye see my body bleed.'

15 He's feughten a' the fifteen outlaws,  
The fifteen outlaws every ane,  
He's left naething but the auldest man  
To go and carry the tidings hame.

16 An he has gane to his dearest dear,  
An he has kissed her, cheek and chin,  
Saying, 'Thou art mine ain, I have bought  
thee dear,  
An we will wauk the wuds our lane.'

## C

Gutch's Robin Hood, II, 345, from a MS. of Mr. Payne Collier's, supposed to have been written about 1650.

1 As Robin Hood sat by a tree,  
He espied a prettie may,  
And when she chanced him to see,  
She turnd her head away.

2 'O feare me not, thou prettie mayde,  
And doe not flie from mee;  
I am the kindest man,' he said,  
'That ever eye did see.'

3 Then to her he did doffe his cap,  
And to her lowted low;  
'To meete with thee I hold it good hap,  
If thou wilt not say noe.'

4 Then he put his hand around her waste,  
Soe small, so tight, and trim,  
And after sought her lip to taste,  
And she to kissed him.

5 'Where dost thou dwell, my prettie maide?  
I prithee tell to me;  
'I am a tanner's daughter,' she said,  
'John Hobbes of Barneslee.'

6 'And whither goest thou, pretty maide?  
Shall I be thy true love?'

'If thou art not afeard,' she said,  
'My true love thou shalt prove.'

7 'What should I feare?' then he replied;  
'I am thy true love now;  
'I have two brethren, and their pride  
Would scorn such one as thou.'

8 'That will we try,' quoth Robin Hood;  
'I was not made their scorne;  
He shed my blood to doe the[e] good,  
As sure as they were borne.'

9 'My brothers are proude and fierce and strong;  
'I am,' said he, 'the same,  
And if they offer thee to wrong,  
Theyle finde He play their game.'

10 'Through the free forrest I can run,  
The king may not controll;  
They are but barking tanners' sons,  
To me they shall pay toll.'

11 'And if not mine be sheepe and kine,  
I have cattle on my land;  
On venison eche day I may dine,  
Whiles they have none in hand.'

12 These wordes had Robin Hood scarce spoke,  
When they two men did see,  
Come riding till their horses smoke:  
'My brothers both,' cried shee.

- 13 Each had a good sword by his side,  
And furiously they rode  
To where they Robin Hood espied,  
That with the maiden stood.
- 14 'Flee hence, flee hence, away with speede !'  
Cried she to Robin Hood,  
'For if thou stay, thoult surely bleede ;  
I could not see thy blood.'
- 15 'With us, false maiden, come away,  
And leave that outlawe bolde ;  
Why fledst thou from thy home this day,  
And left thy father olde ?'
- 16 Robin stept backe but paces five,  
Unto a sturdie tree ;  
'He fight whiles I am left alive ;  
Stay thou, sweete maide, with mee.'
- 17 He stood before, she stode behinde,  
The brothers two drewe nie ;  
'Our sister now to us resign,  
Or thou full sure shalt die.'
- 18 Then cried the maide, 'My brethren deare,  
With ye He freely wend,  
But harm not this young forrester,  
Noe ill doth he pretend.'
- 19 'Stande up, sweete maide, I plight my troth ;  
Fall thou not on thy knee ;  
He force thy cruell brothers both  
To bend the knee to thee.
- 20 'Stand thou behinde this sturdie oke,  
I soone will quell their pride ;  
Thoult see my sword with furie smoke,  
And in their hearts' blood died.'
- 21 He set his backe against a tree,  
His foote against a stone ;  
The first blow that he gave so free  
Cleft one man to the bone.
- 22 The tanners bold they fought right well,  
And it was one to two ;
- But Robin did them both refell,  
All in the damsell's viewe.
- 23 The red blood ran from Robins brow,  
All downe unto his knee ;  
'O holde your handes, my brethren now,  
I will goe backe with yee.'
- 24 'Stand backe, stand backe, my pretty maide,  
Stand backe and let me fight ;  
By sweete St. James be no[t] afraide  
But I will it requite.'
- 25 Then Robin did his sword uplift,  
And let it fall againe ;  
The oldest brothers head it cleft,  
Right through unto his braine.
- 26 'O hold thy hand, bolde forrester,  
Or ill may thee betide ;  
Slay not my youngest brother here,  
He is my father's pride.'
- 27 'Away, for I would scorne to owe,  
My life to the[e], false maide !'  
The youngest cried, and aimed a blow  
That lit on Robin's head.
- 28 Then Robin leand against the tree,  
His life nie gone did seeme ;  
His eyes did swim, he could not see  
The maiden start betweene.
- 29 It was not long ere Robin Hood  
Could welde his sword so bright ;  
Upon his feete he firmly stood,  
And did renew the fight.
- 30 Untill the tanner scarce could heave  
His weapon in the aire ;  
But Robin would not him bereave  
Of life, and left him there.
- 31 Then to the greenwood did he fly,  
And with him went the maide ;  
For him she vould that she would dye,  
He'd live for her, he said.

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A. 4<sup>2</sup>. *Ed.* 1833 has or kens.

B. 1<sup>2</sup>. If A 1<sup>2</sup> be right, gross injustice is done the father by changing I wat he weird her into he

wad wed her. One of the two is a singular corruption.

There is another copy of B among Mr White's

*papers, with the title 'Sir Thamas,' which I have no doubt has been "revised," whether by Telfer, or by Mr White himself, it is impossible to say. The principal variations are here given, that others may be satisfied.*

- 1<sup>2</sup>. wed her mang his ain kin. 1<sup>4</sup>. this fair.  
 2<sup>3</sup>. Till up cam Thamas her only true love.  
 3<sup>2</sup>. O tirl nae langer at the pin. 3<sup>3</sup>. I wadna  
 for a hundred pounds, love. 3<sup>4</sup>. can I.  
 4<sup>3</sup>. fu soon. 4<sup>4</sup>. And by oursels we twa can  
 talk.  
 5<sup>1,2</sup>. I'll hae a glove on my right hand, love,  
 And on my left I shall hae nane.  
 6<sup>2,4</sup>. Beyond an hour, or scarcely twa,  
 When up rode Thamas, her only true love,  
 And he has tane her frae mang them a'.  
 7<sup>1</sup>. He kissed her sisters, a' the six, love. 7<sup>3</sup>.  
 his winsome true love. 7<sup>4</sup>. That they might  
 walk.  
 8<sup>1</sup>. didna walk.  
 8<sup>2,4</sup>. Beyond two hours, or barely three,  
 Till up cam seven \* stalwart outlaws,  
 The bauldest fellows that ane could see.

\* "The original ballad had fifteen. Seven would do as well, and the latter number would seem more nearly to resemble the truth."

- 9<sup>3</sup>. We'll take your life, for this lady fair, sir.  
 10<sup>1</sup>. My lady's fair, I like her weel, sir.  
 11<sup>2,3</sup>. And he spak still mair furiously;  
 'Flee, or we'll kill ye, because your lady.  
 12. 'My lady fair, I shall part nae frae thee,  
 And for my life, I did never fear;  
 Sae before I lose my winsome lady,  
 My life I'll venture for ane sae dear.  
 13. 'But if ye're a' true to your manhood,  
 As I shall try to be true to mine,  
 I'll fight ye a', come man by man then,  
 Till the last drop o my blood I tine.'  
 14<sup>2</sup>. my bridled steed. 14<sup>3</sup>. And mind ye never  
 change your colour.  
 15. He fought against the seven outlaws,  
 And he has beat them a' himsel;  
 But he left the auldest man amang them  
 That he might gae and the tidings tell.  
 16. Then he has gane to his dearest dearie,  
 And he has kissed her oer and oer;  
 'Though thou art mine, I hae bought thee  
 dearly,  
 Now we shall sunder never more.'

- C. 1<sup>1</sup>. Robinhood, *and so always*.  
 31. *After this*: Finis, T. Fleming.

## 9

## THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND

A. a. Deloney's 'Jack of Newbury,' reprint of 1859, p. 61. b. 'The Ungrateful Knight and the Fair Flower of Northumberland,' Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1790, p. 169.

B. a. Kinloch MSS, v, 49. b. 'The Provost's Doch-ter,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 131.

C. 'The Betrayed Lady.' a. Buchan's MSS, II, 166. b. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 208.

D. Motherwell's MS., p. 102.

E. 'The Flower of Northumberland,' Mr Robert White's papers.

THE earliest copy of this ballad is introduced as 'The Maidens' Song,' † in Deloney's Pleasant History of John Winchcomb, in his younger yeares called Jacke of Newberie, a book written as early as 1597. Mr Halliwell reprinted the "9th" edition, of the date 1633, ‡

in 1859, and the ballad is found at p. 61 of the reprint (A). The copy in Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1790, p. 169, has a few variations, which are probably to be explained by Ritson having used some other edition of Deloney. Ritson's text is used in The Border-

† "Two of them singing the dittie," says Deloney, "and all the rest bearing the burden."

‡ The earliest edition now known to exist is of 1619.



er's Table Book, VI, 25, and was taken thence into Sheldon's Minstrelsy of the English Border, with some arbitrary alterations. The ballad was formerly popular in Scotland. Kinloch and Buchan printed **B** and **C** with some slight changes; the texts are now given as they stand in the manuscripts. **E**, a traditional version from the English border, has unfortunately been improved by some literary pen.

An English lady is prevailed upon to release a Scot from prison, and to fly with him, on the promise of being made his wife, and (**A**) lady of castles and towers. She takes much gold with her (**A**), and a swift steed (two, **A**). According to **A** they come to a rough river; the lady is alarmed, but swims it, and is wet from top to toe. On coming within sight of Edinburgh, the faithless knight bids her choose whether she will be his paramour or go back: he has wife and children. She begs him to draw his sword and end her shame: he takes her horse away, and leaves her. Two English knights come by, who restore her to her father. The dismissal takes place at the Scottish cross and moor in **B**; at a moor and a moss, **C**; at Scotland bridge, **D**; at a fair Scottish cross, **E**. She offers to be servant in his kitchen rather than go back, **B**, **C**, **E**; begs him to throw her into the water, **D**; from his castle wall, **E**. He fees an old man to take her home on an old horse, **B**, **E**.

We do not find the whole of this story repeated among other European nations, but there are interesting agreements in parts with Seandinavian, Polish, and German ballads.

There is some resemblance in the first half to a pretty ballad of the northern nations which treats in a brief way the theme of our exquisite romance of 'The Nutbrown Maid': Danish, 'Den Trofaste Jomfru,' Grundtvig, No 249, IV, 494, nine copies, **A-I**, the first three from 16th or 17th century manuscripts, the others from tradition of this century, as are

also the following: **K-M**, 'Den Fredløse,' Kristensen, II, 191, No 57: Swedish, 'De sju Gullbergen,' **A**, Afzelius, No 79, III, 71, new ed., No 64, I, 322; **B**, **C**, Grundtvig, IV, 507 f: Norwegian **A**, 'Herre Per og stolt Margit,' Landstad, No 74, p. 590; **B**, 'Herr' Nikelus,' Landstad, No 75, p. 594.\* All tell very much the same tale. A knight carries off a maid on his horse, making her magnificent promises, among which are eight gold castles, Dan. **C**, **D**, **E**, **H**, **I**; one, **K**, **L**, **M**; eight, Norw. **A**; nine, Norw. **B**; seven, Swed. **B**; seven gold mountains, Swed. **A**, perhaps, by mistake of *bergen* for *borgar*.† She gets her gold together while he is saddling his horse, Dan. **A**, **C**, **D**, **F**, **H**, **M**; Swed. **A**; Norw. **A**, **B**. They come to a sea-strand or other water, it is many miles to the nearest land, Dan. **B**, **D**, Swed. **A**, **C**; the lady wishes she were at home, Dan. **E**, **F**, Swed. **B**, **C**. He swims the horse across, Dan. **A**, **B**, **D**, **E**, **F**, **H**, **K**, **L**, **M**; Swed. **A**, **B**, **C** [part of the way, having started in a boat, Norw. **A**, **B**]. The maid wrings her clothes, Dan. **A**, **D**, **K**, **L**; Swed. **A**; Norw. **A**, **B**. She asks, Where are the gold castles which you promised? Dan. **C** 7, **D** 14, **K** 9, **L** 7, **M** 8; Norw. **A** 22, **B** 16.‡ He tells her that he has no gold castle but this green turf, Dan. **C** 8; he needs none but the black ground and thick wood, Dan. **K** 10: he is a penniless, banished man. She offers him her gold to buy him a charter of peace. In all, except Dan. **A**, **B**, **C**, and the incomplete Dan. **I**, Norw. **B**, he goes on to say that he has plighted faith to another woman, and she meekly replies, Then I will be your servant. He continues the trial no further, reveals himself as of wealth and rank, says that she shall have ladies to wait on her, and makes her his queen. The knight is king of England in Dan. **B**, **H**, King Henry, simply, in Dan. **F**. The gold castles prove to be realities: there is in Dan. **E** even one more than was promised.§

\* Some of these ballads begin with stanzas which are found also in Kvindemorderen and Ribold ballads (our No 4, No 7), where also a young woman is carried off furtively by a man. This is only what is to be expected.

† By mistake, most probably. But in one of the Polish ballads, cited a little further on, **Q** (Kolberg, P. I. Pol-

skiego, 5 pp), the maid is told, "In my country the mountains are golden, the mountains are of gold."

‡ So 'Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight,' **D** 11:

'Is this your bowers and lofty towers?'

§ There is a similarity, which is perhaps not accidental, between these Seandinavian ballads and 'Child Waters.'

The Polish ballads of the class of 'Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight' (see p. 39 f) have thus much in common with 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland': a maid is induced to go off with a man on horseback, and takes gold with her; after going a certain distance, he bids her return home; in **AA**, **H**, **R**, he gives her her choice whether to return or to jump into the river; she prefers death (cf. **D** 3, 5, p. 116); in all they finally come to a river, or other water, into which he throws her.\*

There is a German ballad which has some slight connection with all the foregoing, and a very slight story it is altogether: 'Stolz Heinrich,' Simrock, No 9, p. 23, 'Stolz Syburg,' Reiffenberg, No 16, p. 32, No 17, p. 34, from the Lower Rhine and Münster; made over, in Kretschmer, I, 187, No 106. Hein-

rich, or Syburg, woos a king's daughter in a distant land. He asks her to go with him, and says he has seven mills in his country. "Tell me what they grind," says Margaret, "and I will go with you." The mills grind sugar and cinnamon, mace and cloves. They come to a green heath. Margaret thinks she sees the mills gleaming: he tells her that a green heath is all he has. "Then God have mercy that I have come so far," she says; draws a sword, kneels before him, and stabs herself.

The ballad of 'Young Andrew,' further on, has points in common with 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland.'

**C** is translated by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Lieder der Vorzeit*, No 31, p. 137.

## A

a. Deloney's Pleasant History of John Winchecomb, 9th ed., London, 1633, reprinted by Halliwell, p. 61. b. Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1790, p. 169.

- 1 It was a knight in Scotland borne  
Follow, my love, come over the strand  
Was taken prisoner, and left forlorne,  
Even by the good Earle of Northumberland.
- 2 Then was he cast in prison strong,  
Where he could not walke nor lie along,  
Even by the goode Earle of Northumberland.
- 3 And as in sorrow thus he lay,  
The Earle's sweete daughter walkt that way,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 4 And passing by, like an angell bright,  
The prisoner had of her a sight,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.

Child Waters makes Ellen swim a piece of water, shows her his hall — "of red gold shines the tower" — where the fairest lady is his paramour, subjects her to menial services, and finally, her patience withstanding all trials, marries her.

\* They pass the water in **Q** only, and that in a boat.

- 5 And loud to her this knight did crie,  
The salt teares standing in his eye,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.

- 6 'Faire lady,' he said, 'take pity on me,  
And let me not in prison dye,  
And you the faire flower of Northumberland.'

- 7 'Faire Sir, how should I take pity on thee,  
Thou being a foe to our countrey,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'

- 8 'Faire lady, I am no foe,' he said,  
'Through thy sweet love heere was I stayd,  
For thee, the faire flower of Northumberland.'

- 9 'Why shouldst thou come heere for love of me,  
Having wife and children in thy countrie?  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'

- 10 'I sweare by the blessed Trinitie,  
I have no wife nor children, I,  
Nor dwelling at home in merrie Scotland.

She is thrown in from a bridge in **V**, **W**, the bridge of Cracow in **C**: cf. Scotland bridge, **D** 2 of this ballad. By a curious accident, it is at a wayside crucifix that the man begins his change of demeanor in Polish **CC** 2 (Kolberg, **ddd**), as in **B** 5, **E** 7, of this ballad, it is at a Scottish cross.

- 11 'If courteously you will set me free,  
I vow that I will marrie thee,  
So soone as I come in faire Scotland.
- 12 'Thou shalt be a lady of castles and towers,  
And sit like a queene in princely bowers,  
When I am at home in faire Scotland.'
- 13 Then parted hence this lady gay,  
And got her father's ring away,  
To helpe this sad knight into faire Scotland.
- 14 Likewise much gold she got by sleight,  
And all to helpe this forlorne knight  
To wend from her father to faire Scotland.
- 15 Two gallant steedes, both good and able,  
She likewise tooke out of the stable,  
To ride with this knight into faire Scotland.
- 16 And to the jaylor she sent this ring,  
The knight from prison forth to bring,  
To wend with her into faire Scotland.
- 17 This token set the prisoner free,  
Who straight went to this faire lady,  
To wend with her into faire Scotland.
- 18 A gallant steede he did bestride,  
And with the lady away did ride,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 19 They rode till they came to a water cleare :  
'Good Sir, how should I follow you heere,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland?
- 20 'The water is rough and wonderfull deepe,  
An[d] on my saddle I shall not keepe,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 21 'Feare not the foord, faire lady,' quoth he,  
'For long I cannot stay for thee,  
And thou the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 22 The lady prickt her wanton steed,  
And over the river swom with speede,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 23 From top to toe all wet was shee :  
'This have I done for love of thee,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 24 Thus rode she all one winter's night,  
Till Edenborow they saw in sight,  
The chiefest towne in all Scotland.
- 25 'Now chuse,' quoth he, 'thou wanton flower,  
Whe'r thou wilt be my paramour,  
Or get thee home to Northumberland.
- 26 'For I have wife, and children five,  
In Edenborow they be alive ;  
Then get thee home to faire England.
- 27 'This favour shalt thou have to boote,  
Ile have thy horse, go thou on foote,  
Go, get thee home to Northumberland.'
- 28 'O false and faithlesse knight,' quoth shee,  
'And canst thou deale so bad with me,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland?
- 29 'Dishonour not a ladie's name,  
But draw thy sword and end my shame,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 30 He tooke her from her stately steed,  
And left her there in extreme need,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 31 Then sate she downe full heavily ;  
At length two knights came riding by,  
Two gallant knights of faire England.
- 32 She fell downe humbly on her knee,  
Saying, 'Courteous knights, take pittie on me,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 33 'I have offended my father deere,  
And by a false knight that brought me heere,  
From the good Earle of Northumberland.'
- 34 They tooke her up behind them then,  
And brought her to her father's againe,  
And he the good Earle of Northumberland.
- 35 All you faire maidens be warned by me,  
Scots were never true, nor never will be,  
To lord, nor lady, nor faire England.

## B

a. Kinloch MSS, v, 49, in the handwriting of J. Beattie.  
b. Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 134, from the recitation of Miss E. Beattie.

1 THE provost's daughter went out a walking,  
A may's love whiles is easy won  
She heard a poor prisoner making his moan,  
And she was the fair flower of Northumberland.

2 'If any lady would borrow me  
Out into the prison strong,  
I would make her a lady of high degree,  
For I am a great lord in fair Scotland.'

3 She's done her to her father's bed-stock,  
A may's love whiles is easy won  
She's stolen the keys o many braw lock,  
And she's loosed him out o the prison strong.

4 She's done her to her father's stable,  
A may's love whiles is easy won  
She's taen out a steed that was both swift and  
able,  
To carry them both to fair Scotland.

5 O when they came to the Scottish cross,  
A may's love whiles is easy won  
'Ye brazen-faced whore, light off o my horse,  
And go get you back to Northumberland!'

6 O when they came to the Scottish moor,  
A may's love whiles is easy won  
'Get off o my horse, you're a brazen-faced  
whore,  
So go get you back to Northumberland!'

7 'O pity on me, O pity,' said she,  
'O that my love was so easy won!  
Have pity on me as I had upon thee,  
When I loosed you out of the prison strong.'

8 'O how can I have pity on thee?  
O why was your love so easy won!  
When I have a wife and children three  
More worthy than a' Northumberland.'

9 'Cook in your kitchen I will be,  
O that my love was so easy won!  
And serve your lady most reverently,  
For I darena go back to Northumberland.'

10 'Cook in my kitchen you shall not be,  
Why was your love so easy won!  
For I will have no such servants as thee,  
So get you back to Northumberland.'

11 But laith was he the lassie to tyne,  
A may's love whiles is easy won  
He's hired an' old horse and feed an old man,  
To carry her back to Northumberland.

12 O when she came her father before,  
A may's love whiles is easy won  
She fell down on her knees so low  
For she was the fair flower of Northumberland.

13 'O daughter, O daughter, why was ye so bold,  
Or why was your love so easy won,  
To be a Scottish whore in your fifteen year old?  
And you the fair flower of Northumberland!'

14 Her mother she gently on her did smile,  
O that her love was so easy won!  
'She is not the first that the Scotts have beguiled,  
But she's still the fair flower of Northumberland.'

15 'She shanna want gold, she shanna want fee,  
Altho that her love was so easy won,  
She shanna want gold to gain a man wi,  
And she's still the fair flower of Northumberland.'

## C

a. Buchan's MSS, II, 166. b. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 208.

1 As I went by a jail-house door,  
Maid's love whiles is easy won  
I saw a prisoner standing there,  
'I wish I were home in fair Scotland.'

2 'Fair maid, will you pity me?  
Ye'll steal the keys, let me gae free:  
I'll make you my lady in fair Scotland.'

3 'I'm sure you have no need of me,  
For ye have a wife and bairns three,  
That lives at home in fair Scotland.'

- 4 He swore by him that was crownd with  
thorn,  
That he never had a wife since the day he was  
born,  
But livd a free lord in fair Scotland.
- 5 She went unto her father's bed-head,  
She's stown the key o mony a lock,  
She's let him out o prison strong.
- 6 She's went to her father's stable,  
She's stown a steed baith wight and able,  
To carry them on to fair Scotland.
- 7 They rode till they came to a muir,  
He bade her light aff, they'd call her a  
whore,  
If she didna return to Northumberland.
- 8 They rode till they came to a moss,  
He bade her light aff her father's best horse,  
And return her again to Northumberland.
- 9 'I'm sure I have no need of thee,  
When I have a wife and bairns three,  
That lives at home in fair Scotland.'
- 10 'I'll be cook in your kitchen,  
And serve your lady handsomelie,  
For I darena gae back to Northumberland.'
- 11 'Ye cannot be cook in my kitchen,  
My lady cannot fa sic servants as thee,  
So ye'll return again to Northumberland.'
- 12 When she went thro her father's ha,  
She looted her low amongst them a',  
She was the fair flower o Northumberland.
- 13 Out spake her father, he spake bold,  
'How could ye be a whore in fifteen years old,  
And you the flower of Northumberland?'
- 14 Out spake her mother, she spake wi a smile,  
'She's nae the first his coat did beguile,  
Ye're welcome again to Northumberland.'

## D

Motherwell's MS., p. 102.

- 1 SHE'S gane down to her father's stable,  
O my dear, and my love that she wan  
She's taen out a black steed baith sturdy and  
able,  
And she's away to fair Scotland.
- 2 When they came to Scotland bridge,  
'Light off, you whore, from my black steed,  
And go your ways back to Northumber-  
land.'
- 3 'O take me by the body so meek,  
And throw me in the water so deep,  
For I daurna gae back to Northumberland.'
- 4 'I'll no take thee by the body so meek,  
Nor throw thee in the water so deep;  
Thou may go thy ways back to Northumber-  
land.'
- 5 'Take me by the body so small,  
And throw me in yon bonny mill-dam,  
For I daurna gae back to Northumberland.'

## E

"Written down from memory by Robert Hutton, Shep-  
herd, Peel, Liddesdale." Mr R. White's papers.

- 1 A BAILIFF'S fair daughter, she lived by the Aln,  
A young maid's love is easily won  
She heard a poor prisoner making his moan,  
And she was the flower of Northumberland.
- 2 'If ye could love me, as I do love thee,  
A young maid's love is hard to win
- I'll make yon a lady of high degree,  
When once we go down to fair Scotland.'
- 3 To think of the prisoner her heart was sore,  
A young maid's love is easily won  
Her love it was much, but her pity was more,  
And she, etc.
- 4 She stole from her father's pillow the key,  
And out of the dungeon she soon set him free,  
And she, etc.

- 5 She led him into her father's stable,  
And they've taken a steed both gallant and  
able,  
To carry them down to fair Scotland.
- 6 When they first took the way, it was darling  
and dear;  
As forward they fared, all changed was his  
cheer,  
And she, etc.
- 7 They rode till they came to a fair Scottish  
corse;  
Says he, 'Now, pray madam, dismount from  
my horse,  
And go get you back to Northumberland.'
- 8 'It befits not to ride with a leman light,  
When awaits my returning my own lady  
bright,  
My own wedded wife in fair Scotland.'
- 9 The words that he said on her fond heart  
smote,  
She knew not in sooth if she lived or not,  
And she, etc.
- 10 She looked to his face, and it kythed so unkind  
That her fast coming tears soon rendered her  
blind,  
And she, etc.
- 11 'Have pity on me as I had it on thee,  
O why was my love so easily won!  
A slave in your kitchen I'm willing to be,  
But I may not go back to Northumberland.'
- 12 'Or carry me up by the middle sae sma,  
O why was my love so easily won!
- And fling me headlong from your high castle wa,  
For I dare not go back to Northumberland.'
- 13 Her wailing, her woe, for nothing they went,  
A young maid's love is easily won  
His bosom was stone and he would not relent,  
And she, etc.
- 14 He turned him around and he thought of a plan,  
He bought an old horse and he hired an old man,  
To carry her back to Northumberland.
- 15 A heavy heart makes a weary way,  
She reached her home in the evening gray,  
And she, etc.
- 16 And all as she stood at her father's tower-gate,  
More loud beat her heart than her knock thereat,  
And she, etc.
- 17 Down came her step-dame, so rugged and  
doure,  
O why was your love so easily won!  
'In Scotland go back to your false paramour,  
For you shall not stay here in Northumber-  
land.'
- 18 Down came her father, he saw her and smiled,  
A young maid's love is easily won  
'You are not the first that false Scots have be-  
guiled,  
And ye're aye welcome back to Northum-  
berland.'
- 19 'You shall not want houses, you shall not want  
land,  
You shall not want gold for to gain a husband,  
And ye're aye welcome back to Northum-  
berland.'

A. a. 2. *Halliwell's Deloney, in the first line of  
the burden, has leape over, but not elsewhere.*

9<sup>2</sup>. in the. 25<sup>2</sup>. Where.

b. 3<sup>2</sup>. walks. 3<sup>4</sup>. she is.

5<sup>1</sup>. aloud.

13<sup>3</sup>. *omits* sad.

15<sup>3</sup>. the knight.

16<sup>2</sup>. forth did.

24<sup>3</sup>. The fairest.

27<sup>1</sup>. thou shalt.

32<sup>2</sup>. knight.

35<sup>2</sup>. never were.

B. b. 2<sup>2</sup>. this prison.

4<sup>3</sup>. *omits* that was.

6<sup>3</sup>. ye brazen-fac'd.

11<sup>3</sup>. He hired.

12<sup>3</sup>. fell at his feet.

13<sup>1</sup>. *omits* so.

14<sup>1</sup>. mother on her sae gentlie smild, *etc.*

C. a. 8<sup>2</sup>. Her bade. 8<sup>3</sup>. return him.

b. 5<sup>1</sup>. into.

13<sup>2</sup>. at fifteen.

D. 2. *Thus in Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xv :*

When they came to Scotland brig,  
O my dear, my love that she wan!  
'Light off, ye hure, from my black steed,  
And hie ye awa to Northumberland.'

E. "The Flower of Northumberland. Written down from memory by Robert Hutton, Sheperd, Peel, Liddesdale, and sent by James Telfor to his friend Robert White, Newcastle on Tyne. 20 copies printed." *Mr White's note.*

## 10

## THE TWA SISTERS

A. a. 'The Miller and the King's Daughter,' broadside of 1656, Notes and Queries, 1st S., v, 591. b. Wit Restor'd, 1658, "p. 51," in the reprint of 1817, p. 153. c. 'The Miller and the King's Daughters,' Wit and Drollery, ed. 1682, p. 87. d. 'The Miller and the King's Daughter,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 315.

B. a. 'The Twa Sisters,' Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 39. b. 'The Cruel Sister,' Wm. Tytler's Brown MS., No 15. c. 'The Cruel Sister,' Abbotsford MS., "Scottish Songs," fol. 21. d. 'The Twa Sisters,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 48.

C. 'The Cruel Sister,' Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 143 (1802).

D. 'The Bonnie Milldams of Binnorie,' Kinloch MSS, II, 49.

E. 'The Twa Sisters,' Sharpe's Ballad Book, No x, p. 30.

F. 'The Bonny Bows o London,' Motherwell's MS., p. 383.

G. Motherwell's MS., p. 104.

H. Motherwell's MS., p. 147.

I. 'Bonnie Milldams o Binnorie,' Kinloch MSS, v, 425.

J. 'The Miller's Melody,' Notes and Queries, 4th S., v, 23.

K. 'Binnorie,' Kinloch's papers.

L. a. 'The Miller's Melody,' Notes and Queries, 1st S., v, 316. b. 'The Drowned Lady,' The Scouring of the White Horse, p. 161.

M. 'Binorie, O an Binorie,' Murison MS., p. 79.

N. 'Binnorie,' [Pinkerton's] Scottish Tragie Ballads, p. 72.

O. 'The Bonny Bows o London.' a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 128. b. Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 42.

P. a. 'The Twa Sisters,' Motherwell's MS., p. 245. b. 'The Swan swims bonnie O,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xx.

Q. 'The Twa Sisters,' communicated by J. F. Campbell, Esq.

R. a. 'The Three Sisters,' Notes and Q., 1st S., VI, 102. b. 'Bodown,' communicated by J. F. Campbell, Esq. c. 'The Barkshire Tragedy,' The Scouring of the White Horse, p. 158.

S. Kinloch MSS, VI, 89.

T. 'Sister, dear Sister,' Allingham's Ballad Book, p. xxxiii.

U. From Long Island, N. Y., communicated by Mr W. W. Newell.

THIS is one of the very few old ballads which are not extinct as tradition in the British Isles. Even drawing-room versions are spoken of as current, "generally traced to

some old nurse, who sang them to the young ladies." \* It has been found in England, Scot-

\* Campbell's Popular Tales of the West Highlands, IV, 126, 1862.



land, Wales, and Ireland, and was very early in print. Dr Rimbault possessed and published a broadside of the date 1656\* (A a), and the same copy is included in the miscellany called *Wit Restor'd*, 1658. Both of these name "Mr Smith" as the author; that is, Dr James Smith, a well-known writer of humorous verses, to whom the larger part of the pieces in *Wit Restor'd* has been attributed. If the ballad were ever in Smith's hands, he might possibly have inserted the three burlesque stanzas, 11-13; but similar verses are found in another copy (L a), and might easily be extemporized by any singer of sufficiently bad taste. *Wit and Drollery*, the edition of 1682, has an almost identical copy of the ballad, and this is repeated in Dryden's *Miscellany*, edition of 1716, Part III, p. 316. In 1781 Pinkerton inserted in his *Tragic Ballads* one with the title 'Binnorie,' purporting to be from Scottish tradition. Of twenty-eight couplets, barely seven are genuine. Scott printed in 1802 a copy (C) compounded from one "in Mrs Brown's MS." (B b) and a fragment of fourteen stanzas which had been transcribed from recitation by Miss Charlotte Brooke, adopting a burden found in neither.† Jamieson followed, four years after, with a tolerably faithful, though not, as he says, *verbatim*, publication of his copy of Mrs Brown's ballad, somewhat marred, too, by acknowledged interpolations. This text of Mrs Brown's is now correctly given, with the whole or fragments of eleven others, hitherto unpublished.

The ballad is as popular with the Scandinavians as with their Saxon cousins. Grundtvig, 'Den talende Strengelæg,' No 95, gives nine Danish versions and one stanza of a tenth; seven, A-E, in II, 507 ff, the remainder, H-K,

\* Jamieson, in his *Popular Ballads*, II, 315, prints the ballad, with five inconsiderable variations from the broadside, as from *Musarum Deliciæ*, 2d edition, 1656. The careful reprint of this book, and of the same edition, in "*Facetiæ*," etc., 1817, does not contain this piece, and the first edition, of 1655, differed in no respect as to contents, according to the editor of "*Facetiæ*." Still it is hardly credible that Jamieson has blundered, and we may suppose that copies, ostensibly of the same edition, varied as to contents, a thing common enough with old books.

† Cunningham has re-written Scott's version, *Songs of Scotland*, II, 109, 'The Two Fair Sisters.' He says, "I

in III, 875 ff. One more, L, is added by Kristensen, No 96, I, 253. Of these, only E had been previously printed. All are from tradition of this century.

There are two Icelandic versions, A from the 17th, B from the 19th, century, printed in *Íslenzk Fornkvæði*, No 13, 'Hörpu kvæði.'

Of twelve Norwegian versions, A, by Moe, "is printed in *Norske Universitets og Skole-Annaler* for 1850, p. 287," and in Moe's *Samlede Skrifter*, II, 118, 'Dæ bur ein Mann lær utmæ Aa;'; B, by Lindeman, *Annaler*, as before, "p. 496," and in his *Norske Fjeldmelodier*, vol. I, *Tekst-Bilag*, p. 4, No 14, 'Dei tvæ Systa;'; C, by Landstad, 'Dei tvo systar,' No 53, p. 480; D-L are described by Professor Bugge in *Grundtvig*, III, 877 f; M "is printed in *Illustreret Nyhedsblads Nytaarsgave* for 1860, p. 77, Christiania."

Four Färöe versions are known: A, 'Hörpurríma,' "in Svabo's MS., No 16, I, 291," incorrectly printed by Afzelius, I, 86, and accurately, from a copy furnished by Grundtvig, in Bergström's edition of Afzelius, II, 69; B, a compound of two versions taken down by Pastor Lyngbye and by Pastor Schröter, in *Nyeste Skilderie af Kjøbenhavn*, 1821, col. 997 ff; C, a transcript from recitation by Hammershaimb (*Grundtvig*); D, "in *Fugloyjarbók*, No 31."

Swedish versions are: A, 'Den underbara Harpan,' Afzelius, No 17, I, 81, new ed., No 16, I, I, 72; B, 'De två Systrarne,' Afzelius, No 69, III, 16, new ed., No 16, 2, I, 74; C, D, E, unprinted copies in Cavallius and Stephens's collection; F, 'De två Systrarne,' Arwidsson, No 99, II, 139; G, 'Systemordet,' E. Wigström, *Skånska Visor*, p. 4, and the same, *Folkdiktning*, etc., No 7, p. 19; H,

was once deeply touched with the singing of this romantic and mournful song. . . . I have ventured to print it in the manner I heard it sung." There is, to be sure, no reason why he should not have heard his own song sung, *once*, and still less why he should not have been deeply touched with his own pathos. Cunningham adds one genuine stanza, resembling the first of G, J, P:

Two fair sisters lived in a bower,  
Hey ho my nonnie O  
There came a knight to be their wooer.  
While the swan swims bonnie O

Rancken, *Några Prof af Folksång*, No 3, p. 10. Afzelius, moreover, gives variations from four other copies which he had collected, III, 20 ff, new ed., II, 74 ff; and Rancken from three others. Both of the editors of the new Afzelius have recently obtained excellent copies from singers. The ballad has also been found in Finnish. Bergström's Afzelius, II, 79.

There is a remarkable agreement between the Norse and English ballads till we approach the conclusion of the story, with a natural diversity as to some of the minuter details.

The sisters are king's daughters in English A, B, C, H, O (?), P, Q, R a, and in Swedish B and two others of Afzelius's versions. They are an earl's daughters in Swedish F, and sink to farmer's daughters in English R b, c,\* Swedish A, G, Norwegian C.

It is a thing made much of in most of the Norse ballads that the younger sister is fair and the older dark; the younger is bright as the sun, as white as ermine or as milk, the elder black as soot, black as the earth, Icelandic A, Swedish A, B, G, Danish A, D, etc.; and this difference is often made the ground for very unhandsome taunts, which qualify our compassion for the younger; such as Wash all day, and you will be no whiter than God made you, Wash as white as you please, you will never get a lover, Färöe A, B, Norwegian A, C, etc. This contrast may possibly be implied in "the youngest was the fairest flower," English F, G, Q ["sweetest," D], but is expressed only in M, "Ye was fair and I was din" (dun), and in P a, "The old was black and the young ane fair."

The scene of action is a seashore in Icelandic and Färöe A, B, Norwegian A, Swedish A, B, G, H, and in all the Danish complete copies: a seashore, or a place where ships come in, in English A, B a, D-I, Q, R a, T, but in all save the last of these (the last is only one stanza) we have the absurdity of a body

drowned in navigable water being discovered floating down a mill-stream.† B c has "the deep mill-dam;" C "the river-strand," perhaps one of Scott's changes; M, "the dams;" L, O, P, R b c, a river, Tweed mill-dam, or the water of Tweed. Norwegian B has a river.

The pretence for the older sister's taking the younger down to the water is in English A-E, G, H, I, O, Q, to see their father's ships come in; in Icelandic B to wash their silks;‡ in most of the Norse ballads to wash themselves, so that, as the elder says, "we may be alike white," Danish C-H, Norwegian A, C, Swedish F, G, Färöe A, B. Malice pre-pense is attributed to the elder in Swedish B, F, Norwegian C, Danish E, F, G: but in Färöe A, B, Norwegian A, B, and perhaps some other cases, a previous evil intent is not certain, and the provocations of the younger sister may excuse the elder so far.

The younger is pushed from a stone upon which she sits, stands, or steps, in English B, C, E-H, M, O, Q, Icelandic A, B, Färöe A, B, Norwegian A, B, C, Danish A-E, H, L, Swedish G, H, and Rancken's other copies.

The drowning scene is the same in all the ballads, except as to one point. The younger sister, to save her life, offers or consents to renounce her lover in the larger number, as English B-E, G, H, I, M, P, Q, Danish A-D, F, G, I, Swedish A-D, G, H; and in Icelandic B and "all the Färöe" ballads she finally yields, after first saying that her lover must dispose of himself. But Swedish F, with more spirit, makes the girl, after promising everything else, reply:

'Help then who can, help God above!  
But ne'er shalt thou get my dear true-love.'

In this refusal concur Icelandic A, Danish E, H, L, and all the Norwegian versions except L.

Swedish A, G, and Rancken's versions (or

\* English M is confused on this point. The sisters live in a hall. The burden in st. 1 makes them love a miller-lad; but in 14, 15, calls the drowned girl "the bonnie miller's-lass o' Binorie."

† The sisters, D, I, walk by, up, a linn; G, go to a sand [strand]; Q, go to the stream; R a, walk on the bryn.

‡ Swedish H begins, "Dear sister, come follow me to the clapping-stone:" "Nay, I have no foul clothes." So F 6, 7, G 4, 5, Färöe A 6, nearly; and then follows the suggestion that they should wash themselves. Another of Rancken's copies begins, "Two sisters went to the bucking-stone, to buck their clothes snow-white," H; and so Rancken's S nearly.

two of them) make the younger sister, when she sees that she must drown, send greetings to her father, mother, true-love [also brother, sister, Rancken], and add in each case that she is drinking, or dancing, her bridal in the flood, that her bridal-bed is made on the white-sand, etc.

The body of the drowned girl is discovered, in nearly all the English ballads, by some member of the miller's household, and is taken out of the water by the miller. In **L b**, which, however, is imperfect at the beginning, a harper finds the body. In the Icelandic ballads it is found on the seashore by the lover; in all the Norwegian but **M** by two fishermen, as also in Swedish **D** [fishermen in Swedish **B**]; in all the Färöe versions and Norwegian **M** by two "pilgrims;"\* in Danish **A-F**, **L**, and Swedish **C** by two musicians, Danish **H**, Swedish **A**, **G**, one. Danish **G**, which is corrupted at the close, has three musicians, but these simply witness and report the drowning.

According to all complete and uncorrupted forms of the ballad, either some part of the body of the drowned girl is taken to furnish a musical instrument, a harp or a viol,† or the instrument is wholly made from the body. This is done in the Norse ballads by those who first find the body, save in Swedish **B**, where fishermen draw the body ashore, and a passing "speleman" makes the instrument. In English it is done by the miller, **A**; by a harper, **B**, **C**, **G**, **L b** (the *king's* harper in **B**); by a fiddler, **D**, **E**, **I**, **L a** (?), **O**, **P** (the *king's* fiddler, **O** (?), **P**); by both a fiddler and the king's harper, **H**; in **F** by the father's herdsman, who happens to be a fiddler.

Perhaps the original conception was the simple and beautiful one which we find in English **B** and both the Icelandic ballads, that

\* There are, besides the two fishermen, in Norwegian **A**, two "twaddere," i. e., landloupers, possibly (Bugge) a corruption of the word rendered pilgrims, Färöe vallarar, Swedish vallare. The vallarar in these ballads are perhaps more respectable than those whose acquaintance we shall make through the Norse versions of 'Babylon,' and may be allowed to be harmless vagrants, but scarcely better, seeing that they are ranked with "staff-carls" in Norges Gamle Love, cited by Cleasby and Vigfusson at 'vallari.'

† A harp in the Icelandic and Norwegian ballads, Färöe **A**, **B**, **C**, Swedish **A**, **B**, **D**, **G**, **H**; a harp in English **B**,

the king's harper, or the girl's lover, takes three locks of her yellow hair to string his harp with. So we find three tets of hair in **D**, **E**, **I**, and three links in **F**, **P**, used, or directed to be used, to string the fiddle or the fiddle-bow, and the same, apparently, with Danish **A**. Infelicitous additions were, perhaps, successively made; as a harp-frame from the breast-bone in English **C**, and fiddle-pins formed of the finger-joints, English **F**, **O**, Danish **B**, **C**, **E**, **F**, **L**. Then we have all three: the frame of the instrument formed from the breast (or trunk), the screws from the finger-joints, the strings from the hair, Swedish **A**, **B**, **G**, Norwegian **A**, **C**, **M**. And so one thing and another is added, or substituted, as fiddle-bows of the arms or legs, Swedish **C**, **D**, Danish **H**, English **L a**; a harp-frame from the arms, Norwegian **B**, Färöe **A**; a fiddle-frame from the skull, Swedish **C**, or from the back-bone, English **L b**; a *plectrum* from the arm, Färöe **B**; strings from the veins, English **A**; a bridge from the nose, English **A**, **L a**; "hørpønota" from the teeth, Norwegian **B**; till we end with the buffoonery of English **A** and **L a**.

Swedish **H** has nothing about the finding of the body. Music is wanted for the bridal, and a man from another village, who undertakes to furnish it, looks three days for a proper tree to make a harp of. The singer of this version supplied the information, lost from the ballad, that the drowned sister had floated ashore and grown up into a linden, and that this was the very tree which was chosen for the harp. (See, further on, a Lithuanian, a Slovak, and an Esthonian ballad.)

All the Norse ballads make the harp or fiddle to be taken to a wedding, which chances to be that of the elder sister with the drowned girl's betrothed.‡ Unfortunately, many of the

**C**, **G**, **J**. A harp is not named in any of the Danish versions, but a fiddle is mentioned in **C**, **E**, **H**, is plainly meant in **A**, and may always be intended; or perhaps *two* fiddles in all but **H** (which has only one fiddler), and the corrupted **G**. **D** begins with two fiddlers, but concludes with only one. We have a fiddle in Swedish **C**, and in English **A**, **D**, **E**, **F**, **I**, **J**, **K**, **L**, **O**, **P**; both harp and fiddle in **H**.

‡ Some of the unprinted Norwegian ballads are not completely described, but a departure from the rule of the major part would probably have been alluded to.

English versions are so injured towards the close that the full story cannot be made out. There is no wedding-feast preserved in any of them. The instrument, in **A, B, C, H**, is taken into the king's presence. The viol in **A** and the harp in **H** are expressly said to speak. The harp is laid upon a stone in **C, J**, and plays "its lone;" the fiddle plays of itself in **L b**.<sup>\*</sup> **B** makes the harper play, and **D, F, K, O**, which say the fiddle played, probably mean that there was a fiddler, and so perhaps with all the Norse versions; but this is not very material, since in either case the instrument speaks "with most miraculous organ."

There are three strings made from the girl's hair in Icelandic **A, B**, English **B** [veins, English **A**], and the three tets or links in English **D, E, F, I, P** were no doubt taken to make three strings originally. Corresponding to this are three enunciations of the instrument in English **A, B, C**, Icelandic **A, Färöe A,† B**, Swedish **A, B, C, E, G, H**, Danish **A, D, F, I**. These are reduced to two in Icelandic **B**, Danish **B, C, H, L**, Swedish **D**, and even to one in English **D, F, I, K, O**, but some of these have suffered injury towards the conclusion. The number is increased to four in Norwegian **B**, to five in Norwegian **A, D**, and even to six in Norwegian **C, K, M**. The increase is, of course, a later exaggeration, and very detrimental to the effect. In those English copies in which the instrument speaks but once,‡ **D, F, K, O**, and we may add **P**, it expresses a desire for vengeance: Hang my sister, **D, F, K**; Ye'll drown my sister, as she's dune me, **O**; Tell him to burn my sister, **P**. This is found in no Norse ballad, neither is it found in the earliest English versions. These, and the better forms of the Norse, reveal the awful secret, directly or indirectly, and, in the latter case, sometimes note the effect on the bride. Thus, in Icelandic **B**, the first string sounds,

The bride is our sister; the second, The bride is our murderer. In Danish **B** the first fiddle plays, The bride is my sister; the second, The bridegroom is my true-love; in **C, H**, the first strain is, The bride has drowned her sister, the second, Thy sister is driven [blown] to land. Färöe **A, B**, have: (1) The bride was my sister; (2) The bride was my murderer; (3) The bridegroom was my true-love. The bride then says that the harp disturbs her much, and that she lists to hear it no more. Most impressive of all, with its terse, short lines, is Icelandic **A**:

The first string made response:  
'The bride was my sister once.'

The bride on the bench, she spake:  
'The harp much trouble doth make.'

The second string answered the other:  
'She is parting me and my lover.'

Answered the bride, red as gore:  
'The harp is vexing us sore.'

The canny third string replied:  
'I owe my death to the bride.'

He made all the harp-strings clang;  
The bride's heart burst with the pang.

This is the wicked sister's end in both of the Icelandic ballads and in Färöe **A, B**. In Swedish **A, G**, at the first stroke on the harp she laughs; at the second she grows pale [has to be undressed]; upon the third she lay dead in her bed [falls dead on the floor]. She is burned in Danish **A, B, C, F, G**, Swedish **B**, Norwegian **A, B, C, I, M**. In Norwegian **K, L**, the younger sister (who is restored to life) begs that the elder may not be burned, but sent out of the country (cf. English **R b c**); nevertheless, she is buried alive in **L**, which is her fate also in **E**, and in other unprinted versions. A prose comment upon Danish **I** has her stabbed by the bridegroom.

\* The stanza, 9, in which this is said is no doubt as to its form entirely modern, but not so the idea. **I** has "the first spring that he playd, it said," etc.

† The fourth string is said to speak in Färöe **A 30**, but no utterance is recorded, and this is likely to be a mistake.

In many of the versions, and in this, after the strings have spoken individually, they unite in a powerful but inarticulate concord.

‡ **I** has lost the terminal stanzas.

Norwegian **B** 21 makes the bride, in her confusion at the revelations of the harp, ask the bridegroom to drive the fiddler out of the house. So far from complying, the bridegroom orders him mead and wine, and the bride to the pile. In Norwegian **C** the bride treads on the harper's foot, then orders the playing to stop; but the bridegroom springs from the table, and cries, Let the harp have its song out, pays no regard to the lady's alleging that she has so bad a head that she cannot bear it, and finally sends her to the pile. So, nearly, Norwegian **A**. In Danish **A**, **C**, **D**, **H**, **L**, vainly in the first two, the bride tries to hush the fiddler with a bribe. He endeavors to take back what he has said in **D**, **L**, declaring himself a drunken fool (the passage is borrowed from another ballad): still in **L**, though successful for the nonce, she comes to the stake and wheel some months after. In **H** the fiddler dashes the instrument against a stone, seemingly to earn his bribe, but this trait belongs to versions which take the turn of the Norwegian. In **C** 15 the bride springs from the table, and says, Give the fiddlers a trifle, and let them go. This explains the last stanza of English **A** (cf., Norwegian **B** 21):

Now pay the miller for his payne,  
And let him bee gone in the divel's name.

Swedish **F** has an entirely perverted and feeble conclusion. "A good man" takes the younger sister from the water, carries her to his house, revives her, and nurses her till the morrow, and then restores her to her father, who asks why she is so pale, and why she had not come back with her sister. She explains that she had been pushed into the water, "and we may thank this good man that I came home at all." The father tells the elder that she is a disgrace to her country, and condemns her to the "blue tower." But her sister intercedes, and a cheerful and handsome wedding follows.

Swedish **C** and nearly all the Norwegian

ballads\* restore the drowned girl to life, but not by those processes of the Humane Society which are successfully adopted by the "arlig man" in Swedish **F**. The harp is dashed against a stone, or upon the floor, and the girl stands forth "as good as ever." As Landstad conceives the matter (484, note 7), the elder sister is a witch, and is in the end burned *as such*. The white body of the younger is made to take on the appearance of a crooked log, which the fishermen (who, by the way, are angels in **C**, **E**) innocently shape into a harp, and the music, vibrating from her hair "through all her limbs, marrow and bone," acts as a disenchantment. However this may be, the restoration of the younger sister, like all good endings foisted on tragedies, emasculates the story.

English **F** 9 has the peculiarity, not noticed elsewhere, that the drowning girl catches at a broom-root, and the elder sister forces her to let go her hold.† In Swedish **G** she is simply said to swim to an alder-root. In English **G** 8 the elder drives the younger from the land with a switch, in **I** 8 pushes her off with a silver wand.

English **O** introduces the *ghost* of the drowned sister as instructing her father's fiddler to make a string of her hair and a peg of her little finger bone, which done, the first spring the fiddle plays, it says,

'Ye 'll drown my sister as she's dune me.'

**P**, which is disordered at the end, seems to have agreed with **O**. In **Q** the ghost sends, by the medium of the miller and his daughter, respects to father, mother, and true-love, adding a lock of yellow hair for the last. The ghost is found in **N**, Pinkerton's copy, as well, but there appears to the lover at dead of night, two days after the drowning. It informs him of the murder, and he makes search for the body. This is a wide departure from the original story, and plainly a modern perversion. Another variation, entirely wanting

\* Not **M**, and apparently not **D**, which ends:

When he kissed the harp upon the mouth, his heart broke.

† So the traitor John pushes away Catherine's hands in

'Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight,' Polish **Q** 25 (see p. 40). In the French versions **A**, **C**, **E** of the same, the knight catches at a branch to save himself, and the lady cuts it off with his sword.



in ancient authority, appears in **R, S**. The girl is not dead when she has floated down to the mill-dam, and, being drawn out of the water by the miller, offers him a handsome reward to take her back to her father [**S**, to throw her in again!]. The miller takes the reward, and pushes the girl in again, for which he is hanged.\*

**Q** has a burden partly Gaelic,

. . . . ohone and aree (alack and O Lord),  
On the banks of the Banna (White River),  
ohone and aree,

which may raise a question whether the Scotch burden *Binnorie* (pronounced *Bínnorie*, as well as *Binnórie*) is corrupted from it, or the corruption is on the other side. Mr Campbell notices as quaint the reply in stanza 9:

‘I did not put you in with the design  
Just for to pull you out again.’

We have had a similar reply, made under like circumstances, in Polish versions of No 4: see p. 40, note.

All the Norse versions of this ballad are in two-line stanzas, and all the English, except **L b** and in part **L a**.

Some of the traits of the English and Norse story are presented by an Esthonian ballad, ‘The Harp,’ *Neus, Ehstnische Volkslieder*, No 13, p. 56. Another version is given in *Rosenplänter’s Beiträge zur genauern Kenntniss der ehstnischen Sprache*, Heft 4, 142, and a third, says *Neus*, in *Ch. H. J. Schlegel’s Reisen in mehrere russische Gouvernements*, v, 140. A young woman, who tells her own story, is murdered by her sisters-in-law and buried in a moor. She comes up as a birch, from which, with the jaw-bone of a salmon, the teeth of a pike, and her own hair (the account is somewhat confused) a harp is made. The harp is taken to the hall by the murdered girl’s brother, and responds to his playing with tones of sorrow like those of the bride who leaves father and mother for the house of a husband.†

A Slovak ballad often translated (*Talvj, Historical View*, etc., p. 392; *Wenzig’s Slawische Volkslieder*, p. 110, *Westslawischer Märchenschatz*, 273, and *Bibliothek Slavischer Poesien*, p. 134; *Lewestam, Polnische Volkssagen und Märchen*, p. 151) comes nearer in some respects. A daughter is cursed by her mother for not succeeding in drawing water in frosty weather. Her bucket turns to stone, but she to a maple. Two fiddlers come by, and, seeing a remarkably fine tree, propose to make of it fiddles and fiddle-sticks. When they cut into the tree, blood spirts out. The tree bids them go on, and when they have done, play before the mother’s door, and sing, Here is your daughter, that you cursed to stone. At the first notes the mother runs to the window, and begs them to desist, for she has suffered much since she lost her daughter.

The soul of a dead girl speaks through a tree, again, in a Lithuanian ballad, *Nesselmann, Littauische Volkslieder*, No 378, p. 320. The girl is drowned while attempting to cross a stream, carried down to the sea, and finally thrown ashore, where she grows up a linden. Her brother makes a pipe from a branch, and the pipe gives out sweet, sad tones. The mother says, That tone comes not from the linden; it is thy sister’s soul, that hovers over the water. A like idea is met with in another Lithuanian ballad, *Rhesa, Dainos*, ed. *Kurschat*, No 85, p. 231. A sister plucks a bud from a rose-bush growing over the grave of her brother, who had died from disappointed love. How fragrant! she exclaims. But her mother answers, with tears, It is not the rose-bud, but the soul of the youth that died of grief.

Though the range of the ballad proper is somewhat limited, popular tales equivalent as to the characteristic circumstances are very widely diffused.

A Polish popular tale, which is, indeed, half song, *Wojcicki, Klechdy*, ed. 1851, II, 15 (*Lewestam*, p. 105), *Kolberg, Pieśni ludu*

\* The miller begins to lose character in **H**:

14 He dragged her out unto the shore,  
And stripped her of all she wore.

† *Neus* also refers to an Esthonian saga of *Rögutaja’s*

wife, and to ‘Die Pfeiferin,’ a tale, in *Das Inland*, 1846, No 48, Beilage, col. 1246 ff, 1851, No 14, col. 230 ff; and to a Slovenian ballad in *Tielemann, Livona, ein historisch-poetisches Taschenbuch*, 1812, p. 187.

Polskiego, p. 292, No 40 a, b, c, approaches very close to the English-Norse ballad. There were three sisters, all pretty, but the youngest far surpassing the others. A young man from the far-off Ukraine fell in with them while they were making garlands. The youngest pleased him best, and he chose her for his wife. This excited the jealousy of the eldest, and a few days after, when they were gathering berries in a wood, she killed the youngest, notwithstanding the resistance of the second sister, buried her, and gave out that she had been torn to pieces by wolves. When the youth came to ask after his love, the murderess told him this tale, and so won him by her devoted consolations that he offered her his hand. A willow grew out of the grave of the youngest, and a herdsman made a pipe from one of its boughs. Blow as he would, he could get no sound from the pipe but this:

'Blow on, herdsman, blow! God shall bless thee so.

The eldest was my slayer, the second tried to stay her.'

The herdsman took the pipe to the house of the murdered girl. The mother, the father, and the second sister successively tried it, and the pipe always sang a like song, Blow, mother, blow, etc. The father then put the pipe into the eldest sister's hands. She had hardly touched it, when blood spattered her cheeks, and the pipe sang:

'Blow on, sister, blow: God shall wreak me now.

Thou, sister, 't was didst slay me, the younger tried to stay thee,' etc.

The murderess was torn by wild horses.

Professor Bugge reports a Norwegian tale, Grundtvig, III, 878, which resembles the ballad at the beginning. There were in a family two daughters and a son. One sister was wasteful, the other saving. The second complained of the first to her parents, and was killed and buried by the other. Foliage covered the grave, so that it could not be seen, but on the trees under which the body lay, there grew "strings." These the brother cut off and adapted to his fiddle, and when he played, the fiddle said, My sister is killed.

The father, having heard the fiddle's revelation, brought his daughter to confess her act.

There is a series of tales which represent a king, or other personage, as being afflicted with a severe malady, and as promising that whichever of his children, commonly three sons, should bring him something necessary for his cure or comfort should be his heir: (1) 'La Flor del Lililá,' Fernan Caballero, Lágrimas, cap. 4; (2) 'La caña del riu de arenas,' Milá, Observaciones sobre la poesia popular, p. 178, No 3; (3) 'Es kommt doch einmal an den Tag,' Müllenhof, Sagen, u. s. w., p. 495, No 49; (4) 'Vom singenden Dudsack,' Gonzenbach, Sicilianische Märchen, I, 329, No 51. Or the inheritance is promised to whichever of the children finds something lost, or rich and rare, a griffin's feather, a golden branch, a flower: (5) 'Die Greifenfeder,' Schneller, Märchen und Sagen aus Wälschtirol, p. 143, No 51; (6) 'La Flauto,' Bladé, Contes et proverbes populaires recueillis en Armagnac, p. 3, No 1; (7) Wackernagel, in Haupt's Zeitschrift, III, 35, No 3, = 'Das Todtebeindli,' Colshorn, C. u. Th., Märchen u. Sagen, p. 193, No 71, = Sutermeister, Kinder-u.-Hausmärchen aus der Schweiz, p. 119, No 39. Or a king promises his daughter to the man who shall capture a dangerous wild beast, and the exploit is undertaken by three brothers [or two]: (8) 'Der singende Knochen,' Grimms, K. u. H. märchen, I, 149, No 28 (1857); (9) 'Die drei Brüder,' Curtze, Volksüberlieferungen aus dem Fürstenthum Waldeck, p. 53, No 11; (10) 'Der Rohrstengel,' Haltrich, Deutsche Volksmärchen aus dem Sachsenlande, u. s. w., p. 225, No 42. With these we may group, though divergent in some respects, (11) 'Der goldene Apfel,' Toeppen, Aberglauben aus Masuren, p. 139.\* In all these tales the youngest child is successful, and is killed, out of envy, by the eldest or by the two elder. [There are only two children in (6), (7), (8); in (4) the second is innocent, as in the Polish tale.] Reeds grow over the spot where the body is buried (1), (2), (10), (11), or an

\* All these are cited in Köhler's note, Gonzenbach, II, 235.



elder bush (3), out of which a herdsman makes a pipe or flute; or a white bone is found by a herdsman, and he makes a pipe or horn of it (5-9); or a bag-pipe is made of the bones and skin of the murdered youth (4). The instrument, whenever it is played, attests the murder.

Among the tales of the South African Bech-uana, there is one of a younger brother, who has been killed by an older, immediately appearing as a bird, and announcing what has occurred. The bird is twice killed, and the last time burnt and its ashes scattered to the winds, but still reappears, and proclaims that his body lies by a spring in the desert. Grimms, *K. u. H. m.* III, 361. Liebrecht has noted that the fundamental idea is found in a Chinese drama, 'The Talking Dish,' said to be based on a popular tale. An innkeeper and his wife

kill one of their guests for his money, and burn the body. The innkeeper collects the ashes and pounds the bones, and makes a sort of mortar and a dish. This dish speaks very distinctly, and denounces the murderers. *Journal Asiatique*, 1851, 4th Series, vol. 18, p. 523.

Danish **A**, **E** are translated by Prior, I, 381, 384. English **B**, with use of **C**, is translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 104, No 15; **C**, by Afzelius, III, 22. **C**, by Talvj, *Versuch, u. s. w.*, p. 532; by Schubart, p. 133; by Gerhard, p. 143; by Doenniges, p. 81; Arndt, p. 238. **C**, with use of Aytoun's compounded version, by R. Warrens, *Schottische V. L. der Vorzeit*, p. 65; Allingham's version by Knortz, *Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands*, p. 180.

### A

**A.** a. Broadside "printed for Francis Grove, 1656," reprinted in *Notes and Queries*, 1st S., v, 591. **b.** Wit Restor'd, 1658, "p. 51," p. 153 of the reprint of 1817. **c.** Wit and Drollery, ed. 1682, p. 87, = Dryden's *Miscellany*, Part 3, p. 316, ed. 1716. **d.** Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, I, 315.

- 1 THERE were two sisters, they went playing,  
With a hie downe downe a downe-a  
To see their father's ships come sayling in.  
With a hy downe downe a downe-a
- 2 And when they came unto the sea-brym,  
The elder did push the younger in.
- 3 'O sister, O sister, take me by the gowne,  
And drawe me up upon the dry ground.'
- 4 'O sister, O sister, that may not bee,  
Till salt and oatmeale grow both of a tree.'
- 5 Somtymes she sanke, somtymes she swam,  
Until she came unto the mill-dam.
- 6 The miller runne hastily downe the cliffe,  
And up he betook her withouten her life.
- 7 What did he doe with her brest-bone?  
He made him a violl to play thereupon.

- 8 What did he doe with her fingers so small?  
He made him peggs to his violl withall.
- 9 What did he doe with her nose-ridge?  
Unto his violl he made him a bridge.
- 10 What did he doe with her veynes so blew?  
He made him strings to his violl thereto.
- 11 What did he doe with her eyes so bright?  
Upon his violl he played at first sight.
- 12 What did he doe with her tongue so rough?  
Unto the violl it spake enough.
- 13 What did he doe with her two shinnes?  
Unto the violl they danc'd Moll Symus.
- 14 Then bespake the treble string,  
'O yonder is my father the king.'
- 15 Then bespake the second string,  
'O yonder sitts my mother the queen.'
- 16 And then bespake the strings all three,  
'O yonder is my sister that drowned mee.'
- 17 'Now pay the miller for his payne,  
And let him bee gone in the divel's name.'

\*

## B

a. Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 39. b. Wm. Tytler's Brown MS., No 15. c. Abbotsford MS., "Scottish Songs," fol. 21. d. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 48.

- 1 THERE was twa sisters in a bowr,  
Edinburgh, Edinburgh  
There was twa sisters in a bowr,  
Stirling for ay  
There was twa sisters in a bowr,  
There came a knight to be their wooer.  
Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay
- 2 He courted the eldest wi glove an ring,  
But he lovd the youngest above a' thing.
- 3 He courted the eldest wi brotch an knife,  
But lovd the youngest as his life.
- 4 The eldest she was vexed sair,  
An much envi'd her sister fair.
- 5 Into her bowr she could not rest,  
Wi grief an spite she almos brast.
- 6 Upon a morning fair an clear,  
She cried upon her sister dear :
- 7 'O sister, come to yon sea stran,  
An see our father's ships come to lan.'
- 8 She's taen her by the milk-white han,  
An led her down to yon sea stran.
- 9 The younges[t] stood upon a stane,  
The eldest came an threw her in.
- 10 She tooke her by the middle sma,  
An dashd her bonny back to the jaw.
- 11 'O sister, sister, tak my han,  
An Ise mack you heir to a' my lan.
- 12 'O sister, sister, tak my middle,  
An yes get my goud and my gouden girdle.
- 13 'O sister, sister, save my life,  
An I swear Ise never be nae man's wife.'
- 14 'Foul fa the han that I should tacke,  
It twin'd me an my wardles make.
- 15 'Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair  
Gars me gae maiden for evermair.'
- 16 Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she swam,  
Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.
- 17 O out it came the miller's son,  
An saw the fair maid swimmin in.
- 18 'O father, father, draw your dam,  
Here's either a mermaid or a swan.'
- 19 The miller quickly drew the dam,  
An there he found a drownd woman.
- 20 You coudna see her yallow hair  
For gold and pearle that were so rare.
- 21 You coudna see her middle sma  
For gouden girdle that was sae braw.
- 22 You coudna see her fingers white,  
For gouden rings that was sae gryte.
- 23 An by there came a harper fine,  
That harped to the king at dine.
- 24 When he did look that lady upon,  
He sighd and made a heavy moan.
- 25 He's taen three locks o her yallow hair,  
An wi them strung his harp sae fair.
- 26 The first tune he did play and sing,  
Was, 'Farewell to my father the king.'
- 27 The nextin tune that he playd syne,  
Was, 'Farewell to my mother the queen.'
- 28 The lasten tune that he playd then,  
Was, 'Wae to my sister, fair Ellen.'

## C

Scott's Minstrelsy, 1802, II, 143. Compounded from **B b** and a fragment of fourteen stanzas transcribed from the recitation of an old woman by Miss Charlotte Brooke.

- 1 THERE were two sisters sat in a bour ;  
Binnorie, O Binnorie  
There came a knight to be their wooer.  
By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie
- 2 He courted the eldest with glove and ring,  
But he loed the youngest aboon a' thing.
- 3 He courted the eldest with broach and knife,  
But he loed the youngest aboon his life.
- 4 The eldest she was vexed sair,  
And sore envied her sister fair.
- 5 The eldest said to the youngest ane,  
'Will ye go and see our father's ships come  
in?'
- 6 She's taen her by the lilly hand,  
And led her down to the river strand.
- 7 The youngest stude upon a stane,  
The eldest came and pushed her in.
- 8 She took her by the middle sma,  
And dashed her bonnie back to the jaw.
- 9 'O sister, sister, reach your hand,  
And ye shall be heir of half my land.'
- 10 'O sister, I'll not reach my hand,  
And I'll be heir of all your land.
- 11 'Shame fa the hand that I should take,  
It's twin'd me and my world's make.'
- 12 'O sister, reach me but your glove,  
And sweet William shall be your love.'
- 13 'Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove,  
And sweet William shall better be my love.
- 14 'Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair  
Garrd me gang maiden evermair.'
- 15 Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,  
Until she came to the miller's dam.
- 16 'O father, father, draw your dam,  
There's either a mermaid or a milk-white  
swan.'
- 17 The miller hasted and drew his dam,  
And there he found a drowned woman.
- 18 You could not see her yellow hair,  
For gowd and pearls that were sae rare.
- 19 You could na see her middle sma,  
Her gowden girdle was sae bra.
- 20 A famous harper passing by,  
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy.
- 21 And when he looked that ladye on,  
He sighed and made a heavy moan.
- 22 He made a harp of her breast-bone,  
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone.
- 23 The strings he framed of her yellow hair,  
Whose notes made sad the listening ear.
- 24 He brought it to her father's hall,  
And there was the court assembled all.
- 25 He laid this harp upon a stone,  
And straight it began to play alone.
- 26 'O yonder sits my father, the king,  
And yonder sits my mother, the queen.
- 27 'And yonder stands my brother Hugh,  
And by him my William, sweet and true.'
- 28 But the last tune that the harp playd then,  
Was 'Woe to my sister, false Helen!'

## D

Kinloch's MSS, 11, 49. From the recitation of Mrs. Johnston, a North-country lady.

1 THERE lived three sisters in a bouer,  
Edinbruch, Edinbruch  
There lived three sisters in a bouer,  
Stirling for aye  
There lived three sisters in a bouer,  
The youngest was the sweetest flowr.  
Bonnie St Johnston stands upon Tay

2 There cam a knight to see them a',  
And on the youngest his love did fa.

3 He brought the eldest ring and glove,  
But the youngest was his ain true-love.

4 He brought the second sheath and knife,  
But the youngest was to be his wife.

5 The eldest sister said to the youngest ane,  
'Will ye go and see our father's ships come  
in?'

6 And as they walked by the linn,  
The eldest dang the youngest in.

7 'O sister, sister, tak my hand,  
And ye'll be heir to a' my land.'

8 'Foul fa the hand that I wad take,  
To twin me o my warld's make.'

9 'O sister, sister, tak my glove,  
And yese get Willie, my true-love.'

10 'Sister, sister, I'll na tak your glove,  
For I'll get Willie, your true-love.'

11 Aye she swittert, and aye she swam,  
Till she cam to yon bonnie mill-dam.

12 The miller's dochter cam out wi speed,  
It was for water, to bake her bread.

13 'O father, father, gae slack your dam;  
There's in't a lady or a milk-white swan.'  
\* \* \* \* \*

14 They could na see her coal-black eyes  
For her yellow locks hang oure her breees.

15 They could na see her weel-made middle  
For her braid gowden girdle.  
\* \* \* \* \*

16 And by there cam an auld blind fiddler,  
And took three tets o her bonnie yellow  
hair.  
\* \* \* \* \*

17 The first spring that the bonnie fiddle playd,  
'Hang my cruel sister, Alison,' it said.

## E

Sharpe's Ballad Book, No 10, p. 30.

1 THERE livd twa sisters in a bower,  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch!  
There lived twa sisters in a bower,  
Stirling for aye!  
The youngest o them O she was a flower!  
Bonny Sanct Johnstoune that stands upon  
Tay!

2 There cam a squire frae the west,  
He loed them baith, but the youngest best.

3 He gied the eldest a gay gold ring,  
But he loed the youngest aboon a' thing.

4 'O sister, sister, will ye go to the sea?  
Our father's ships sail bonnilie.'

5 The youngest sat down upon a stane;  
The eldest shot the youngest in.

6 'O sister, sister, lend me your hand,  
And you shall hae my gouden fan.

7 'O sister, sister, save my life,  
And ye shall be the squire's wife.'

8 First she sank, and then she swam,  
Untill she cam to Tweed mill-dam.

9 The millar's daughter was baking bread,  
She went for water, as she had need.

10 'O father, father, in our mill-dam  
There's either a lady, or a milk-white swan.'

11 They could nae see her fingers small,  
Wi diamond rings they were coverd all.

12 They could nae see her yellow hair,  
Sae many knots and platts were there.

13 They could nae see her lilly feet,  
Her gowden fringes war sae deep.

14 Bye there cam a fiddler fair,  
And he 's taen three taitis o her yellow hair.

## F

Motherwell's MS., p. 383. From the recitation of Agnes Lyle, Kilbarchan, 27th July, 1825.

1 THERE was two ladies livd in a bower,  
Hey with a gay and a grinding O  
The youngest o them was the fairest flower  
About a' the bonny bows o London.

2 There was two ladies livd in a bower,  
An wooer unto the youngest did go.

3 The oldest one to the youngest did say,  
'Will ye take a walk with me today,  
And we'll view the bonny bows o London.

4 'Thou'll set thy foot whare I set mine,  
Thou'll set thy foot upon this stane.'

5 'I'll set my foot where thou sets thine :'  
The old sister dang the youngest in,  
At, etc.

6 'O sister dear, come tak my hand,  
Take my life safe to dry land,'  
At, etc.

7 'It's neer by my hand thy hand sall come in,  
It's neer by my hand thy hand sall come in,  
At, etc.

8 'It's thy cherry cheeks and thy white briest  
bane  
Gars me set a maid owre lang at hame.'

9 She clasped her hand[s] about a brume rute,  
But her cruel sister she lowsed them out.

10 Sometimes she sank, and sometimes she swam,  
Till she cam to the miller's dam.

11 The miller's bairns has muckle need,  
They were bearing in water to bake some  
breid.

12 Says, 'Father, dear father, in our mill-dam,  
It's either a fair maid or a milk-white swan.'

13 The miller he's spared nae his hose nor his  
shoon  
Till he brocht this lady till dry land.

14 I wad he saw na a bit o her feet,  
Her silver slippers were made so neat.

15 I wad he saw na a bit o her skin,  
For ribbons there was mony a ane.

16 He laid her on a brume buss to dry,  
To see wha was the first wad pass her by.

17 Her ain father's herd was the first man  
That by this lady gay did gang.

18 He's taen three links of her yellow hair,  
And made it a string to his fiddle there.

19 He's cut her fingers long and small  
To be fiddle-pins that neer might fail.

20 The very first spring that the fiddle did play,  
'Hang my auld sister,' I wad it did say.

21 'For she drowned me in yonder sea,  
God neer let her rest till she shall die,'  
At the bonny bows o London.

## G

Motherwell's MS., p. 104. From Mrs King, Kilbarchan.

- 1 THERE were three sisters lived in a bouir,  
Hech, hey, my Nannie O  
And the youngest was the fairest flour.  
And the swan swims bonnie O
- 2 'O sister, sister, gang down to yon sand,  
And see your father's ships coming to dry  
land.'
- 3 O they have gane down to yonder sand,  
To see their father's ships coming to dry land.
- 4 'Gae set your fit on yonder stane,  
Till I tye up your silken gown.'
- 5 She set her fit on yonder stane,  
And the auldest drave the youngest in.
- 6 'O sister, sister, tak me by the hand,  
And ye'll get a' my father's land.

- 7 'O sister, sister, tak me by the gluve,  
An ye'll get Willy, my true luv.'
- 8 She had a switch into her hand,  
And ay she drave her frae the land.
- 9 O whiles she sunk, and whiles she swam,  
Until she swam to the miller's dam.
- 10 The miller's daughter gade down to Tweed,  
To carry water to bake her bread.
- 11 'O father, O father, what's yon in the dam?  
It's either a maid or a milk-white swan.'
- 12 They have tane her out till yonder thorn,  
And she has lain till Monday morn.
- 13 She hadna, hadna twa days lain,  
Till by there came a harper fine.
- 14 He made a harp o her breast-bane,  
That he might play forever thereon.

## H

Motherwell's MS., p. 147. From I. Goldie, March, 1825.

- 1 THERE were three sisters lived in a hall,  
Hey with the gay and the grandeur O  
And there came a lord to court them all.  
At the bonnie bows o London town
- 2 He courted the eldest with a penknife,  
And he vowed that he would take her life.
- 3 He courted the youngest with a glove,  
And he said that he'd be her true love.
- 4 'O sister, O sister, will you go and take a walk,  
And see our father's ships how they float?
- 5 'O lean your foot upon the stone,  
And wash your hand in that sea-foam.'
- 6 She leaned her foot upon the stone,  
But her eldest sister has tumbled her down.
- 7 'O sister, sister, give me your hand,  
And I'll make you lady of all my land.'

- 8 'O I'll not lend to you my hand,  
But I'll be lady of your land.'
- 9 'O sister, sister, give me your glove,  
And I'll make you lady of my true love.'
- 10 'It's I'll not lend to you my glove,  
But I'll be lady of your true love.'
- 11 Sometimes she sank, and sometimes she swam,  
Until she came to a miller's dam.
- 12 The miller's daughter was coming out wi  
speed,  
For water for to bake some bread.
- 13 'O father, father, stop the dam,  
For it's either a lady or a milk-white swan.'
- 14 He dragged her out unto the shore,  
And stripped her of all she wore.
- 15 By cam a fiddler, and he was fair,  
And he buskit his bow in her bonnie yellow  
hair.

16 By cam her father's harper, and he was fine,  
And he made a harp o her bonny breast-bone.

17 When they came to her father's court,  
The harp [and fiddle these words] spoke :

18 'O God bless my father the king,  
And I wish the same to my mother the queen.

19 'My sister Jane she tumbled me in,

\* \* \* \*

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### I

Kinloch MSS, v, 425. From the recitation of M. Kinloch, 23d August, 1826.

1 THERE war twa sisters lived in a bouer,  
Binnorie and Binnorie  
There cam a squire to court them baith.  
At the bonnie mill-streams o Binnorie

2 He courted the eldest with jewels and rings,  
But he lovd the youngest the best of all  
things.

3 He courted the eldest with a penknife,  
He lovd the youngest as dear as his life.

4 It fell ance upon a day  
That these twa sisters hae gane astray.

5 It was for to meet their father's ships that had  
come in.

6 As they walked up the linn,  
The eldest dang the youngest in.

7 'O sister, sister, tak my hand,  
And ye 'll hae Lud John and aw his land.'

8 With a silver wand she pushd her in,  
.

9 'O sister, sister, tak my glove,  
And ye sall hae my ain true love.'

10 The miller's dochter cam out wi speed.  
It was for a water to bake her bread.

11 'O father, father, gae slack your dam ;  
There 's either a white fish or a swan.'  
\* \* \* \*

12 Bye cam a blind fiddler that way,  
And he took three tets o her bonnie yellow hair.

13 And the first spring that he playd,  
It said, 'It was my sister threw me in.'

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### J

Notes and Queries, 4th S., v, 23, from the north of Ireland.

1 THERE were two ladies playing ball,  
Hey, ho, my Nannie O  
A great lord came to court them all.  
The swan she does swim bonnie O

2 He gave to the first a golden ring,  
He gave to the second a far better thing.  
\* \* \* \*

3 He made a harp of her breast-bone  
.

4 He set it down upon a stone,  
And it began to play its lone.

---

### K

Mr G. R. Kinloch's papers, Kinloch MSS, 11, 59. From Mrs Lindores.

1 'O SISTER, sister, gie me your hand,  
Binnorie and Binnorie

And I'll give the half of my fallow-land,  
By the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie.'  
\* \* \* \*

2 The first time the bonnie fiddle played,  
'Hang my sister, Alison,' it said,  
'At the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie.'



## L

- a. From oral tradition, Notes and Queries, 1st S., v, 316.  
 b. The Scouring of the White Horse, p. 161. From North Wales.

1 O WAS it eke a pheasant cock,  
 Or eke a pheasant hen,  
 Or was it the bodye of a fair ladye,  
 Come swimming down the stream?

2 O it was not a pheasant cock,  
 Nor eke a pheasant hen,  
 But it was the bodye of a fair ladye  
 Came swimming down the stream.

\* \* \* \* \*

3 And what did he do with her fair bodye?  
 Fal the lal the lal lalal lody  
 He made it a case for his melodye.  
 Fal, etc.

4 And what did he do with her legs so strong?  
 He made them a stand for his violon.

5 And what did he do with her hair so fine?  
 He made of it strings for his violine.

6 And what did he do with her arms so long?  
 He made them bows for his violon.

7 And what did he do with her nose so thin?  
 He made it a bridge for his violin.

8 And what did he do with her eyes so bright?  
 He made them spectacles to put to his sight.

9 And what did he do with her petty toes?  
 He made them a nosegay to put to his  
 nose.

## M

- Taken down from recitation at Old Deir, 1876, by Mrs  
 A. F. Murison. MS., p. 79.

1 THERE lived twa sisters in yonder ha,  
 Binórie O an Binórie  
 They hadna but ae lad atween them twa,  
 He 's the bonnie miller lad o Binórie.

2 It fell oot upon a day,  
 The auldest ane to the youngest did say,  
 At the bonnie mill-dams o Binórie,

3 'O sister, O sister, will ye go to the dams,  
 To hear the blackbird thrashin oer his songs?  
 At the,' etc.

4 'O sister, O sister, will ye go to the dams,  
 To see oor father's fish-boats come safe to dry  
 lan?  
 An the bonnie miller lad o Binorie.'

5 They hadna been an oor at the dams,  
 Till they heard the blackbird thrashin oer his  
 tune,  
 At the, etc.

6 They hadna been an oor at the dams  
 Till they saw their father's fish-boats come safe  
 to dry lan,  
 Bat they sawna the bonnie miller laddie.

7 They stood baith up upon a stane,  
 An the eldest ane dang the youngest in,  
 I the, etc.

8 She swam up, an she swam doon,  
 An she swam back to her sister again,  
 I the, etc.

9 'O sister, O sister, len me your han,  
 An yes be heir to my true love,  
 He 's the bonnie miller lad o Binorie.'

10 'It was not for that love at I dang you in,  
 But ye was fair and I was din,  
 And yes droon i the dams o Binorie.'

11 The miller's daughter she cam oot,  
 For water to wash her father's hans,  
 Frae the, etc.

12 'O father, O father, ye will fish your dams,  
 An ye 'll get a white fish or a swan,  
 I the,' etc.

13 They fished up and they fished doon,  
 But they got nothing but a droonet woman,  
 I the, etc.

14 Some o them kent by her skin sae fair,  
 But weel kent he by her bonnie yallow hair  
 She 's the bonnie miller's lass o Binorie.

15 Some o them kent by her goons o silk,  
But weel kent he by her middie sae jimp,  
She's the bonnie miller's lass o Binorie.

16 Mony ane was at her oot-takin,  
But mony ane mair at her green grave makin,  
At the bonny mill-dams o Binorie.

## N

[Pinkerton's] Scottish Tragic Ballads, p. 72.

1 THERE were twa sisters livd in a bouir,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie  
Their father was a baron of pouir.  
By the bonnie mildams of Binnorie

2 The youngest was meek, and fair as the may  
Whan she springs in the east wi the gowden day.

3 The eldest austerne as the winter cauld,  
Ferce was her saul, and her seiming was bauld.

4 A gallant squire cam sweet Isabel to woove;  
Her sister had naething to luvie I trow.

5 But filld was she wi dolour and ire,  
To see that to her the comlie squire

6 Preferd the debonair Isabel:  
Their hevin of luvie of spyte was her hell.

7 Till ae ein she to her sister can say,  
'Sweit sister, cum let us wauk and play.'

8 They wauked up, and they wauked down,  
Sweit sang the birdis in the vallie loun.

9 Whan they cam to the roaring lin,  
She drave unweiting Isabel in.

10 'O sister, sister, tak my hand,  
And ye sall hae my silver fan.

11 'O sister, sister, tak my middie,  
And ye sall hae my gowden girdle.'

12 Sumtimes she sank, sumtimes she swam,  
Till she cam to the miller's dam.

13 The miller's dochtor was out that ein,  
And saw her rowing down the streim.

14 'O father deir, in your mil-dam  
There is either a lady or a milk-white swan!'

15 Twa days were gane, whan to her deir  
Her wraith at deid of nicht cold appeir.

16 'My luvie, my deir, how can ye sleip,  
Whan your Isabel lyes in the deip!

17 'My deir, how can ye sleip bot pain  
Whan she by her cruel sister is slain!'

18 Up raise he sune, in friechtfa mude:  
'Busk ye, my meiny, and seik the flude.'

19 They socht her up and they socht her down,  
And spyd at last her glisterin gown.

20 They raisd her wi richt meikle care;  
Pale was her cheik and grein was her hair.

## O

a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 128.  
b. Traditional Ballad Airs, edited by W. Christie, I, 42.

1 THERE were twa sisters in a bower,  
Hey wi the gay and the grinding  
And ae king's son has courted them baith.  
At the bonny bonny bows o London

2 He courted the youngest wi broach and ring,  
He courted the eldest wi some other thing.

3 It fell ance upon a day  
The eldest to the youngest did say,

4 'Will ye gae to yon Tweed mill-dam,  
And see our father's ships come to land?'

5 They baith stood up upon a stane,  
The eldest dang the youngest in.

6 She swimmied up, sae did she down,  
Till she came to the Tweed mill-dam.

7 The miller's servant he came out,  
And saw the lady floating about.

8 'O master, master, set your mill,  
There is a fish, or a milk-white swan.'

- 9 They could not ken her yellow hair,  
[For] the scales o gowd that were laid there.
- 10 They could not ken her fingers sae white,  
The rings o gowd they were sae bright.
- 11 They could not ken her middle sae jimp,  
The stays o gowd were so well laced.
- 12 They could not ken her foot sae fair,  
The shoes o gowd they were so rare.
- 13 Her father's fiddler he came by,  
Upstart'd her ghaist before his eye.
- 14 'Ye'll take a lock o my yellow hair,  
Ye'll make a string to your fiddle there.
- 15 'Ye'll take a lith o my little finger bane,  
And ye'll make a pin to your fiddle then.'
- 16 He's taen a lock o her yellow hair,  
And made a string to his fiddle there.
- 17 He's taen a lith o her little finger bane,  
And he's made a pin to his fiddle then.
- 18 The firstand spring the fiddle did play,  
Said, 'Ye'll drown my sister, as she's dune  
me.'

## P

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 245. b. Motherwell's Minstrelsy,  
Appendix, p. xx, xx.

- 1 THERE were twa ladies in a bower,  
Hey my bonnie Nannie O  
The old was black and the young ane fair.  
And the swan swims bonnie O
- 2 Once it happened on a day  
The auld ane to the young did say,
- 3 The auld ane to the young did say,  
'Will you gae to the green and play?'
- 4 'O sister, sister, I daurna gang,  
For fear I file my silver shoon.'
- 5 It was not to the green they gaed,  
But it was to the water of Tweed.
- 6 She bowed her back and she's taen her 'on,  
And she's tumbled her in Tweed mill-dam.
- 7 'O sister, O sister, O tak my hand,  
And I'll mak you heir of a' my land.'
- 8 'O sister, O sister, I'll no take your hand,  
And I'll be heir of a' your land.'
- 9 'O sister, O sister, O tak my thumb,  
And I'll give you my true-love John.'
- 10 'O sister, O sister, I'll no tak your thumb,  
And I will get your true-love John.'
- 11 Aye she swattered and aye she swam,  
Until she came to the mouth of the dam.
- 12 The miller's daughter went out to Tweed,  
To get some water to bake her bread.
- 13 In again she quickly ran:  
'Here's a lady or a swan in our mill-dam.'
- 14 Out went the miller and his man  
And took the lady out of the dam.
- 15 They laid her on the brae to dry;  
Her father's fiddler then rode by.
- 16 When he this lady did come near,  
Her ghost to him then did appear.
- 17 'When you go to my father the king,  
You'll tell him to burn my sister Jean.
- 18 'When you go to my father's gate,  
You'll play a spring for fair Ellen's sake.
- 19 'You'll tak three links of my yellow hair,  
And play a spring for evermair.'

## Q

Copied Oct. 26, 1861, by J. F. Campbell, Esq., from a collection made by Lady Caroline Murray; traced by her to an old nurse, and beyond the beginning of this century.

- 1 THERE dwelt twa sisters in a bower,  
Oh and ohone, and ohone and aree!  
And the youngest she was the fairest flower.  
On the banks of the Banna, ohone and  
aree!
- 2 There cam a knight to court the twa,  
But on the youngest his love did fa.
- 3 He courted the eldest with ring and wi glove,  
But he gave the youngest all his love.
- 4 He courted the eldest with brooch and wi  
knife,  
But he loved the youngest as his life.
- 5 'O sister, O sister, will ye come to the stream,  
To see our father's ships come in?'
- 6 The youngest stood upon a stane,  
Her sister came and pusht her in.
- 7 'O sister, O sister, come reach me your hand,  
And ye shall hae all our father's land.
- 8 'O sister, O sister, come reach me your glove,  
And you shall hae William to be your true  
love.'

- 9 'I did not put you in with the design  
Just for to pull you out again.'
- 10 Some time she sank, some time she swam,  
Until she came to a miller's dam.
- 11 The miller's daughter dwelt on the Tweed,  
She went for water to bake her bread.
- 12 'O faither, faither, come drag me your dam,  
For there's aither a lady in 't, or a milk-white  
swan.'
- 13 The miller went, and he dragd his dam,  
And he brought her fair body to lan.
- 14 They couldna see her waist sae sma  
For the goud and silk about it a'.
- 15 They couldna see her yallow hair  
For the pearls and jewels that were there.
- 16 Then up and spak her ghaist sae green,  
'Do ye no ken the king's dochter Jean?'
- 17 'Tak my respects to my father the king,  
And likewise to my mother the queen.
- 18 'Tak my respects to my true love William,  
Tell him I deid for the love of him.
- 19 'Carry him a lock of my yallow hair,  
To bind his heart for evermair.'

## R

a. Notes and Queries, 1st S., vi, 102, from Lancashire.  
b. Written down for J. F. Campbell, Esq., Nov. 7, 1861, at  
Wishaw House, Lancashire, by Lady Louisa Primrose. c.  
'The Scouring of the White Horse,' p. 158, from Berk-  
shire, as heard by Mr Hughes from his father.

- 1 THERE was a king of the north countree,  
Bow down, bow down, bow down  
There was a king of the north countree,  
And he had daughters one, two, three.  
I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be  
true to me
- 2 To the eldest he gave a beaver hat,  
And the youngest she thought much of that.

- 3 To the youngest he gave a gay gold chain,  
And the eldest she thought much of the same.
- 4 These sisters were walking on the bryn,  
And the elder pushed the younger in.
- 5 'Oh sister, oh sister, oh lend me your hand,  
And I will give you both houses and land.'
- 6 'I'll neither give you my hand nor glove,  
Unless you give me your true love.'
- 7 Away she sank, away she swam,  
Until she came to a miller's dam.
- 8 The miller and daughter stood at the door,  
And watched her floating down the shore.

- 9 'Oh father, oh father, I see a white swan,  
Or else it is a fair woman.'
- 10 The miller he took up his long crook,  
And the maiden up from the stream he took.
- 11 'I'll give to thee this gay gold chain,  
If you'll take me back to my father again.'
- 12 The miller he took the gay gold chain,  
And he pushed her into the water again.
- 13 The miller was hanged on his high gate  
For drowning our poor sister Kate.
- 14 The cat's behind the buttery shelf,  
If you want any more, you may sing it your-  
self.

## S

Kinloch MSS, vi, 89, in Kinloch's hand.

- \* \* \* \* \*
- 1 'O FATHER, father, swims a swan,'  
This story I'll vent to thee  
'O father, father, swims a swan,  
Unless it be some dead woman.'  
I'll prove true to my true love,  
If my love prove true to me

- 2 The miller he held out his long fish hook,  
And hooked this fair maid from the brook.
- 3 She offered the miller a gold ring stane  
To throw her into the river again.
- 4 Down she sunk, and away she swam,  
Until she came to her father's brook.
- 5 The miller was hung at his mill-gate,  
For drowning of my sister Kate.

## T

Allingham's Ballad Book, p. xxxiii. From Ireland.

'SISTER, dear sister, where shall we go play?'

Cold blows the wind, and the wind blows  
low  
'We shall go to the salt sea's brim.'  
And the wind blows cheerily around us, high  
ho

## U

Communicated by Mr W. W. Newell, as repeated by an  
ignorant woman in her dotage, who learned it at Hunting-  
ton, Long Island, N. Y.

- 1 THERE was a man lived in the mist,  
Bow down, bow down  
He loved his youngest daughter best.  
The bow is bent to me,  
So you be true to your own true love,  
And I'll be true to thee.

- 2 These two sisters went out to swim;  
The oldest pushed the youngest in.
- 3 First she sank and then she swam,  
First she sank and then she swam.
- 4 The miller, with his rake and hook,  
He caught her by the petticoat.

\* \* \* \* \*

- A. b. 1<sup>1</sup>. went a-playing.  
*Burden*<sup>2</sup>. a downe-o.  
c. 1<sup>1</sup>. went a-playing.  
*Burden*<sup>1, 2</sup>. With a hey down, down, a down,  
down-a.

- 4<sup>2</sup>. Till oat-meal and salt grow both on a  
tree.  
6<sup>1</sup>. ran hastily down the clift.  
6<sup>2</sup>. And up he took her without any life.  
13<sup>2</sup>. Moll Symns.



C. *Scott's account of his edition is as follows (II, 143, later ed., III, 287) :*

"It is compiled from a copy in Mrs Brown's MS., intermixed with a beautiful fragment, of fourteen verses, transmitted to the editor by J. C. Walker, Esq., the ingenious historian of the Irish bards. Mr Walker, at the same time, favored the editor with the following note: 'I am indebted to my departed friend, Miss Brooke, for the foregoing pathetic fragment. Her account of it was as follows: This song was transcribed, several years ago, from the memory of an old woman, who had no recollection of the concluding verses; probably the beginning may also be lost, as it seems to commence abruptly.' The first verse and burden of the fragment run thus:

"O sister, sister, reach thy hand!  
Hey ho, my Nanny, O  
And you shall be heir of all my land.  
While the swan swims bonny, O'"

*Out of this stanza, or the corresponding one in Mrs Brown's copy, Scott seems to have made his 9, 10.*

E. "My mother used to sing this song." Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. of 1880, note, p. 129.

F. 2<sup>2</sup>. An wooer.

G. 2<sup>1</sup>. strand, with sand written above: sand in 3<sup>1</sup>.

I. 1<sup>2</sup>. var. in MS. There was a knight and he loved them bath.

7. *The following stanza was subsequently written on an opposite blank page, — perhaps derived from D 8:*

Foul fa the hand that I wad take,  
To twin me and my world's make.

10<sup>2</sup>. a was, perhaps, meant to be expunged, but is only a little blotted.

11<sup>2</sup>. var. a lady or a milk-white swan.

12, 13 were written in later than the rest; at the same time, apparently, as the stanza above (7).

K. Found among Mr Kinloch's papers by Mr Macmath, and inserted by him as a note on p. 59, vol. II, of Kinloch's MSS. The order of the stanzas is there, wrongly, inverted.

1<sup>2</sup>. var. I wad give you.

L. a. These fragments were communicated to Notes and Queries, April 3, 1852, by "G. A.

C.," who had heard 'The Miller's Melody' sung by an old lady in his childhood, and who represents himself as probably the last survivor of those who had enjoyed the privilege of listening to her ballads. We may, therefore, assign this version to the latter part of the 18th century. The two four-line stanzas were sung to "a slow, quaint strain." Two others which followed were not remembered, "but their purport was that the body 'stopped hard by a miller's mill,' and that this 'miller chanced to come by,' and took it out of the water 'to make a melodye.'" G. A. C. goes on to say: "My venerable friend's tune here became a more lively one, and the time quicker; but I can only recollect a few of the complets, and these not correctly nor in order of sequence, in which the transformation of the lady into a viol is described."

b. Some stanzas of this four-line version, with a ludicrous modern supplement, are given in 'The Scouring of the White Horse,' p. 161, as from the Welsh marshes. Five out of the first six verses are there said to be very old indeed, "the rest all patchwork by different hands." Mr Hughes has kindly informed me that he derived the ballad from his father, who had originally learned it at Ruthyn when a boy. What is material here follows:

1 O it was not a pheasant cock,  
Nor yet a pheasant hen,  
But O it was a lady fair  
Came swimming down the stream.

2 An ancient harper passing by  
Found this poor lady's body,  
To which his pains he did apply  
To make a sweet melody.

3 To cat-gut dried he her inside,  
He drew out her back-bone,  
And made thereof a fiddle sweet  
All for to play upon.

4 And all her hair, so long and fair,  
That down her back did flow,  
O he did lay it up with care,  
To string his fiddle bow.

5 And what did he with her fingers,  
Which were so straight and small?



O he did cut them into pegs,  
To screw up his fiddoll.

6 Then forth went he, as it might be,  
Upon a summer's day,  
And met a goodly company,  
Who asked him in to play.

7 Then from her bones he drew such tones  
As made their bones to ache,  
They sounded so like human groans  
Their hearts began to quake.

8 They ordered him in ale to swim, —  
For sorrow 's mighty dry, —  
And he to share their wassail fare  
Essayd right willingly.

9 He laid his fiddle on a shelf  
In that old manor-hall,  
It played and sung all by itself,  
And thus sung this fiddoll :

10 'There sits the squire, my worthy sire,  
A-drinking hisself drunk,' etc., etc.

N. *Pinkerton tells us, in the Preface to his Ancient Scottish Poems, p. cxxxi, that "Binnorie is one half from tradition, one half by the editor." One fourth and three fourths would have been a more exact apportionment. The remainder of his text, which is wholly of his invention, is as follows :*

'Gae saddle to me my swiftest steid ;  
Her fere, by my fae, for her dethe sall bleid.'  
A page cam rinning out ower the lie :  
'O heavie tydings I bring,' quoth he.  
'My luvely lady is far awa gane ;  
We weit the fairy hae her tane.  
Her sister gaed wood wi dule and rage ;  
Nocht cold we do her mind to suage.  
'O Isabel, my sister," she wold cry,  
'For thee will I weip, for thee will I die.'  
Till late yestrene, in an elric hour,  
She lap frae aft the hiehest touir '  
'Now sleip she in peace,' quoth the gallant squire ;  
'Her dethe was the maist that I cold require.  
But I'll main for the, my Isabel deir,  
Full mony a dreiry day, bot weir.'

20. *This stanza occurs also in B c (17), and was perhaps borrowed from Pinkerton by the reviser of that copy.*

O. a. *Buchan's note, II, 320 : "I have seen four or five different versions of this ballad, but none in this dress, nor with the same chorus. . . . The old woman from whose recitation I took it*

down says she had heard another way of it, quite local, whose burden runs thus :

'Ever into Buchanshire, vari vari O.'"

1<sup>2</sup>. hae courted.

b. *Mr Christie has "epitomized" Buchan's copy (omitting stanzas 9-12), with these few slight alterations from the singing of a Banffshire woman, who died in 1860, at the age of nearly eighty :*

*Burden : It's hey, etc.*

2<sup>2</sup>. And he courted the eldest wi mony other thing.

3<sup>1</sup>. But it fell.

5<sup>2</sup>. And the eldest.

P. b. *This stanza only :*

There livd twa sisters in a bower,  
Hey my bonnie Annie O  
There cam a lover them to woo.  
And the swan swims bonnie O,  
And the swan swims bonnie O

Q. *The burden is given thus in Pop. Tales of the West Highlands, IV, 125 :*

Oh ochone, ochone a rie,  
On the banks of the Banna, ochone a rie.

R. a. *The title 'The Three Sisters,' and perhaps the first stanza, belongs rather to No 1 A, B, p. 3 f.*

b. 1. A farmer there lived in the north coun-  
tree,  
Bo down  
And he had daughters one, two, three.  
And I'll be true unto my love, if he'll  
be true unto me

*(The burden is given as Bo down, bo down, etc., in Popular Tales of the West Highlands, IV, 125.)*

*Between 1 and 2 b has :*

The eldest she had a lover come,  
And he fell in love with the younger one.

He bought the younger a . . .

The elder she thought . . .

3. *wanting.*

4<sup>1</sup>. The sisters they walkt by the river brim.

6<sup>2</sup>. my true love.

8. The miller's daughter was at the door,  
As sweet as any gillyflower.
9. O father, O father, there swims a swain,  
And he looks like a gentleman.
10. The miller he fetelt his line and hook,  
And he fisht the fair maiden out of the  
brook.
- 11<sup>1</sup>. O miller, I'll give you guineas ten.
12. The miller he took her guineas ten,  
And then he popt her in again.
- 13<sup>1</sup>. . . behind his back gate,  
<sup>2</sup>. the farmer's daughter Kate.

*Instead of 14:*

The sister she sailed over the sea,  
And died an old maid of a hundred and three.

The lover became a beggar man,  
And he drank out of a rusty tin can.

b 8, 11, 12, 14, 15 are cited in Popular Tales  
of the West Highlands, iv, 127.

- c. 1. A varmer he lived in the west countree,  
Hey-down, bow-down  
A varmer he lived in the west countree,  
And he had daughters one, two, and dree.  
And I'll be true to my love,  
If my love 'll be true to me.

- 2, 3. *wanting*.
- 4<sup>1</sup>. As thay wur walking by the river's brim.
- 5<sup>1</sup>. pray gee me thy hand.
- 7<sup>1</sup>. So down she sank and away she swam.
8. The miller's daughter stood by the door,  
As fair as any gilly-flower.
9. here swims a swan,  
Very much like a drowned gentlewoman.
10. The miller he fot his pole and hook,  
And he fished the fair maid out of the  
brook.
- 11<sup>1</sup>. O miller. I'll gee thee guineas ten.
- 12<sup>2</sup>. pushed the fair maid in again.  
*Between 12 and 13 c has,*

But the crowner he cum and the justice  
too,  
With a hue and a cry and a hullabaloo.

They hanged the miller beside his own  
gate  
For drowning the varmer's daughter, Kate.

*Instead of 14:*

The sister she fled beyond the seas,  
And died an old maid among black savages.

So I've ended my tale of the west coun-  
tree,  
And they calls it the Barkshire Tragedee.

S. 1<sup>2</sup>. *MS.* Or less (?).

T. "Sung to a peenliar and beautiful air." *Al-  
lingham, p. xxxiii.*

# 11

## THE CRUEL BROTHER

- A. '[The] Cruel Brother, or the Bride's Testament.'  
a. Alex. Fraser Tytler's Brown MS. b. Jamieson's  
Popular Ballads, i, 66.
- B. The Kinloch MSS, i, 21.
- C. 'Ther waur three ladies,' Harris MS., p. 11 b.
- D. a. Notes and Queries, 1st S., vi, 53. b. 2d S., v,  
171.
- E. Notes and Queries, 4th S., v, 105.
- F. 'The Three Knights,' Gilbert's Ancient Christmas  
Carols, 2d ed., p. 68.
- G. 'Fine Flowers of the Valley.' a. Herd's MSS, i,  
41. b. Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, i, 88.
- H. Fragment appended to G.
- I. The Kinloch MSS, i, 27.
- J. As current in County Meath, Ireland, about 1860.
- K. Notes and Queries, 4th S., iv, 517.

A a was obtained directly from Mrs Brown of Falkland, in 1800, by Alexander Fraser Tytler. Jamieson says that he gives b verbatim from the recitation of Mrs Arrott; but it would seem that this must have been a slip of memory, for the two agree except in half a dozen words. B, C, I, J are now for the first time printed. G only was taken down earlier than the present century.

Aytoun remarks (1858): "This is, perhaps, the most popular of all the Scottish ballads, being commonly recited and sung even at the present day." The copy which he gives, I, 232, was "taken down from recitation," but is nevertheless a compound of G and A b, with a few unimportant variations, proceeding, no doubt, from imperfect recollection.\* The copy in Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs*, p. 56, repeated in Bell's volume of the same title, p. 50, is Gilbert's F. Dixon informs us that the ballad was (in 1846) still popular amongst the peasantry in the west of England. Cunningham gives us a piece called 'The Three Ladies of Leithan Ha,' *Songs of Scotland*, II, 87, which he would fain have us believe that he did not know he had written himself. "The common copies of this tragic lyric," he truly says, "differ very much from this; not so much in the story itself as in the way it is told."

All versions but K, which has pretty nearly lost all point, agree after the opening stanzas. A-E have three ladies and only one knight; F has three knights and one lady; G, I, J, K have three ladies and three knights [lords in G, "bonny boys" in I, the first line being caught from 'Sir Hugh.']. Three knights are to no purpose; only one knight has anything to do. The reason for three ladies is, of course, that the youngest may be preferred to the others, — an intention somewhat obscured in B. The ladies are in colors in B, C, I, J, and this seems to be the better interpretation in the case of G, though a strict construction of the language would rather point to the other. The colors are transferred to the

knights in F because there is only one lady. In K this is a part of the general depravation of the ballad.

'Rizzardo bello,' Wolf, *Volkslieder aus Venetien*, No 83, seems to be the same story, with a change of relations such as we often find in ballad poetry. Rizzardo is conducting his bride home, and on the way embraces and kisses her. Her brother witnesses "questo onore," and thrusts his sword into the happy bridegroom's heart. Rizzardo tells his bride to come on slowly; he will go before to make preparation. He begs his mother to open the doors, for his bride is without, and he is wounded to death. They try to make the bride eat. She says she can neither eat nor drink: she must put her husband to bed. He gives her a ring, saying, Your brother has been the death of me; then another ring, in sign that she is to be wife of two brothers. She answers him as Guldberg answers Ribold, that she would die rather: "Rather die between two knives than be wife of two brothers." This ballad was obtained from a peasant woman of Castagnero. Another version, which unfortunately is not printed, was sung by a woman at Ostiglia on the Po.

Dr Prior remarks that the offence given by not asking a brother's assent to his sister's marriage was in ballad-times regarded as unpardonable. Other cases which show the importance of this preliminary, and the sometimes fatal consequences of omitting it, are: 'Hr. Peder og Mettelille,' *Grundtvig*, No 78, II, 325, sts 4, 6; 'Jomfruen i Skoven,' *Danske Viser*, III, 99, st. 15; 'Jomfru Ellensborg og Hr. Olof,' *ib.*, III, 316, st. 16; 'Iver Lang og hans Søster,' *ib.*, IV, 87, st. 116; 'Herr Helmer Blaa,' *ib.*, IV, 251, st. 8; 'Jomfru Giselmaar,' *ib.*, IV, 309, st. 13. See Prior's *Ancient Danish Ballads*, III, 112, 232 f, 416.

There is a very common German ballad, 'Graf Friedrich,' in which a bride receives a mortal wound during the bringing-home, but accidentally, and from the bridegroom's hand. The marriage train is going up a hill; the way is narrow; they are crowded; Graf Friedrich's sword shoots from its sheath and wounds the bride. The bridegroom is exceedingly dis-

\* Aytoun, 1-8 = Herd, 1776, 1-8: 9-13 = Jamieson, 11-15: 14, 15 = Herd, 11, 12: 16, 17 = Jamieson, 18, 19: 18, 19 = Herd, 13, 14: 20-24 = Jamieson, 21-25.

tressed; he tries to stop the bleeding with his shirt; she begs that they may ride slowly. When they reach the house there is a splendid feast, and everything is set before the bride; but she can neither eat nor drink, and only wishes to lie down. She dies in the night. Her father comes in the morning, and, learning what has happened, runs Graf Friedrich through, then drags his body at a horse's heels, and buries it in a bog. Three lilies sprang from the spot, with an inscription announcing that Graf Friedrich was in heaven, and a voice came from the sky commanding that the body should be disinterred. The bridegroom was then buried with his bride, and this act of reparation was attended with other miraculous manifestations. As the ballads stand now, the kinship of 'Graf Friedrich' with 'The Cruel Brother' is not close and cannot be insisted on; still an early connection is not improbable.

The versions of 'Graf Friedrich' are somewhat numerous, and there is a general agreement as to all essentials. They are: **A**, a Nuremberg broadside "of about 1535," which has not been made accessible by a reprint. **B**, a Swiss broadside of 1647, without place, "printed in Seckendorf's *Musen Almanach für* 1808, p. 19;" Uhland, No 122, p. 277; Mittler, No 108; Wunderhorn, II, 293 (1857); Erk's *Liederhort*, No 15<sup>a</sup>, p. 42; Böhme, No 79, p. 166: also, in Wunderhorn, 1808, II, 289, with omission of five stanzas and with many changes; Simrock, No 11, p. 28, omitting four stanzas and with changes; as written down by Goethe for Herder, Düntzer u. Herder, *Briefe Goethes*, u. s. w., Aus Herder's Nachlass, I, 167, with the omission of eight stanzas and with some variations. **C**, Wunderhorn (1857), II, 299, from the Schwarzwald, = Erlach, IV, 291, Mittler, No 113. **D**, Taschenbuch für Dichter, u. s. w., Theil VIII, 122, from Upper Lusatia, = Erlach, III, 448, Talvj, *Charakteristik*, p. 421. **E**, from the Kuhländchen, Meinert, p. 23, = Mittler, No 109. **F**, Hoffmann u. Richter, *Schlesische V. L.*, No 19, p. 35, = Mittler, No 112, Erk's *Liederhort*, No 15, p. 40. **G**, Zingerle, in Wolf's *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie*,

I, 341, from Meran. **H**, from Uckermark, Brandenburg, Mittler, No 114. **I**, Hesse, from oral tradition, Mittler, No 111. **J**, Erk u. Irmer, II, 54, No 54, from the neighborhood of Halle, = Mittler, No 110. **K**, from Estedt, district of Magdeburg, Parisius, p. 31, No 9.

A Danish ballad, 'Den saarede Jomfru,' Grundtvig, No 244, IV, 474, has this slight resemblance with 'Graf Friedrich:' While a knight is dancing with a princess, his sword glides from the scabbard and cuts her hand. To save her partner from blame, she represents to her father that she had cut herself with her brother's sword. This considerateness so touches the knight (who is, of course, her equal in rank) that he offers her his hand. The Danish story is found also in Norwegian and in Färöe ballads.

The peculiar testament made by the bride in 'The Cruel Brother,' by which she bequeaths good things to her friends, but ill things to the author of her death, is highly characteristic of ballad poetry. It will be found again in 'Lord Ronald,' 'Edward,' and their analogues. Still other ballads with this kind of testament are: 'Frillens Hævn,' Grundtvig, No 208 C, 16-18, IV, 207; a young man, stabbed by his leman, whom he was about to give up in order to marry, leaves his lands to his father, his bride-bed to his sister, his gilded couch to his mother, and his knife to his leman, wishing it in her body. 'Møen paa Baalet,' Grundtvig, No 109 A, 18-21, II, 587; Ole, falsely accused by her brother, and condemned to be burned, gives her mother her silken sark, her sister her shoes, her father her horse, and her brother her knife, with the same wish. 'Kong Valdemar og hans Søster,' Grundtvig, No 126, III, 97, has a testament in A-E and I; in I, 14-19 (III, 912), Liden Kirsten bequeaths her knife, with the same imprecation, to the queen, who, in the other copies, is her unrelenting foe: so Liljelin to Herr Adelbrand, *Danske Viser*, III, 386, No 162, 16-18, Kristensen, I, 262, No 100, A 20-23, having been dragged at a horse's heels in resentment of a taunt. 'Hustru og Mands Moder,' Grundtvig, No 84, II, 404, has a testament in A, B, D, H, and in the last

three a bequest of shoes or sark to a cruel mother-in-law or foster-mother, with the wish that she may have no peace or much pain in the wearing. 'Catarina de Lió,' Briz y Candi, *Cansons de la Terra*, I, 209, has been beaten by her mother-in-law while in a delicate state. When she is at the point of death, the mother-in-law asks what doctor she will have and what will she will make. "My will," says Catherine, "will not please you much. Send back my velvet dress to my father's; my gala dress give my sister; give my working dress to the maid, my jewels to the Virgin." "And what will you leave to me?" "What I leave you will not please you much: my husband to be hanged, my mother-in-law to be quartered, and my sister-in-law to be burned." 'Le Testament de Marion,' another version of this story from the south of France, Uchaud, Gard, *Poésies pop. de la France*, MS., IV, fol. 283, bequeaths "my laces to my sister Marioun, my prettiest gowns to my sister Jeanneton; to my rascal of a husband three fine cords, and, if that is not enough (to hang him), the hem of his shirt." The Portuguese ballad of 'Dona Helena' rather implies than expresses the imprecation: Braga, C. P. do Archipelago Açoriano, p. 225, No 15, p. 227, No 16; Almeida-Garrett, III, 56; Hartung, I, 233-43, No 18. Helena leaves her husband's house when near childbirth, out of fear of his mother. Her husband, who does not know her reason, goes after her, and compels her to return on horseback, though she has just borne a son. The consequences are what might be expected, and Helena desires to make her shrift and her will. She leaves one thing to her oldest sister, another to her youngest. "And your boy?" "To your bitch of a mother, cause of my woes." "Rather to yours," says the husband, "for I shall have to kill mine" (so Braga; Garrett differs somewhat). 'Die Frau zur Weissenburg' (A), Uhland, p. 287, No 123 B, Scherer's *Jungbrunnen*, p. 94, No 29; 'Das Lied von der Löwenburg' (B), Simrock, p. 65, No 27; 'Hans Steutlinger' (C), Wun-

derhorn, II, 168 (1857), all one story, have a bitterly sarcastic testament. A lady instigates her paramour to kill her husband. The betrayed man is asked to whom he will leave his children [commit, A, bequeath, B, C]. "To God Almighty, for he knows who they are." "Your property?" "To the poor, for the rich have enough." "Your wife?" "To young Count Frederic, whom she always liked more than me (A)." "Your castle?" "To the flames."

In some cases there is no trace of animosity towards the person who has caused the testator's death; as in 'El testamento de Amelia' (who has been poisoned by her mother), Milá, *Observaciones*, p. 103, No 5, Briz y Saltó, *Cansons de la Terra*, II, 197 (two copies); 'Herren Båld,' Afzelius, I, 76, No 16 (new ed. I, 59, No 15); a Swedish form of 'Frillens Hævn,' Grundtvig, IV, 203; 'Renée le Glaz' and 'Ervoanik Le Lintier,' Luzel, C. P. de la Basse Bretagne, I, 405, 539, 553. There are also simple testaments where there is no occasion for an ill remembrance, as in 'Ribold og Guldberg,' Grundtvig, No 82, I, K, L, U, X, Æ, Kristensen, II, No 84 B; 'Pontplancoat,' Luzel, I, 383, 391. And, again, there are parodies of these wills. Thus the fox makes his will: Grundtvig, *Gamle danske Minder*, 1854, 'Mikkels Arvegods,' p. 24, and p. 25 a copy from a manuscript three hundred years old; Kristensen, *Jyske Folkeviser*, II, 324, No 90; 'Reven og Bjönnen,' 'Reven og Nils fiskar,' Landstad, Nos 85, 86, p. 637, 639: and the robin, 'Robin's Tesment,' Buchan, I, 273, *Herd's MSS*, I, 154, and *Scottish Songs* (1776), II, 166, *Chambers' Popular Rhymes*, p. 38, "new edition."

Translated in Grundtvig's *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, No 33, p. 212, F, with use of A and G b; Aytoun's copy, with omissions, by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder der Vorzeit*, No 17, p. 80; after Allingham and others, by Knortz, *Lieder und Romanzen Alt-Englands*, No 5, p. 16.

## A

a. Alex. Fraser Tytler's Brown MS. b. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, 1, 66, purporting to be from the recitation of Mrs Arrot of Aberbrothick.

- 1 THERE was three ladies playd at the ba,  
With a hey ho and a lillie gay  
There came a knight and played oer them a'.  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly
- 2 The eldest was baith tall and fair,  
But the youngest was beyond compare.
- 3 The midmost had a graceful mien,  
But the youngest lookd like beautie's queen.
- 4 The knight bowd low to a' the three,  
But to the youngest he bent his knee.
- 5 The ladie turned her head aside,  
The knight he woo'd her to be his bride.
- 6 The ladie blushd a rosy red,  
And sayd, 'Sir knight, I'm too young to wed.'
- 7 'O ladie fair, give me your hand,  
And I'll make you ladie of a' my land.'
- 8 'Sir knight, ere ye my favor win,  
You maun get consent frae a' my kin.'
- 9 He's got consent frae her parents dear,  
And likewise frae her sisters fair.
- 10 He's got consent frae her kin each one,  
But forgot to spiek to her brother John.
- 11 Now, when the wedding day was come,  
The knight would take his bonny bride home.
- 12 And many a lord and many a knight  
Came to behold that ladie bright.
- 13 And there was nae man that did her see,  
But wishd himself bridegroom to be.
- 14 Her father dear led her down the stair,  
And her sisters twain they kissd her there.
- 15 Her mother dear led her thro the closs,  
And her brother John set her on her horse.
- 16 She leand her oer the saddle-bow,  
To give him a kiss ere she did go.
- 17 He has taen a knife, baith lang and sharp,  
And stabbd that bonny bride to the heart.
- 18 She hadno ridden half thro the town,  
Until her heart's blude staind her gown.
- 19 'Ride softly on,' says the best young man,  
'For I think our bonny bride looks pale and wan.'
- 20 'O lead me gently up yon hill,  
And I'll there sit down, and make my will.'
- 21 'O what will you leave to your father dear?'  
'The silver-shod steed that brought me here.'
- 22 'What will you leave to your mother dear?'  
'My velvet pall and my silken gear.'
- 23 'What will you leave to your sister Anne?'  
'My silken scarf and my gowden fan.'
- 24 'What will you leave to your sister Grace?'  
'My bloody cloaths to wash and dress.'
- 25 'What will you leave to your brother John?'  
'The gallows-tree to hang him on.'
- 26 'What will you leave to your brother John's wife?'  
'The wilderness to end her life.'
- 27 This ladie fair in her grave was laid,  
And many a mass was oer her said.
- 28 But it would have made your heart right sair,  
To see the bridegroom rive his haire.

## B

Kinloch's MSS, I, 21, from Mary Barr, May, 1827, Clydesdale.

- 1 A GENTLEMAN cam oure the sea,  
Fine flowers in the valley  
And he has courted ladies three.  
With the light green and the yellow
- 2 One o them was clad in red :  
He asked if she wad be his bride.
- 3 One o them was clad in green :  
He asked if she wad be his queen.
- 4 The last o them was clad in white :  
He asked if she wad be his heart's delight.
- 5 'Ye may ga ask my father, the king :  
Sae maun ye ask my mither, the queen.
- 6 'Sae maun ye ask my sister Anne :  
And dinna forget my brither John.'
- 7 He has asked her father, the king :  
And sae did he her mither, the queen.
- 8 And he has asked her sister Anne :  
But he has forgot her brother John.
- 9 Her father led her through the ha,  
Her mither danced afore them a'.
- 10 Her sister Anne led her through the closs,  
Her brither John set her on her horse.
- 11 It's then he drew a little penknife,  
And he reft the fair maid o her life.
- 12 'Ride up, ride up,' said the foremost man ;  
'I think our bride comes hooly on.'
- 13 'Ride up, ride up,' said the second man ;  
'I think our bride looks pale and wan.'
- 14 Up than cam the gay bridegroom,  
And straucht unto the bride he cam.
- 15 'Does your side-saddle sit awry ?  
Or does your steed . . .
- 16 'Or does the rain run in your glove ?  
Or wad ye chuse anither love ?'
- 17 'The rain runs not in my glove,  
Nor will I e'er chuse anither love.
- 18 'But O an I war at Saint Evron's well,  
There I wad licht, and drink my fill !
- 19 'Oh an I war at Saint Evron's closs,  
There I wad licht, and bait my horse !'
- 20 Whan she cam to Saint Evron's well,  
She dought na licht to drink her fill.
- 21 Whan she cam to Saint Evron's closs,  
The bonny bride fell aff her horse.
- 22 'What will ye leave to your father, the king ?'  
'The milk-white steed that I ride on.'
- 23 'What will ye leave to your mother, the queen ?'  
'The bluidy robes that I have on.'
- 24 'What will ye leave to your sister Anne ?'  
'My gude lord, to be wedded on.'
- 25 'What will ye leave to your brither John ?'  
'The gallows pin to hang him on.'
- 26 'What will ye leave to your brither's wife ?'  
'Grief and sorrow a' the days o her life.'
- 27 'What will ye leave to your brither's bairns ?'  
'The meal-pock to hang oure the arms.'
- 28 Now does she neither sigh nor groan :  
She lies aneath yon marble stone.



## C

Harris MS., p. 11 b, No 7.

- 1 THERE waur three ladies in a ha,  
Hech hey an the lily gey  
By cam a knight, an he wooed them a'.  
An the rose is aye the redder aye
- 2 The first ane she was cled in green ;  
'Will you fancy me, an be my queen?'
- 3 'You may seek me frae my father dear,  
An frae my mither, wha did me bear.
- 4 'You may seek me frae my sister Anne,  
But no, no, no frae my brither John.'
- 5 The niest ane she was cled in yellow ;  
'Will you fancy me, an be my marrow?'
- 6 'Ye may seek me frae my father dear,  
An frae my mither, wha did me bear.
- 7 'Ye may seek me frae my sister Anne,  
But no, no, no frae my brither John.'
- 8 The niest ane she was cled in red :  
'Will ye fancy me, an be my bride?'
- 9 'Ye may seek me frae my father dear,  
An frae my mither wha did me bear.

- 10 'Ye may seek me frae my sister Anne,  
An dinna forget my brither John.'
- 11 He socht her frae her father, the king,  
An he socht her frae her mither, the queen.
- 12 He socht her frae her sister Anne,  
But he forgot her brither John.
- 13 Her mither she put on her gown,  
An her sister Anne preened the ribbons down.
- 14 Her father led her doon the close,  
An her brither John set her on her horse.  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 15 Up an spak our foremost man :  
'I think our bonnie bride's pale an wan.'  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 16 'What will ye leave to your father dear?'  
'My . . . . an my . . . . chair.'
- 17 'What will ye leave to your mither dear?'  
'My silken screen I was wont to wear.'
- 18 'What will ye leave to your sister Anne?'  
'My silken snood an my golden fan.'
- 19 'What will you leave to your brither John?'  
'The gallows tree to hang him on.'

## D

Notes and Queries, 1st S., vi, 53, 2d S., v, 171. As sung  
by a lady who was a native of County Kerry, Ireland.

- 1 THERE were three ladies playing at ball,  
Farin-dan-dan and farin-dan-dec

There came a white knight, and he wooed them  
all.

With adieu, sweet honey, wherever you be

- 2 He courted the eldest with golden rings,  
And the others with many fine things.  
And adieu, etc.

## E

Notes and Queries, 4th S., v, 105. From Forfarshire, W. F.

- THERE were three sisters playin at the ba,  
Wi a hech hey an a lillie gay

There cam a knight an lookt ower the wa'.  
An the primrose springs sae sweetly.  
Sing Annet, an Marret, an fair Maisrie,  
An the dew hangs i the wood, gay ladie.

## F

Gilbert's *Ancient Christmas Carols*, 2d ed., p. 68, as remembered by the editor. West of England.

- 1 THERE did three knights come from the west,  
With the high and the lily oh  
And these three knights courted one lady.  
As the rose was so sweetly blown
- 2 The first knight came was all in white,  
And asked of her, if she 'd be his delight.
- 3 The next knight came was all in green,  
And asked of her, if she 'd be his queen.
- 4 The third knight came was all in red,  
And asked of her, if she would wed.
- 5 'Then have you asked of my father dear,  
Likewise of her who did me bear?
- 6 'And have you asked of my brother John?  
And also of my sister Anne?
- 7 'Yes, I have asked of your father dear,  
Likewise of her who did you bear.
- 8 'And I have asked of your sister Anne,  
But I've not asked of your brother John.'
- 9 Far on the road as they rode along,  
There did they meet with her brother John.
- 10 She stooped low to kiss him sweet,  
He to her heart did a dagger meet.
- 11 'Ride on, ride on,' cried the serving man,  
'Methinks your bride she looks wondrous wan.'
- 12 'I wish I were on yonder stile,  
For there I would sit and bleed awhile.
- 13 'I wish I were on yonder hill,  
There I'd alight and make my will.'
- 14 'What would you give to your father dear?'  
'The gallant steed which doth me bear.'
- 15 'What would you give to your mother dear?'  
'My wedding shift which I do wear.'
- 16 'But she must wash it very clean,  
For my heart's blood sticks in evry seam.'
- 17 'What would you give to your sister Anne?'  
'My gay gold ring and my feathered fan.'
- 18 'What would you give to your brother John?'  
'A rope and gallows to hang him on.'
- 19 'What would you give to your brother John's wife?'  
'A widow's weeds, and a quiet life.'

## G

a. Herd's MSS, I, 41. b. Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, I, 88.

- 1 THERE was three ladys in a ha,  
Fine flowers i the valley  
There came three lords amang them a',  
Wi the red, green, and the yellow
- 2 The first of them was clad in red:  
'O lady fair, will you be my bride?'
- 3 The second of them was clad in green:  
'O lady fair, will you be my queen?'
- 4 The third of them was clad in yellow:  
'O lady fair, will you be my marrow?'
- 5 'You must ask my father dear,  
Likewise the mother that did me bear.'
- 6 'You must ask my sister Ann,  
And not forget my brother John.'
- 7 'I have askt thy father dear,  
Likewise thy mother that did thee bear.
- 8 'I have askt thy sister Ann,  
Bnt I forgot thy brother John.'
- 9 Her father led her through the ha,  
Her mother daned before them a'.
- 10 Her sister Ann led her through the closs,  
Her brother John put her on her horse.

- 11 'You are high and I am low ;  
Let me have a kiss before you go.'
- 12 She was louting down to kiss him sweet,  
Wi his penknife he wounded her deep.  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 13 'O lead me over into yon stile,  
That I may stop and breath a while.
- 14 'O lead me over to yon stair,  
For there I'll ly and bleed ne mair.'
- 15 'O what will you leave your father dear ?'  
'That milk-white steed that brought me here.'
- 16 'O what will you leave your mother dear ?'  
'The silken gown that I did wear.'
- 17 'What will you leave your sister Ann ?'  
'My silken snood and golden fan.'
- 18 'What will you leave your brother John ?'  
'The highest gallows to hang him on.'
- 19 'What will you leave your brother John's  
wife ?'  
'Grief and sorrow to end her life.'
- 20 'What will ye leave your brother John's  
bairns ?'  
'The world wide for them to range.'

H

Herd's MSS, I, 44, II, 75 ; Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 90 ;  
appended to G.

SHE louted down to gie a kiss,  
With a hey and a lilly gay

He stuck his penknife in her hass.  
And the rose it smells so sweetly

'Ride up, ride up,' cry'd the foremost man ;  
'I think our bride looks pale and wan.'

I

Kinloch's MSS, I, 27. From Mrs Bouchart, an old lady  
native of Forfarshire.

- 1 THERE war three bonnie boys playing at the  
ba,  
Hech hey and a lily gay  
There cam three ladies to view them a'.  
And the rose it smells sae sweetlie
- 2 The first ane was clad in red :  
'O,' says he, 'ye maun be my bride.'
- 3 The next o them was clad in green :  
'O,' says he, 'ye maun be my queen.'
- 4 The tither o them was clad in yellow :  
'O,' says he, 'ye maun be my marrow.'
- 5 'Ye maun gang to my father's boner,  
To see gin your bride he'll let me be.'
- 6 Her father led her down the stair,  
Her mither at her back did bear.
- 7 Her sister Jess led her out the closs,  
Her brother John set her on the horse.

- 8 She loutit down to gie him a kiss ;  
He struck his penknife thro her breist.
- 9 'Ride on, ride on,' says the foremaist man ;  
'I think our bride looks pale and wan.'
- 10 'Ride on, ride on,' says the merry bride-  
groom ;  
'I think my bride's blude is rinmin down.'
- 11 'O gin I war at yon bonnie hill,  
I wad lie down and bleed my fill !
- 12 'O gin I war at yon bonnie kirk-yard,  
I wad mak my testament there !'
- 13 'What will ye leave to your father dear ?'  
'The milk-white steed that brocht me here.'
- 14 'What will ye leave to your mother dear ?'  
'The bluidy robes that I do wear.'
- 15 'What will ye leave to your sister Ann ?'  
'My silken snood and gowden fan.'
- 16 'What will ye leave to your sister Jess ?'  
'The bonnie lad that I loe best.'

17 'What will ye leave to your brother John?'  
 'The gallows pin to hang him on.'

18 'What will ye leave to your brother John's  
 wife?'  
 'Sorrow and trouble a' her life.'

19 'What will ye leave to your brother's bairns?'  
 'The world's wide, and let them beg.'

---

J

From Miss Margaret Reburn, as current in County Meath,  
 Ireland, about 1860.

- 1 THERE were three sisters playing ball,  
 With the high and the lily O  
 And there came three knights to court them  
 all.  
 With the rosey sweet, heigh ho
- 2 The eldest of them was drest in green:  
 'I wish I had you to be my queen.'
- 3 The second of them was drest in red:  
 'I wish I had you to grace my bed.'
- 4 The youngest of them was drest in white:  
 'I wish I had you to be my wife.'
- 5 'Did ye ask my father brave?  
 Or did ye ask my mother fair?
- 6 'Or did ye ask my brother John?  
 For without his will I dare not move on.'

7 'I did ask your parents dear,  
 But I did not see your brother John.'

\* \* \* \* \*

8 'Ride on, ride on,' said the first man,  
 'For I fear the bride comes slowly on.'

9 'Ride on, ride on,' said the next man,  
 'For lo! the bride she comes bleeding on.'

\* \* \* \* \*

10 'What will you leave your mother dear?'  
 'My heart's best love for ever and aye.'

11 'What will ye leave your sister Anne?'  
 'This wedding garment that I have on.'

12 'What will ye leave your brother John's  
 wife?'  
 'Grief and sorrow all the days of her life.'

13 'What will ye leave your brother John?'  
 'The highest gallows to hang him on.'

14 'What will ye leave your brother John's son?'  
 'The grace of God to make him a man.'

---

K

Notes and Queries, 4th S., IV, 517, as "sung in Cheshire  
 amongst the people" in the last century. T. W.

- 1 THERE were three ladies playing at ball,  
 Gilliver, Gentle, and Rosemary  
 There came three knights and looked over the  
 wall.  
 Sing O the red rose and the white lilly
- 2 The first young knight, he was clothed in red,  
 And he said, 'Gentle lady, with me will you  
 wed?'
- 3 The second young knight, he was clothed in  
 blue,  
 And he said, 'To my love I shall ever be  
 true.'

4 The third young knight, he was clothed in  
 green,  
 And he said, 'Fairest maiden, will you be my  
 queen?'

5 The lady thus spoke to the knight in red,  
 'With you, sir knight, I never can wed.'

6 The lady then spoke to the knight in blue,  
 And she said, 'Little faith I can have in you.'

7 The lady then spoke to the knight in green,  
 And she said, 'T is at court you must seek for  
 a queen.'

8 The three young knights then rode away,  
 And the ladies they laughed, and went back to  
 their play.  
 Singing, etc.

- A. b. 6<sup>2</sup>. oer young.  
 10<sup>2</sup>. spear at.  
 17<sup>2</sup>. the bonny.  
 19<sup>1</sup>. said.  
 23<sup>1</sup>. And what will ye.  
 25<sup>1</sup>. This fair lady.    2. And a mass.  
*Variations of Aytoun's copy, sts. 9-13, 16, 17, 20-24: 11<sup>1</sup> omits And; 12<sup>1</sup>, 13<sup>1</sup> omit dear; 13<sup>2</sup> omits And; 16<sup>1</sup>. through half for half thro; 17<sup>2</sup> omits For, bonny; 21<sup>2</sup>, pearlin for silken; 22<sup>1</sup> omits And; 22<sup>2</sup>, My silken gown that stands its lane; 23<sup>2</sup>, shirt for cloaths; 24<sup>1</sup>, And what; 24<sup>2</sup>, The gates o hell to let him in.*
- B. "I have seen a fragment of another copy in which [the burden is]
- The red rose and the lily  
 And the roses spring fu sweetly." *Kinloch*,  
 p. 19.
- F. 9<sup>1</sup>. For on the road.
- G. a. 1. *Burden*<sup>2</sup>. The red, green, etc.: afterwards, Wi the red, etc.
- 2<sup>2</sup>. *MS. also*, He askt of me if I'd be his bride.  
 3<sup>2</sup>. *MS. also*, He askt of me if I'd be his queen.  
 4<sup>2</sup>. *MS. also*, He askt me if I'd be his marrow.  
 15<sup>2</sup>. *MS. also*, The gold and silver that I have here.  
 16<sup>2</sup>. *MS. also*, The silken garment.  
 17<sup>2</sup>. *MS. also*, My satine hat.  
 20<sup>2</sup>, *MS. also*, The world wide, let them go beg.  
 b. 7<sup>2</sup>. the mother.  
 b. 14<sup>1</sup>. into yon stair.  
*Variations of Aytoun's copy, sts. 1-8, 14, 15, 18, 19 from Herd, 1776: 1<sup>1</sup>, three sisters; 2<sup>2</sup>, 3<sup>2</sup>, 4<sup>2</sup> omit fair; 5<sup>1</sup>, O ye maun; 6<sup>1</sup>, And ye; 7<sup>1</sup>, O I have; 8<sup>1</sup>, And I have ask'd your sister; 8<sup>2</sup>, your brother; 14<sup>2</sup>, Give me a kiss; 15<sup>2</sup>, When wi his knife.*
- H. "I have heard this song, to a very good tune not in any collection, with the above variations — the chorus, of the whole as in the above two verses." *Herd's note in his MSS.*

## 12

## LORD RANDAL

- A. From a manuscript copy, probably of the beginning of this century.
- B. 'Lord Donald,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 110.
- C. Motherwell's MS., p. 69.
- D. Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1803, III, 292.
- E. Halliwell's Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales, p. 261.
- F. 'Lord Ronald, my Son,' Johnson's Museum, No 327, p. 337.
- G. Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, p. 319.
- H. From recitation, 1881.
- I. 'Tiranti, my Son.' a. Communicated by a lady of Boston. b. By an aunt of the same. c. By a lady of New Bedford. d. By a lady of Cambridge. e, f, g. By ladies of Boston.
- J. 'The Bonnie Wee Croodlin Dow,' Motherwell's MS., p. 238.
- K. a. 'The Croodlin Doo,' Chambers, Scottish Ballads, p. 324. b. 'The Wee Croodlen Doo,' Chambers, Popular Rhymes, 1842, p. 53. c. Johnson's Museum, by Stenhouse and Laing, IV, 364\*.
- L. 'Willie Doo,' Buchan's MSS, II, 322, and Ballads, II, 179.
- M. 'The Croodin Doo,' Chambers, Popular Rhymes, 1870, p. 51.
- N. Kinloch MSS, v, 347.
- O. 'The Croodlin Doo.' From a manuscript belonging to the Fraser-Tytler family.

THE title 'Lord Randal' is selected for this ballad because that name occurs in one of the better versions, and because it has become familiar through Scott's Minstrelsy. Scott says that the hero was more generally termed Lord Ronald: but in the versions that have come down to us this is not so. None of these can be traced back further than a century. F and D were the earliest published. Jamieson remarks with respect to G (1814): "An English gentleman, who had never paid any attention to ballads, nor ever read a collection of such things, told me that when a child he learnt from a playmate of his own age, the daughter of a clergyman in Suffolk, the following imperfect ditty." I, a version current in eastern Massachusetts, may be carried as far back as any. a, b derive from Elizabeth Foster, whose parents, both natives of eastern Massachusetts, settled, after their marriage, in Maine, where she was born in 1789. Elizabeth Foster's mother is remembered to have sung the ballad, and I am informed that the daughter must have learned it not long after 1789, since she was removed in her childhood from Maine to Massachusetts, and continued there till her death. 'Tiranti' ['Taranti'] may not improbably be a corruption of Lord Randal.

The copy in Smith's Scottish Minstrel, III, 58, is Scott's altered. The first four stanzas are from the Border Minstrelsy, except the last line of the fourth, which is from Johnson's Museum. The last two stanzas are a poor modern invention.

Three stanzas which are found in A. Cunningham's Scottish Songs, I, 286 f, may be given for what they are worth. 'The house of Marr,' in the first, is not to be accepted on the simple ground of its appearance in his pages. The second is inserted in his beautified edition of Scott's ballad, and has its burden accordingly; but there is, besides this, no internal evidence against the second, and none against the third.

\* Opera nuova, nella quale si contiene una incatenatura di più villanelle ed altre cose ridicolose. . . . Data in luce per me Camillo, detto il Bianchino, cieco Fiorentino. Flie-

'O where have you been, Lord Ronald, my son?  
O where have you been, my handsome young man?'  
'At the house of Marr, mother, so make my bed  
soon,  
For I'm wearied with hunting, and fain would lie  
down.'

'O where did she find them, Lord Randal, my son?  
O where did she catch them, my handsome young  
man?'  
'Neath the bush of brown bracken, so make my  
bed soon,  
For I'm wae and I'm weary, and fain would lie  
down.'

'O what got your bloodhounds, Lord Ronald, my  
son?'  
O what got your bloodhounds, my handsome young  
man?'  
'They lapt the broo, mother, so make my bed soon,  
I am wearied with hunting, and fain would lie  
down.'

A pot-pourri or quodlibet, reprinted in Wolff's Egeria, p. 53, from a Veronese broadside of the date 1629, shows that this ballad was popular in Italy more than 250 years ago; for the last but one of the fragments which make up the medley happens to be the first three lines of 'L'Avvelenato,' very nearly as they are sung at the present day, and these are introduced by a summary of the story:

"Io vo' finire con questa d'un amante  
Tradito dall' amata.  
Oh che l'è sì garbata  
A cantarla in ischiera:  
'Dov' andastu iersera,  
Figliuol mio ricco, savio e gentile?  
Dov' andastu iersera'?" \*

The ballad was first recovered in 1865, by Dr G. B. Bolza, who took it down from the singing of very young girls at Lovenò. Since then good copies have been found at Venice. A, 'L'Avvelenato,' Bolza, Canzoni popolari comasche, No 49, Sitzungsberichte of the Vienna Academy (philos. histor. class), LIII,

gendes Blatt von Verona, 1629. Egeria, p. 53; p. 260, note 31. — With the above (Egeria, p. 59) compare especially the beginning of Italian B, further on.

[To 'Lord Randal,' p. 152 f.]

I have unaccountably failed to mention (though I had made note of them) three versions of 'L'Avvelenato' which are cited by Professor D'Ancona in his *Poesia popolare italiana*, p. 106 ff.

D. The Canon Lorenzo Panciatichi refers to the ballad in a 'Cicalata in lode della Padella e della Frittura,' recited at the Crusea, September 24, 1656, and in such manner as shows that it was well known. He quotes the first question of the mother, 'Dove andastù a cena,' etc. To this the son answered, he says, that he had been poisoned with a roast eel; and the mother asking what the lady had cooked it in, the reply was, In the oil pot.

E. A version obtained by D'Ancona from the singing of a young fellow from near Pisa, of which the first four stanzas are given.

Some verses after these are lost, for the testament is said to supervene immediately.

F. A version from Lecco, which has the title, derived from its burden, 'De lu cavalieri e figliu de re,' A. Trifone Nutricati Briganti, *Intorno ai Canti e Racconti popolari del Leccese*, p. 17. The first four stanzas are cited, and it appears from these that the prince had cooked the eel himself, and, appropriately, in a gold pan.

[To 'The Cruel Brother,' p. 142.]

I will take the opportunity to remark that Nigra has just republished in *Romania* XI, 391, 'Luggieri,' a version, from Arezzo, of 'Rizzardo bello,' previously printed by Giulio Salvatori in the *Rassegna Settimanale*, No. 77, Rome, June 22, 1879. Nigra treats 'Luggieri' as a variety of 'Jean Renaud.' To me it seems an independent ballad.





668, is of seventeen stanzas, of seven short lines, all of which repeat but two: the 8th and 10th stanzas are imperfect.\* A mother inquires of her son where he has been. He has been at his mistress's, where he has eaten part of an eel; the rest was given to a dog, that died in the street. The mother declares that he has been poisoned. He bids her send for the doctor to see him, for the curate to shrive him, for the notary to make his will. He leaves his mother his palace, his brothers his carriage and horses, his sisters a dowry, his servants a free passage to mass ("la strada d'andà a messa" = nothing), a hundred and fifty masses for his soul; for his mistress the gallows to hang her. B, C, 'L'Avvelenato,' Bernoni, Nuovi Canti popolari veneziani, 1874, No 1, p. 5, p. 3, have twelve and eighteen four-line stanzas, the questions and answers in successive stanzas, and the last three lines of the first pair repeated respectively throughout.† B, which is given as a variant of C, agrees with A as to the agent in the young man's death. It is his mistress in B, but in C it is his mother. In both, as in A, he has eaten of an eel. The head he gave to the dogs, the tail to the cats (C). He leaves to his stewards (castaldi) his carriages and horses (C); to his herdsmen his cows and fields; to the maids his chamber furnishings; to his sister the bare privilege of going to mass (C, as in A); to his mother [wife, C] the keys of his treasure. "La forza per picarla" is in B as in A the bequest to his false love, instead of whom we have his mother in C.

The corresponding German ballad has been known to the English for two generations through Jamieson's translation. The several versions, all from oral tradition of this century,

show the same resemblances and differences as the English.

A, B, 'Schlangenköchin,' eight stanzas of six lines, four of which are burden, A, Liederhort, p. 6, No 2<sup>a</sup>, from the neighborhood of Wilsnack, Brandenburg, B, Peter, I, 187, No 6, from Weidenau, Austrian Silesia, run thus: Henry tells his mother that he has been at his sweetheart's (but not a-hunting); has had a speckled fish to eat, part of which was given to the dog [eat, B], which burst. Henry wishes his father and mother all blessings, and hell-pains to his love, A 6-8. His mother, B 8, asks where she shall make his bed: he replies, In the church-yard. C, 'Grossmutter Schlangenköchin,' first published in 1802, in Maria's (Clemens Brentano's) romance Godwi, II, 113, afterward in the Wunderhorn, I, 19 (ed. 1819, I, 20, ed. 1857), has fourteen two-line stanzas, or seven of four lines, one half burden. The copy in Zuccalmaglio, p. 217, No 104, "from Hesse and North Germany," is the same thing with another line of burden intercalated and two or three slight changes. Maria has been at her grandmother's, who gave her a fish to eat which she had caught in her kitchen garden; the dog ate the leavings, and his belly burst. The conclusion agrees with B, neither having the testament. D, 'Stiefmutter,' seven stanzas of four short lines, two being burden, Uhland, No 120, p. 272; excepting one slight variation, the same as Liederhort, p. 5, No 2, from the vicinity of Bückeburg, Lippe-Schaumburg. A child has been at her mother's sister's house, where she has had a well-peppered broth and a glass of red wine. The dogs [and cats] had some broth too, and died on the spot. The child wishes its father a seat in heaven, for its mother one in hell. E,

\* It begins:

"Dôve sî stâ jersira,  
Figliuol mio caro, fiorito e gentil?  
Dôve sî stâ jersira?"  
"Sôn stâ dalla mia dama;  
Signôra Mama, mio core sta mal!  
Son stâ dalla mia dama;  
Ohimè! ch'io moro, ohimè!"

† E. g. (B):

1 "E dove xestu stâ gieri sera,  
Figlio mio rico, sapio e gentil?

20

E dove xestu stâ gieri sera,  
Gentil mio cavalier?"

2 "E mi so' stato da la mia bela;  
Signora madre, el mio cuor stâ mal!  
E mi so' stato da la mia bela;  
Oh Dio, che moro, ohimè!"

3 "E cossa t'âla dato da çena,  
Figlio mio?" etc.

4 "E la m'â dato 'n'anguila rostita;  
Signora madre," etc.

'Kind, wo bist du denn henne west?' Reiffenberg, p. 8, No 4, from Bökendorf, Westphalia, four stanzas of six lines, combining question and answer, two of the six burden. A child has been at its step-aunt's, and has had a bit of a fish caught in the nettles along the wall. The child gives all its goods to its brother, its clothes to its sister, but three devils to its [step-]mother. F, 'Das vergiftete kind,' seven four-line stanzas, two burden, Schuster, Siebenbürgisch-sächsische V. L., p. 62, No 58, from Mühlbach. A child tells its father that its heart is bursting; it has eaten of a fish, given it by its mother, which the father declares to be an adder. The child wishes its father a seat in heaven, its mother one in hell.

A, B are nearer to 'Lord Randal,' and have even the name Henry which we find in English C. C-F are like J-O, 'The Croodlin Doo.'

Dutch. 'Isabelle,' Snellaert, p. 73, No 67, seven four-line stanzas, the first and fourth lines repeated in each. Isabel has been sewing at her aunt's, and has eaten of a fish with yellow stripes that had been caught with tongs in the cellar. The broth, poured into the street, caused the dogs to burst. She wishes her aunt a red-hot furnace, herself a spade to bury her, her brother a wife like his mother.

Swedish. A, 'Den lillas Testamente,' ten five-line stanzas, three lines burden, Afzelius, III, 13, No 68; ed. Bergström, I, 291, No 55. A girl, interrogated by her step-mother, says she has been at her aunt's, and has eaten two wee striped fishes. The bones she gave the dog; the stanza which should describe the effect is wanting. She wishes heaven for her father and mother, a ship for her brother, a jewel-box and chests for her sister, and hell for her step-mother and her nurse. B, Arwidsson, II, 90, No 88, nine five-line stanzas, two lines burden. In the first stanza, evidently corrupt, the girl says she has been at her brother's. She has had eels cooked with pepper, and the bones, given to the dogs, made them burst. She gives her father good corn in his barns, her brother and sister a ship, etc., hell to her step-mother and nurse.

Danish. Communicated by Prof. Grundt-

vig, as obtained for the first time from tradition in 1877; five stanzas of five lines, three lines repeating. Elselille, in answer to her mother, says she has been in the meadow, where she got twelve small snakes. She wishes heavenly joy to her father, a grave to her brother, hell torment to her sister.

Magyar. 'Der vergiftete Knabe,' Aigner, Ungarische Volksdichtungen, 2<sup>e</sup> Auflage, p. 127, in nine six-line stanzas, four being a burden. Johnnie, in answer to his mother, says he has been at his sister-in-law's, and has eaten a speckled toad, served on her handsomest plate, of which he is dying. He bequeaths to his father his best carriage, to his brothers his finest horses, to his sister his house furniture, to his sister-in-law everlasting damnation, to his mother pain and sorrow.

Wendish. 'Der vergiftete Knabe,' Haupt u. Schmalzer, I, 110, No 77, twelve four-line stanzas, combining question and answer, the first and last line repeating. Henry has been at the neighbor's, has eaten part of a fish caught in the stable with a dung-fork; his dog ate the rest, and burst. There is no testament. His mother asks him where she shall make his bed; he replies, In the churchyard; turn my head westward, and cover me with green turf.

The numerous forms of this story show a general agreement, with but little difference except as to the persons who are the object and the agent of the crime. These are, according to the Italian tradition,—which is 250 years old, while no other goes back more than a hundred years, and far the larger part have been obtained in recent years,—a young man and his true-love; and in this account unite two of the three modern Italian versions, English A-G, German A, B. Scott suggests that the handsome young sportsman (whom we find in English A, C, D, E, F, H) may have been exchanged for a little child poisoned by a step-mother, to excite greater interest in the nursery. This seems very reasonable. What girl with a lover, singing the ballad, would not be tempted to put off the treacherous act on so popular, though most unjustly popular, an object of aversion? A mother, again,

would scarcely allow "mother" to stand, as is the case in Italian C and German F, and a singer who considered that all blood relations should be treated as sacred would ascribe the wickedness to somebody beyond that pale, say a neighbor, as the Wendish ballad does, and Zuccalmaglio's reading of German C. The step-mother is expressly named only in English J, K c, L, M, N, O, and in four of these, J, K c, M, O, the child has a mammie,\* which certainly proves an *alibi* for the step-mother, and confirms what Scott says. There is a step-aunt in German E and Swedish A, and the aunt in German D and the Dutch ballad, and the grandmother in English I, K a, b, German C, are perhaps meant (as the brother in Swedish B certainly is) to be step-relations and accommodating instruments.

The poisoning is shifted to a wife in English H, to an uncle in English I d, and to a sister-in-law in the Magyar version.

There is all but universal consent that the poisoning was done by serving up snakes for fish. The Magyar says a toad, English M a four-footed fish,† German D a well-peppered broth and a glass of red wine. English L adds a drink of hemlock stocks to the speckled trout; F, H have simply poison. The fish are distinctively eels in the Italian versions, and in English A, D, E, G, I, Swedish B. English A, J, K, M, N, O, German A-D, the Italian, Swedish, Dutch, Wendish versions, and by implication English C, D, E also, concur in saying that a part of the fish was given to a dog [dogs, cat, cats], and that death was the consequence. Bursting or swelling is characteristic of this kind of poisoning: German A, B, C, F, English D, E, and the Dutch and Wendish versions.

The dying youth or child in many cases makes a nuncupative will, or declares his last wishes, upon a suggestion proceeding from the person who is by him, commonly from the mother: English A, B, C, H, I: German A,

D, E, F: the Italian, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Magyar versions. The bequest to the poisoner is the gallows in English B, C, H, I, Italian A, B, C; hell, English A, German A, D, F, Swedish A, B, Danish; and an equivalent in German E, the Dutch and the Magyar copy. 'The Cruel Brother,' No 11, and 'Edward,' No 13, have a will of this same fashion.

In all the English versions the burden has the entreaty "Make my bed," and this is addressed to the mother in all but L, N. In H, an Irish copy, and I, an American one, the mother asks where the bed shall be made; and the answer is, In the churchyard. This feature is found again in German B, C and in the Wendish version.

The resemblance in the form of the stanza in all the versions deserves a word of remark. For the most part, the narrative proceeds in sections of two short lines, or rather half lines, which are a question and an answer, the rest of the stanza being regularly repeated. English L, N, as written (L not always), separate the question and answer; this is done, too, in Italian B, C. German E, on the contrary, has two questions and the answers in each stanza, and is altogether peculiar. Swedish B varies the burden in part, imagining father, brother, sister, etc., to ask what the little girl will give to each, and adapting the reply accordingly, "Faderen min," "Broderen min."

A Bohemian and a Catalan ballad which have two of the three principal traits of the foregoing, the poisoning and the testament, do not exhibit, perhaps have lost, the third, the employment of snakes.

The story of the first is that a mother who dislikes the wife her son has chosen attempts to poison her at the wedding feast. She sets a glass of honey before the son, a glass of poison before the bride. They exchange cups. The poison is swift. The young man leaves four horses to his brother, eight cows to his sister, his fine house to his wife. "And

\* Grundtvig notices this absurdity, Eng. og skotske F. v, p. 286, note \*\*.

† "The nurse or nursery maid who sung these verses (to a very plaintive air) always informed the juvenile audience

that the step-mother was a rank witch, and that the fish was an ask (newt), which was in Scotland formerly deemed a most poisonous reptile." C. K. Sharpe, in the Musical Museum, Laing-Stenhouse, iv, 364\*.

what to me, my son?" asks the mother. A broad mill-stone and the deep Moldau is the bequest to her. Waldau, *Böhmische Granaten*, II, 109, cited by Reifferscheid, p. 137 f.

The Catalan ballad seems to have been softened at the end. Here again a mother hates her daughter-in-law. She comes to the sick woman, "com qui no 'n sabès res," and asks What is the matter? The daughter says, You have poisoned me. The mother exhorts her to confess and receive the sacrament, and then make her will. She gives her castles in France to the poor and the pilgrims [and the friars], and to her brother Don Carlos [who in one version is her husband]. Two of the versions remember the Virgin. "And to me?" "To you, my husband [my cloak, rosary], that when you go to mass you may remember me." In one version the mother asks the dying woman where she will be buried. She says At Saint Mary's. Milà, *Observaciones*, p. 103 f, No 5, two versions: Briz y Saltó, II, 197 f, two also, the first nearly the same as Milà's first.

Poisoning by giving a snake as food, or by infusing the venom in drink, is an incident in several other popular ballads.

Donna Lombarda attempts, at the instigation of a lover, to rid herself of her husband by pounding a serpent, or its head, in a mortar, and mixing the juice with his wine [in one version simply killing the snake and putting it in a cask]: Nigra, *Canzoni del Piemonti*, in *Rivista Contemporanea*, XII, 32 ff, four versions; Marcoaldi, p. 177, No 20; Wolf, *Volklieder aus Venetien*, p. 46, No 72; Righi, *Canti popolari veronesi*, p. 37, No 100\*; Ferraro, *C. p. monferrini*, p. 1, No 1; Bernoni, *C. p. veneziani*, *Puntata v*, No 1. In three of Nigra's versions and in Ferraro's the drink is offered when the husband returns from hunting. The husband, rendered suspicious by the look of the wine, or warned of his danger, forces his wife to drink first. So in a northern ballad, a mother who attempts to destroy her sons [step-sons] with a brewage of this description is obliged to drink first, and bursts with the poison: 'Eiturbyrlunar kvæði,' Íslenzk

Fornkv., II, 79, No 43 A; 'Fru Gundela,' Arwidsson, II, 92, No 89; 'Signelill aa hennes synir,' Bugge, p. 95, No XX, the last half.

In one of the commonest Slavic ballads, a girl, who finds her brother an obstacle to her desires, poisons him, at the instigation and under the instruction of the man she fancies, or of her own motion, by giving him a snake to eat, or the virus in drink. The object of her passion, on being informed of what she has done, casts her off, for fear of her doing the like to him. Bohemian: 'Sestra travička,' Erben, *P. n. w Čechách*, 1842, I, 9, No 2, *Prostonárodní české P.*, 1864, p. 477, No 13; Swoboda, *Sbírka č. n. P.*, p. 19; German translations by Swoboda, by Wenzig, *W. s. Märchenschatz*, p. 263, I. v. Düringsfeld, *Böhmische Rosen*, p. 176, etc. Moravian: Sušil, p. 167, No 168. Slovak, Čelakowsky, *Slowanské n. P.*, III, 76. Polish: Kolberg, *P. L. p.*, I, 115, No 8, some twenty versions; Wojcieki, *P. L. białochrobotow*, etc., I, 71, 73, 232, 289; Pauli, *P. L. polskiego*, p. 81, 82; Konopka, *P. L. krakowskiego*, p. 125. Servian: Vuk, I, 215, No 302, translated by Talvj, II, 192, and by Kapper, *Gesänge der Serben*, II, 177. Russian: Čelakowsky, as above, III, 108. Etc. The attempt is made, but unsuccessfully, in Sacharof, *P. russkago N.*, IV, 7.

A version given by De Rada, *Rapsodie d'un poema albanese*, p. 78, canto x, resembles the Slavic, with a touch of the Italian. A man incites a girl to poison her brother by pounding the poison out of a serpent's head and tail and mixing it with wine.

In a widely spread Romaic ballad, a mother poisons the bride whom her son has just brought home, — an orphan girl in some versions, but in one a king's daughter wedding a king's son. The cooks who are preparing the feast are made to cook for the bride the heads of three snakes [nine snakes' heads, a three-headed snake, winged snakes and two-headed adders]. In two Epirote versions the poisoned girl bursts with the effects. "Τὰ κακὰ πεθερικά," Passow, p. 335, No 456, nearly = Zambelios, p. 753, No 41; Passow, p. 337, No 457; Tommaseo, *Canti popolari*, III, 135; Jeannaraki,

p. 127, No 130 \*; Chasiotis (Epirote), p. 51, No 40, “*Ἡ βουργαροπούλα καὶ ἡ κακὴ πεθερά;*” p. 103, No 22, “*Ὁ Διονὺς καὶ ἡ κακὴ πεθερά.*” (Liebrecht, *Volkskunde*, p. 214.)

An Italian mother-in-law undertakes to poison her son's wife with a snake-potion. The wife, on her husband's return from the chase, innocently proposes to share the drink with him. Her husband no sooner has tasted than he falls dead. (Kaden, *Italien's Wunderhorn*, p. 85).

Scott cites in his preface to ‘Lord Randal’ a passage from a MS. chronicle of England, in which the death of King John is described as being brought about by administering to him the venom of a toad (cf. the Magyar ballad). The symptoms — swelling and rupture — are found in the Scandinavian and Epirote ballads referred to above, besides those previously noticed (p. 155). King John had asked a monk at the abbey of Swinshed how much a loaf on the table was worth. The monk answered a half-penny. The king said that if he could bring it about, such a loaf should be worth twenty pence ere half a year. The monk thought he would rather die than that this should come to pass. “And anon the monk went unto his abbot and was shrived of him, and told the abbot all that the king said, and prayed his abbot to assoil him, for he would give the king such a wassail that all England should be glad and joyful thereof. Then went the monk into a garden, and found a toad therein, and took her up, and put her in a cup, and filled it with good ale, and

pricked her in every place, in the cup, till the venom came out in every place, and brought it before the king, and kneeled, and said: ‘Sir, wassail: for never in your life drank ye of such a cup.’ ‘Begin, monk,’ said the king: and the monk drank a great draught, and took the king the cup, and the king also drank a great draught, and set down the cup. The monk anon went to the firmory, and there died anon, on whose soul God have mercy, amen. And five monks sing for his soul especially, and shall while the abbey standeth. The king was anon full evil at ease, and commanded to remove the table, and asked after the monk; and men told him that he was dead, for his womb was broke in sunder. When the king heard this tidings, he commanded for to truss: but all it was for nought, for his belly began to swell from the drink that he drank, that he died within two days, the morrow after Saint Luke's day.” *Minstrelsy*, III, 287 f. The same story in *Eulogium Historiarum*, ed. Haydon, III, 109 f.

B and K c are translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 284, 286. D, by W. Grimm, 3 *Altschottische Lieder*, p. 3; by Schubart, p. 177; Arndt, p. 229; Doenniges, p. 79; Gerhardt, p. 83; Knortz, *L. u. R. Alt-Englands*, p. 174. K a by Fiedler, *Geschichte der volksthümlichen schottischen Liederdichtung*, II, 268. German C is translated by Jamieson, *Illustrations*, p. 320: Swedish A by W. and M. Howitt, *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*, I, 265.

## A

From a small manuscript volume lent me by Mr William Macmath, of Edinburgh, containing four pieces written in or about 1710, and this ballad in a later hand. Charles Mackie, August, 1808, is scratched upon the binding.

- 1 ‘O WHERE ha you been, Lord Randal, my son?  
And where ha you been, my handsome young man?’

‘I ha been at the greenwood; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down.’

- 2 ‘An wha met ye there, Lord Randal, my son?  
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?’

\* A golden bird, sitting on the bride's hand, sings, “You had better not go there; you will have a bad mother-in-law

and a bad father-in-law.” There are ill omens also in Passow, No 457.



- ‘O I met wi my true-love; mother, mak my  
bed soon,  
For I’m wearied wi huntin, an fain wad lie  
down.’
- 3 ‘And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my  
son?  
And what did she give you, my handsome  
young man?’  
‘Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my bed  
soon,  
For I’m wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie  
down.’
- 4 ‘And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randal, my  
son?  
And wha gat your leavins, my handsom young  
man?’  
‘My hawks and my hounds; mother, mak my  
bed soon,  
For I’m wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie  
down.’
- 5 ‘And what becam of them, Lord Randal, my  
son?  
And what becam of them, my handsome young  
man?’  
‘They stretched their legs out an died; mother,  
mak my bed soon,  
For I’m wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie  
down.’
- 6 ‘O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my  
son!  
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young  
man!’  
‘O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed  
soon,  
For I’m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie  
down.’
- 7 ‘What d’ ye leave to your mother, Lord Ran-  
dal, my son?  
What d’ ye leave to your mother, my handsome  
young man?’  
‘Four and twenty milk kye; mother, mak my  
bed soon,  
For I’m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie  
down.’
- 8 ‘What d’ ye leave to your sister, Lord Ran-  
dal, my son?  
What d’ ye leave to your sister, my handsome  
young man?’  
‘My gold and my silver; mother, mak my bed  
soon,  
For I’m sick at the heart, an I fain wad lie  
down.’
- 9 ‘What d’ ye leave to your brother, Lord Ran-  
dal, my son?  
What d’ ye leave to your brother, my hand-  
some young man?’  
‘My houses and my lands; mother, mak my  
bed soon,  
For I’m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie  
down.’
- 10 ‘What d’ ye leave to your true-love, Lord Ran-  
dal, my son?  
What d’ ye leave to your true-love, my hand-  
some young man?’  
‘I leave her hell and fire; mother, mak my  
bed soon,  
For I’m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie  
down.’

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**B**

Kinloch’s Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 110. From Mrs  
Comie, Aberdeen.

- 1 ‘O WHARE hae ye been a’ day, Lord Donald,  
my son?  
O whare hae ye been a’ day, my jollie young  
man?’
- 2 ‘What wad ye hae for your supper, Lord Don-  
ald, my son?  
What wad ye hae for your supper, my jollie  
young man?’

‘I’ve been awa courtin; mither, mak my bed  
sune,  
For I’m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie  
doun.’



'I've gotten my supper; mither, mak my  
bed sune,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie  
doun.'

3 'What did ye get for your supper, Lord Don-  
ald, my son?  
What did ye get for your supper, my jollie  
young man?'  
'A dish of sma fishes; mither mak my bed  
sune,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie  
doun.'

4 'Whare gat ye the fishes, Lord Donald, my  
son?  
Whare gat ye the fishes, my jollie young  
man?'  
'In my father's black ditches; mither, mak  
my bed sune,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie  
doun.'

5 'What like were your fishes, Lord Donald, my  
son?  
What like were your fishes, my jollie young  
man?'  
'Black backs and spreekld bellies; mither,  
mak my bed sune,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie  
doun.'

6 'O I fear ye are poisond, Lord Donald, my  
son!  
O I fear ye are poisond, my jollie young  
man!'  
'O yes! I am poisond; mither mak my bed  
sune,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie  
doun.'

7 'What will ye leave to your father, Lord Don-  
ald my son?

What will ye leave to your father, my jollie  
young man?'

'Baith my houses and land; mither, mak my  
bed sune,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie  
doun.'

8 'What will ye leave to your brither, Lord  
Donald, my son?

What will ye leave to your brither, my jollie  
young man?'

'My horse and the saddle; mither, mak my  
bed sune,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie  
doun.'

9 'What will ye leave to your sister, Lord  
Donald, my son?

What will ye leave to your sister, my jollie  
young man?'

'Baith my gold box and rings; mither, mak  
my bed sune,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie  
doun.'

10 'What will ye leave to your true-love, Lord  
Donald, my son?

What will ye leave to your true-love, my jollie  
young man?'

'The tow and the halter, for to hang on yon  
tree,  
And lat her hang there for the poysoning o  
me.'

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## C

Motherwell's MS., p. 69. From the recitation of Marga-  
ret Bain, in the parish of Blackford, Perthshire.

1 'WHAT's become of your hounds, King Hen-  
rie, my son?  
What's become of your hounds, my pretty lit-  
tle one?'

'They all died on the way; mother, make my  
bed soon,  
For I'm sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie  
doun.'

2 'What gat ye to your supper, King Henry, my  
son?

What gat ye to your supper, my pretty little  
one?'

- ‘I gat fish boiled in broo ; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I ’m sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.’
- 3 ‘What like were the fish, King Henry, my son ?  
What like were the fish, my pretty little one ?’  
‘They were spreckled on the back and white on the belly ; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I ’m sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.’
- 4 ‘What leave ye to your father, King Henry, my son ?  
What leave ye to your father, my pretty little one ?’  
‘The keys of Old Ireland, and all that ’s therein ; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I ’m sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.’
- 5 ‘What leave ye to your brother, King Henry, my son ?  
What leave ye to your brother, my pretty little one ?’
- 6 ‘The keys of my coffers and all that ’s therein ;  
mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I ’m sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.’
- 6 ‘What leave ye to your sister, King Henry, my son ?  
What leave ye to your sister, my pretty little one ?’  
‘The world ’s wide, she may go beg ; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I ’m sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.’
- 7 ‘What leave ye to your trew-love, King Henry, my son ?  
What leave ye to your trew-love, my pretty little one ?’  
‘The highest hill to hang her on, for she ’s poisoned me and my hounds all ; mother, make my bed soon,  
Oh I ’m sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.’

## D

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1803, 111, 292.

- 1 ‘O WHERE hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son ?  
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man ?’  
‘I hae been to the wild wood ; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I ’m weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.’
- 2 ‘Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son ?  
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man ?’  
‘I din’d wi my true-love ; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I ’m weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.’
- 3 ‘What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son ?  
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man ?’
- ‘I gat eels build in broo ; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I ’m weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.’
- 4 ‘What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son ?  
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man ?’  
‘O they swell’d and they died ; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I ’m weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.’
- 5 ‘O I fear ye are poisond, Lord Randal, my son !  
O I fear ye are poisond, my handsome young man !’  
‘O yes ! I am poisond ; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I ’m sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down.’

## E

Halliwell's Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales, p. 261.  
 "A version still popular in Scotland," 1849.

- 1 'An where have you been, Lairde Rowlande,  
 my son?  
 Ah where have you been, Lairde Rowlande,  
 my son?'  
 'I've been in the wild woods; mither, mak my  
 bed soon,  
 For I'm weary wi hunting, and faine would lie  
 down.'
- 2 'Oh you've been at your true love's, Lairde  
 Rowlande, my son!  
 Oh you've been at your true-love's, Lairde  
 Rowlande, my son!'  
 'I've been at my true-love's; mither, mak my  
 bed soon,  
 For I'm weary wi hunting, and faine would lie  
 down.'
- 3 'What got you to dinner, Lairde Rowlande, my  
 son?  
 What got you to dinner, Lairde Rowlande, my  
 son?'

'I got eels boild in brue; mither, mak my bed  
 soon,  
 For I'm weary wi hunting, and faine would  
 lie down.'

- 4 'What's become of your warden, Lairde Row-  
 lande, my son?  
 What's become of your warden, Lairde Row-  
 lande, my son?'  
 'He died in the muirlands; mither, mak my  
 bed soon,  
 For I'm weary wi hunting, and faine would  
 lie down.'
- 5 'What's become of your stag-hounds, Lairde  
 Rowlande, my son?  
 What's become of your stag-hounds, Lairde  
 Rowlande, my son?'  
 'They swelled and they died; mither, mak my  
 bed soon,  
 For I'm weary wi hunting, and faine would lie  
 down.'

## F

Johnson's Museum, No 327, p. 337. Communicated by  
 Burns.

- 1 'O WHERE hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my  
 son?  
 O where hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?'  
 'I hae been wi my sweetheart; mother, make  
 my bed soon,  
 For I'm weary wi the hunting, and fain wad  
 lie down.'

- 2 'What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ron-  
 ald, my son?  
 What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ron-  
 ald, my son?'  
 'I hae got deadly poison; mother, make my  
 bed soon,  
 For life is a burden that soon I'll lay down.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## G

Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, p. 319. Originally  
 from a clergyman's daughter, in Suffolk.

- 1 'WHERE have you been today, Billy, my son?  
 Where have you been today, my only man?'  
 'I've been a wooing; mother, make my bed  
 soon,  
 For I'm sick at heart, and fain would lay  
 down.'

- 2 'What have you ate today, Billy, my son?  
 What have you ate today, my only man?'  
 'I've ate eel-pie; mother, make my bed  
 soon,  
 For I'm sick at heart, and shall die before  
 noon.'

## H

Taken down by me, February, 1881, from the recitation of Ellen Healy, as repeated to her by a young girl at "Lackabairn," Kerry, Ireland, about 1868.

- 1 'WHERE was you all day, my own pretty boy?  
Where was you all day, my comfort and joy?'  
'I was fishing and fowling; mother, make my bed soon,  
There 's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'
- 2 'What did you have for your breakfast, my own pretty boy?  
What did you have for your breakfast, my comfort and joy?'  
'A cup of strong poison; mother, make my bed soon,  
There 's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'
- 3 'I fear you are poisoned, my own pretty boy,  
I fear you are poisoned, my comfort and joy!'  
'O yes, I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,  
There 's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'
- 4 'What will you leave to your father, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to your father, my comfort and joy?'  
'I 'll leave him my house and my property;  
mother, make my bed soon,  
There 's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'
- 5 'What will you leave to your mother, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to your mother, my comfort and joy?'  
'I 'll leave her my coach and four horses;  
mother, make my bed soon,  
There 's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'
- 6 'What will you leave to your brother, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to your brother, my comfort and joy?'
- 7 'What will you leave to your sister, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to your sister, my comfort and joy?'  
'I 'll leave her my gold and my silver;  
mother, make my bed soon,  
There 's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'
- 8 'What will you leave to your servant, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to your servant, my comfort and joy?'  
'I 'll leave him the key of my small silver box;  
mother, make my bed soon,  
There 's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'
- 9 'What will you leave to your children, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to your children, my comfort and joy?'  
'The world is wide all round for to beg;  
mother, make my bed soon,  
There 's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'
- 10 'What will you leave to your wife, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to your wife, my comfort and joy?'  
'I 'll leave her the gallows, and plenty to hang her;  
mother, make my bed soon,  
There 's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'
- 11 'Where shall I make it, my own pretty boy?  
Where shall I make it, my comfort and joy?'  
'Above in the churchyard, and dig it down deep,  
Put a stone to my head and a flag to my feet,  
And leave me down easy until I 'll take a long sleep.'

## I

a. Communicated by Mrs L. F. Wesselhoeft, of Boston, as sung to her when a child by her grandmother, Elizabeth Foster, born in Maine, who appears to have learned the ballad of her mother about 1800. b. By a daughter of Elizabeth Foster, as learned about 1820. c. By Miss Ellen Marston, of New Bedford, as learned from her mother, born 1778. d. By Mrs Cushing, of Cambridge, Mass., as learned in 1838 from a schoolmate, who is thought to have derived it from an old nurse. e. By Mrs Augustus Lowell, of Boston. f. By Mrs Edward Atkinson, of Boston, learned of Mrs A. Lowell, in girlhood. g. By Mrs A. Lowell, as derived from a friend.

- 1 'O WHERE have you been, Tiranti, my son?  
O where have you been, my sweet little one?'  
'I have been to my grandmother's; mother,  
make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie  
down.'
- 2 'What did you have for your supper, Tiranti,  
my son?  
What did you have for your supper, my sweet  
little one?'  
'I had eels fried in butter; mother, make my  
bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie  
down.'
- 3 'Where did the eels come from, Tiranti, my  
son?  
Where did the eels come from, my sweet little  
one?'  
'From the corner of the haystack; mother,  
make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie  
down.'
- 4 'What color were the eels, Tiranti, my son?  
What color were the eels, my sweet little  
one?'

'They were streaked and striped; mother,  
make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to  
lie down.'

- 5 'What'll you give to your father, Tiranti, my  
son?  
What'll you give to your father, my sweet lit-  
tle one?'  
'All my gold and my silver; mother, make  
my bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie  
down.'
- 6 'What'll you give to your mother, Tiranti, my  
son?  
What'll you give to your mother, my sweet  
little one?'  
'A coach and six horses; mother, make my  
bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie  
down.'
- 7 'What'll you give to your grandmother, Ti-  
ranti, my son?  
What'll you give to your grandmother, my  
sweet little one?'  
'A halter to hang her; mother, make my bed  
soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie  
down.'
- 8 'Where'll you have your bed made, Tiranti,  
my son?  
Where'll you have your bed made, my sweet  
little one?'  
'In the corner of the churchyard; mother,  
make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie  
down.'

## J

Motherwell's MS., p. 238. From the recitation of Miss Maxwell, of Brediland.

- 1 'O WHARE hae ye been a' day, my bonnie wee  
croodlin dow?  
O whare hae ye been a' day, my bonnie wee  
croodlin dow?'

'I've been at my step-mother's; oh mak my  
bed, mammie, now!  
I've been at my step-mother's; oh mak my  
bed, mammie, now!'

- 2 'O what did ye get at your step-mother's, my  
bonnie wee croodlin dow?' [Twice.]  
'I gat a wee wee fishie; oh mak my bed, mam-  
mie, now!' [Twice.]

- 3 'O whare gat she the wee fishie, my bonnie  
wee croodlin dow?'
- 'In a dub before the door; oh mak my bed,  
mammie, now!'
- 4 'What did ye wi the wee fishie, my bonnie wee  
croodlin dow?'
- 'I boild it in a wee pannie; oh mak my bed,  
mammy, now!'
- 5 'Wha gied ye the banes o the fishie till, my  
bonnie wee croodlin dow?'

- 'I gied them till a wee doggie; oh mak my bed,  
mammie, now!'
- 6 'O whare is the little wee doggie, my bonnie  
wee croodlin dow?'
- O whare is the little wee doggie, my bonnie  
wee croodlin dow?'
- 'It shot out its fit and died, and sae maun I do  
too;
- Oh mak my bed, mammy, now, now, oh mak  
my bed, mammy, now!'

## K

a. Chambers' Scottish Ballads, p. 324. b. Chambers' Popular Rhymes of Scotland, 1842, p. 53. c. The Stenhouse-Laing ed. of Johnson's Museum, IV, 364\*, communicated by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

- 1 'O WHAUR hae ye been a' the day, my little  
wee eroodlin doo?'
- 'O I've been at my grandmother's; mak my  
bed, mammie, now!'
- 2 'O what gat ye at your grandmother's, my lit-  
tle wee croodlin doo?'
- 'I got a bonnie wee fishie; mak my bed, mam-  
mie, now!'
- 3 'O whaur did she eatch the fishie, my bonnie  
wee croodlin doo?'

- 'She catchd it in the gutter hole; mak my bed,  
mammie, now!'
- 4 'And what did she do wi the fish, my little wee  
croodlin doo?'
- 'She boiled it in a brass pan; O mak my bed,  
mammie, now!'
- 5 'And what did ye do wi the banes o't, my  
bonnie wee croodlin doo?'
- 'I gied them to my little dog; mak my bed,  
mammie, now!'
- 6 'And what did your little doggie do, my bonnie  
wee croodlin doo?'
- 'He stretched out his head, his feet, and deed;  
and so will I, mammie, now!'

## L

Buchan's MSS, II, 322; Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 179.

- 1 'WHAR hae ye been a' the day, Willie doo,  
Willie doo?
- Whar hae ye been a' the day, Willie, my  
doo?'
- 2 'I've been to see my step-mother; make my  
bed, lay me down;
- Make my bed, lay me down, die shall I now!'
- 3 'What got ye frae your step-mother, Willie  
doo, Willie doo?
- What got ye frae your step-mother, Willie, my  
doo?'

- 4 'She gae me a speckled trout; make my bed,  
lay me down;
- She gae me a speckled trout, die shall I now!'
- 5 'Whar got she the speckled trout, Willie doo,  
Willie doo?'
- 'She got it amang the heather hills; die shall I  
now.'
- 6 'What did she boil it in, Willie doo, Willie  
doo?'
- 'She boild it in the billy-pot; die shall I now!'
- 7 'What gaed she you for to drink, Willie doo,  
Willie doo?
- What gaed she you for to drink, Willie, my  
doo?'

8 'She gaed me hemlock stocks; make my bed,  
lay me down;  
Made in the brewing pot; die shall I now!'

9 They made his bed, laid him down, poor Wil-  
lie doo, Willie doo;  
He turnd his face to the wa; he's dead now!

## M

Popular Rhymes of Scotland, 1870, p. 51. "Mrs Lockhart's copy."

1 'WHERE hae ye been a' the day, my bonny wee  
croodlin doo?'

'O I hae been at my stepmother's house; make  
my bed, mammie, now, now, now,  
Make my bed, mammie, now!'

2 'Where did ye get your dinner?' my, etc.  
'I got it at my stepmother's; make, etc.'

3 'What did she gie ye to your dinner?'  
'She gae me a little four-footed fish.'

4 'Where got she the four-footed fish?'  
'She got it down in yon well strand; O make,  
etc.'

5 'What did she do with the banes o't?'  
'She gae them to the little dog.'

6 'O what became o the little dog?'  
'O it shot out its feet and died; O make, etc.'

## N

Kinloch's MSS, v, 347. In Dr John Hill Burton's hand.

1 'FARE hae ye been a' day, a' day, a' day,  
Fare hae ye been a' day, my little wee croud-  
lin doo?'

2 'I've been at my step-mammie's, my step-  
mammie's, my step-mammie's,  
I've been at my step-mammie's; come mack my  
beddy now!'

3 'What got ye at yer step-mammie's,  
My little wee croudlin doo?'

4 'She gied me a spreckled fishie;  
Come mack my beddy now!'

5 'What did ye wi the baenies oet,  
My little wee croudlin doo?'

6 'I gaed them till her little dogie;  
Come mack my beddy now!'

7 'What did her little dogie syne,  
My little wee croudlin doo?'

8 'He laid down his heed and feet;  
And sae shall I dee now!'

## O

From a manuscript collection, copied out in 1840 or 1850,  
by a granddaughter of Alexander Fraser-Tytler, p. 67.

1 'O WHERE hae ye been a' the day, my wee wee  
croodlin doo doo?

O where hae ye been a' the day, my bonnie  
wee croodlin doo?'

'O I hae been to my step-mammie's; mak my  
bed, mammy, noo, noo,  
Mak my bed, mammy, noo!'

2 'O what did yere step-mammie gie to you?'  
etc.

'She gied to me a wee wee fish,' etc.

3 '[O] what did she boil the wee fishie in?'  
'O she boiled it in a wee wee pan; it turned  
baith black an blue, blue,  
It turned baith black an blue.'

4 'An what did she gie the banes o't to?'  
'O she gied them to a wee wee dog; mak,  
etc.'

5 'An what did the wee wee doggie do then?'  
'O it put out its tongue and its feet, an it  
deed; an sae maun I do noo, noo,  
An sae maun I do noo!'



C. 4<sup>2</sup>. your father, King Henry, my son.

I. a. 1<sup>4</sup>. faint to, *an obvious corruption of* fain to, *is found also in* b, c; d *has* fain wad; e, faint *or* fain; f, fain; g, I faint to.

N. B. 8 stands 5 in the MS. copy, but is the last stanza in all others which have it.

b. 2<sup>1</sup>. for your dinner.

*After 2 follows:*

Who cooked you the eels, Tiranti, my son?  
etc.

O 't was my grandmother; mother, make my  
bed soon, etc.

b 5 = a 3: 1. Where did she get the eels? etc.

<sup>3</sup>. By the side of the haystack, etc.

b 6 = a 7: 7 = a 8: 8 = a 5. 8<sup>4</sup>. and die to  
lie down.

a 6 *is wanting in* b.

c. 1<sup>4</sup>. at my heart (*and always*).

2<sup>1</sup>. O what did she give you? *etc.* <sup>3</sup>. Striped  
eels fried, etc.

3 = a 4. 1. O how did they look? etc.

<sup>3</sup>. Ringed, streaked, and speckled, etc.

4 = a 3. 1. O where did they come from?

5<sup>1</sup>. O what will you give your father, my  
son?

<sup>2</sup>. O what will you give him?

<sup>3</sup>. A coach and six horses.

6<sup>1</sup>. O what will you give your mother, my  
son? *as in* 5.

<sup>3</sup>. All my gold and my silver.

7<sup>1</sup>. O what will you give your granny? *as  
in* 5.

8<sup>1</sup>. O where 'll, etc.

c *adds, as* 9:

So this is the end of Tiranti my son,  
So this is the end of my sweet little one:  
His grandmother poisoned him with an old  
dead snake,  
And he left her a halter to hang by the  
neck.

d. 1<sup>1</sup>, *etc.* Tyrante.

<sup>3</sup>. O I've been to my uncle's, *etc.*

<sup>4</sup>. and fain wad lie down.

2<sup>3</sup>. eels and fresh butter.

3 = a 4. <sup>3</sup>. black striped with yellow.

4 = a 7. 1. What 'll ye will to your mither?

<sup>3</sup>. My gold and my silver.

5 = a 6. 1. What 'll ye will to your father?

<sup>3</sup>. My coach and my horses.

6 = a 8. 1. What 'll you will to your uncle?

3, 5 *of a are wanting.*

e. 1<sup>4</sup>. For I'm sick at heart, and faint [fain]  
to lie down.

3 = a 7. 1. What will you leave your moth-  
er?

<sup>3</sup>. A box full of jewels.

4<sup>1</sup>. What will you leave your sister?

<sup>3</sup>. A box of fine clothing.

5 = a 8. <sup>3</sup>. A rope to hang her with.

6 = a 5. 1. Where shall I make it?

3, 4 *of a are wanting.*

f. *This copy was derived from the singing of  
the lady who communicated e, and they  
naturally agree closely.*

1<sup>4</sup>. fain to lie down. f 3 = e 4: f 4 = e 3.

g. 1<sup>4</sup>. For I'm sick at the heart, and I faint  
to lie down.

2<sup>1</sup>. What did you get at your grandmoth-  
er's?

<sup>3</sup>. I got eels stewed in butter.

3 = a 8. 1. What will you leave . . .

4<sup>1</sup>. What will you leave to your brother?

<sup>3</sup>. A full suit of mourning.

5 = a 7. 1. leave to your mother.

<sup>3</sup>. A carriage and fine horses.

6 = a 5.

3, 4 *of a are wanting.*

K. a, b, c *are printed, in the publications in  
which they occur, in four-line stanzas.*

b. *Omits* 4.

6<sup>1</sup>. the little doggie. <sup>2</sup>. as I do, mammie,  
noo.

c. 1<sup>1</sup>. my bonnie wee crooden doo: *and al-  
ways.*

<sup>2</sup>. at my step-mither's.

2. And what did scho gie you to eat . . .

Scho gied to me a wee fishie . . .

3<sup>1</sup>. An what did she catch the fishie in . . .

4 *is wanting.*

L. *Written in the MS., and printed by Buchan,  
in stanzas of 4 lines.*

M. *Printed by Chambers in stanzas of 4 lines, the  
last repeated.*

N. *The second line of each stanza is written as  
two in the MS.*

O. *The stanza, being written with short lines in  
the manuscript, is of seven lines, including  
the repetitions.*

## 13

## EDWARD

A. a. Motherwell's MS., p. 139. b. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 339. From recitation.

B. Percy's Reliques, 1765, I, 53. Communicated by Sir David Dalrymple.

C. MS. of A. Laing, one stanza.

A b, "given from the recitation of an old woman," is evidently A a slightly regulated by Motherwell. B, we are informed in the 4th edition of the Reliques, p. 61, was sent Percy by Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes. Motherwell thought there was reason to believe "that his lordship made a few slight verbal improvements on the copy he transmitted, and altered the hero's name to Edward, — a name which, by the bye, never occurs in a Scottish ballad, except where allusion is made to an English king." \* Dalrymple, at least, would not be likely to change a Scotch for an English name. The Bishop might doubtless prefer Edward to Wat, or Jock, or even Davie. But as there is no evidence that any change of name was made, the point need not be discussed. As for other changes, the word "brand," in the first stanza, is possibly more literary than popular; further than this the language is entirely fit. The affectedly antique spelling † in Percy's copy has given rise to vague suspicions concerning the authenticity of the ballad, or of the language: but as spelling will not make an old ballad, so it will not unmake one. We have, but do not need,

the later traditional copy to prove the other genuine. 'Edward' is not only unimpeachable, but has ever been regarded as one of the noblest and most sterling specimens of the popular ballad.

Motherwell seems to incline to regard 'Edward' rather as a detached portion of a ballad than as complete in itself. "The verses of which it consists," he says, "generally conclude the ballad of 'The Twa Brothers,' and also some versions of 'Lizie Wan:.'" Minstrelsy, LXVII, 12. The Finnish parallel which Motherwell refers to, might have convinced him that the ballad is complete as it is; and he knew as well as anybody that one ballad is often appended to another by reciters, to lengthen the story or improve the conclusion.‡ More or less of 'Edward' will be found in four versions of 'The Twa Brothers' and two of 'Lizie Wan,' further on in this volume.

This ballad has been familiarly known to have an exact counterpart in Swedish. There are four versions, differing only as to length: 'Sven i Rosengård,' A, Afzelius, No 67, III, 4, eleven two-line stanzas, with three more

\* An eager "Englishman" might turn Motherwell's objection to the name into an argument for 'Edward' being an "English" ballad.

† That is to say, initial *quh* and *z* for modern *wh* and *y*, for nothing else would have excited attention. Perhaps a transcriber thought he ought to give the language a look at least as old as Gavin Douglas, who spells *quhy*, *dois*, *jour*. The *quh* would serve a purpose, if understood as indicating that the aspirate was not to be dropped, as it often is in English *why*. The *z* is the successor of *ȝ*, and was

meant to be pronounced *y*, as *z* is, or was, pronounced in *gaberlunzie* and other Scottish words. See Dr J. A. H. Murray's Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland, pp. 118, 129. Since *quh* and *z* serve rather as rocks of offence than landmarks, I have thought it best to use *wh* and *y*.

‡ Motherwell also speaks of a ballad of the same nature as quoted in Werner's 'Twenty-Fourth of February.' The stanza cited (in Act I, Scene 1) seems to be Herder's translation of 'Edward' given from memory.

lines of burden; B, III, 3, six stanzas (Bergström's ed., No 54, 1, 2); C, Arwidsson, No 87 A, II, 83, eighteen stanzas; D, No 87 B, II, 86, sixteen stanzas. The same in Danish: A, Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 175, nine stanzas; B, Boisen, *Nye og gamle Viser*, 10th ed., No 95, p. 185, 'Brodermordet.' And in Finnish, probably derived from the Swedish, but with traits of its own: A, Schröter's *Finnische Runen*, p. 124, 'Werinen Pojka,' The Bloodstained Son, fifteen two-line stanzas, with two lines of refrain; B, 'Velisurmaaja,' Brother-Murderer, *Kanteletar*, p. x, twenty stanzas.

All these are a dialogue between mother and son, with a question and answer in each stanza. The mother asks, Where have you been? The son replies that he has been in the stable [Danish, grove, fields; Finnish A, on the sea-strand]. "How is it that your foot is bloody?" \* [clothes, shirt; Finnish, "How came your jerkin muddy?" etc.] A horse has kicked or trod on him. "How came your sword so bloody?" He then confesses that he has killed his brother. [Swedish D and the Danish copies have no question about the foot, etc.] Then follows a series of questions as to what the son will do with himself, and what shall become of his wife, children, etc., which are answered much as in the English ballad. Finally, in all, the mother asks when he will come back, and he replies (with some variations), When crows are white. And that will be? When swans are black. And that? When stones float. And that? When feathers sink, etc. This last feature, stupidly exaggerated in some copies, and even approaching burlesque, is one of the commonplaces of ballad poetry, and may or may not have been,

\* We have a similar passage in most of the copies of the third class of the German ballads corresponding to No 4. A brother asks the man who has killed his sister why his shoes [sword, hands] are bloody. See p. 36, p. 38. So in 'Herr Axel,' Arwidsson, No 46, I, 308.

† These have perhaps been adapted to the stanza of 'The

from the beginning, a part of the ballads in which it occurs. Such a conclusion could not be made to adhere to 'Edward,' the last stanza of which is peculiar in implicating the mother in the guilt of the murder. Several versions of 'The Twa Brothers' preserve this trait, and 'Lizie Wan' also.

The stanza of this ballad was originally, in all probability, one of two lines — a question and an answer — with refrains, as we find it in A 10, 11, 12, and the corresponding Swedish and Finnish ballad; and in 'Lord Randal,' J, K, etc., and also the corresponding Swedish and German ballad. A 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9 are now essentially stanzas of one line, with refrains; that is, the story advances in these at that rate. A 4, 7 (= C) are entirely irregular, substituting narrative or descriptive circumstances for the last line of the refrain, and so far forth departing from primitive simplicity.† The stanza in B embraces always a question and a reply, but for what is refrain in other forms of the ballad we have epical matter in many cases. A 1, 2, substantially, = B 1; A 3, 4 = B 2; A 5, 6 = B 3; A 8, 9 = B 4; A 11 = 6; A 12 = 7.

Testaments such as this ballad ends with have been spoken of under No 11.

A is translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, No 26, p. 172; by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische V. L.*, No 21, p. 96; by Wolff, *Halle des Völker*, I, 22, and *Hauschatz*, p. 223. B, in Afzelius, III, 10; "often in Danish," Grundtvig; by Herder, *Volkslieder*, II, 207; by Döring, p. 217; Gerhard, p. 88; Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, No 27. Swedish A, by W. and M. Howitt, *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*, I, 263.‡

'Twa Brothers,' with some versions of which, as already remarked, the present ballad is blended.

‡ With regard to translations, I may say now, what I might well have said earlier, that I do not aim at making a complete list, but give such as have fallen under my notice.

## A

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 139. From Mrs King, Kilbar-  
chan. b. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 339.

- 1 'WHAT bluid 's that on thy coat lap,  
Son Davie, son Davie?  
What bluid 's that on thy coat lap?  
And the truth come tell to me.'
- 2 'It is the bluid of my great hawk,  
Mother lady, mother lady:  
It is the bluid of my great hawk,  
And the truth I have told to thee.'
- 3 'Hawk's bluid was neer sae red,  
Son Davie, son Davie:  
Hawk's bluid was neer sae red,  
And the truth come tell to me.'
- 4 'It is the bluid of my greyhound,  
Mother lady, mother lady:  
It is the bluid of my greyhound,  
And it wadna rin for me.'
- 5 'Hound's bluid was neer sae red,  
Son Davie, son Davie:  
Hound's bluid was neer sae red,  
And the truth come tell to me.'
- 6 'It is the bluid o my brither John,  
Mother lady, mother lady:

It is the bluid o my brither John,  
And the truth I have told to thee.'

- 7 'What about did the plea begin,  
Son Davie, son Davie?'  
'It began about the cutting of a willow wand  
That would never been a tree.'
- 8 'What death dost thou desire to die,  
Son Davie, son Davie?  
What death dost thou desire to die?  
And the truth come tell to me.'
- 9 'I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,  
Mother lady, mother lady:  
I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,  
And ye'll never see mair o me.'
- 10 'What wilt thou leave to thy poor wife,  
Son Davie, son Davie?'  
'Grief and sorrow all her life,  
And she'll never see mair o me.'
- 11 'What wilt thou leave to thy old son,  
Son Davie, son Davie?'  
'I'll leave him the weary world to wander up  
and down,  
And he'll never get mair o me.'
- 12 'What wilt thou leave to thy mother dear,  
Son Davie, son Davie?'  
'A fire o coals to burn her, wi hearty cheer,  
And she'll never get mair o me.'

## B

Percy's Reliques, 1765, I, 53. Communicated by Sir  
David Dalrymple.

- 1 'WHY dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,  
Edward, Edward,  
Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,  
And why sae sad gang yee O?'  
'O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,  
Mither, mither,  
O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,  
And I had nae mair bot hee O.'
- 2 'Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
Edward, Edward,  
Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
My deir son I tell thee O.'

'O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
Mither, mither,  
O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
That erst was sae fair and frie O.'

- 3 'Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,  
Edward, Edward,  
Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,  
Sum other dule ye drie O.'
- 'O I hae killed my fadir deir,  
Mither, mither,  
O I hae killed my fadir deir,  
Alas, and wae is mee O!'
- 4 'And whatten penance wul ye drie, for that,  
Edward, Edward?

And whatten penance will ye drie for that?  
 My deir son, now tell me O.'  
 'He set my feit in yonder boat,  
                                 Mither, mither,  
 He set my feit in yonder boat,  
                                 And He fare ovir the sea O.'

5 'And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and  
     your ha,  
                                 Edward, Edward?  
 And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your  
     ha,  
                                 That were sae fair to see O?'  
 'He let thame stand tul they doun fa,  
                                 Mither, mither,  
 He let thame stand tul they doun fa,  
                                 For here nevir mair maun I bee O.'

6 'And what wul ye leive to your bairns and  
     your wife,  
                                 Edward, Edward?

And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your  
     wife,  
                                 Whan ye gang ovir the sea O?'  
 'The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,  
                                 Mither, mither,  
 The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,  
                                 For thame nevir mair wul I see O.'

7 'And what wul ye leive to your ain mither  
     deir,  
                                 Edward, Edward?  
 And what wul ye leive to your ain mither  
     deir?  
                                 My deir son, now tell me O.'  
 'The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,  
                                 Mither, mither,  
 The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,  
                                 Sie counseils ye gave to me O.'

## C

MS. of Alexander Laing, 1829, p. 25.

'O WHAT did the fray begin about?  
 My son, come tell to me :'

'It began about the breaking o the bonny hazel  
     wand,  
 And a penny wad hae bought the tree.'

- A. b. 1<sup>4</sup>. tell to me O. *And so every fourth line.* B. *Initial qu for w and z for y have been changed throughout to w and y.*  
 7<sup>4</sup>. That would never hae been a tree O.  
 10<sup>4</sup>. And she'll never get mair frae me O. 6<sup>7</sup>. let.  
 11<sup>3</sup>. The weary world to wander up and  
     down.

## 14

## BABYLON; OR, THE BONNIE BANKS O FORDIE

- A. a, b. 'Babylon; or, The Bonnie Banks o Fordie,'  
 Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 88. c. The same, Ap-  
 pendix, p. xxii, No xxvi. C. Motherwell's MS., p. 172.  
 D. Motherwell's MS., p. 174.  
 B. a. Herd's MSS, I, 38, II, 76. b. 'The Banishd  
 Man,' The Scots Magazine, October, 1803, p. 699,  
 evidently derived from Herd. E. 'Duke of Perth's Three Daughters,' Kinloch's An-  
 cient Scottish Ballads, p. 212.

B a is from tradition of the latter half of the eighteenth century; the other copies from the earlier part of this.

Three sisters go out (together, A, B, C, successively, D, E) to gather flowers (A, B, E). A banished man (outlyer bold, D, Loudon lord, E) starts up from a hiding-place, and offers them one after the other the choice of being his wife or dying by his hand.

(A.) 'It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee penknife?'

(D.) 'Wiltow twinn with thy maidenhead, or thy  
sweet life?'

The first and the second express a simple preference for death, and are killed and laid by, "to bear the red rose company" (A). The youngest, in A, says she has a brother in the wood, who will kill him if he kills her. The outlaw asks the brother's name, finds that he himself is the man, and takes his own life with the same weapon that had shed the blood of his sisters. B, C, D have three brothers, the youngest of whom is the banished lord (C), the outlyer bold (D). The story is defective in B, C. In D the outlaw, on finding what he has done, takes a long race, and falls on his knife. The conclusion of E is not so finely tragic. A brother John comes riding by just as the robber is about to kill the third sister, apprehends him by the agency of his three pages, and reserves him to be hanged on a tree,

Or thrown into the poisond lake,  
To feed the toads and rattle-snake.

According to the account given by Herd, and repeated by Jamieson, the story of the lost conclusion of B made the banished man discover that he had killed his two brothers as well as his two sisters.

This ballad, with additional circumstances, is familiar to all branches of the Scandinavian race.

**Danish.** There are many versions from oral tradition, as yet unprinted, besides these two: A, 'Hr. Truels's Døttre,' Danske Viser,

III, 392, No 164, there reprinted from Sandvig, *Beskrivelse over Øen Møen*, 1776: B, 'Herr Thors Børn,' from recent tradition of North Sleswig, Berggreen, *Danske Folkesange*, 3d ed., p. 88, No 42.

A. Herr Truels' three daughters oversleep their matins one morning, and are roused by their mother. If we have overslept our matins, they say, we will make up at high mass. They set out for church, and in a wood fall in with three robbers, who say:

'Whether will ye be three robbers' wives,  
Or will ye rather lose your lives?'

Much rather death, say they. The two elder sisters submitted to their fate without a word; the third made a hard resistance. With her last breath she adjured the robbers to seek a lodging at Herr Truels' that night. This they did. They drank so long that they drank Herr Truels to bed. Then they asked his wife to promise herself to all three. First, she said, she must look into their bags. In their bags she saw her daughters' trinkets. She excused herself for a moment, barred the door strongly, roused her husband, and made it known to him that these guests had killed his three daughters. Herr Truels called on all his men to arm. He asked the robbers who was their father. They said that they had been stolen by robbers, on their way to school, one day; had had a hard life for fourteen years; and the first crime they had committed was killing three maids yesterday. Herr Truels revealed to them that they had murdered their sisters, and offered them new clothes, in which they might go away. "Nay," they said, "not so; life for life is meet." They were taken out of the town, and their heads struck off. B differs from A in only a few points. The robbers ask lodging at Herr Thor's, as being pilgrims. When he discovers their true character, he threatens them with the wheel. They say, Shall we come to the wheel? Our father drinks Yule with the king. They tell him their story, and their father offers them saddle and horse to make their best way off. They reply, "We will

give blood for blood," spread their cloaks on the floor, and let their blood run.

**Swedish.** 'Pehr Tyrsons Döttrar i Wänge.' A, Arwidsson, II, 413, No 166. B, Afzelius, III, 193, No 98: ed. Bergström, I, 380, No 84, 1. C, Afzelius, III, 197: ed. Bergström, I, 382, No 84, 2, as old as the last half of the seventeenth century. D, Afzelius, III, 202: ed. Bergström, I, 384, No 84, 3. E, "C. J. Wessén, De paroecia Kärna (an academical dissertation), Upsala, 1836," Arwidsson, as above, who mentions another unprinted copy in the Royal Library.

A. Herr Töres' daughters overslept matins, dressed themselves handsomely, and set off for mass. All on the heath they were met by three wood-robbers, who demanded, Will ye be our wives, or lose your lives? The first answered: God save us from trying either! the second, Rather let us range the world! the third, Better death with honor! But

First were they the three wood-robbers' wives,  
And after that they lost their young lives.

The robbers strip them; then go and ask to be taken in by Herr Töres. He serves them with mead and wine, but presently begins to wish his daughters were at home. His wife sees him to bed; then returns to her guests, who offer her a silken sark to pass the night with them. "Give me a sight of the silken sark," she cries, with prophetic soul: "God have mercy on my daughters!" She rouses her husband, and tells him that the robbers have slain his bairns. He puts on his armor and kills two of them: the third begs to be spared till he can say who were his kin; his father's name is Töres! Father and mother resolve to build a church for penance, and it shall be called Kerna. B, C, D. The girls meet three "vallare," strolling men, and none of them good (C). The robbers cut off the girls' heads on the trunk of a birch (cf. English C 5: "It's lean your head upon my staff," and with his pen-knife he has cutted it aff): three springs

burst forth immediately. They go to the house, and ask the mother if she will buy silken sarks that nine maids have stitched (B). She says:

'Open your sacks, and let me see:  
Mayhap I shall know them all three.'

The father, in B, when he discovers that he has slain his own sons, goes to the smith, and has an iron band fastened round his middle. The parents vow to build a church as an expiation, and it shall be called Kerna (B, C).

**Färöe.** 'Torkilds Riim, eller St. Catharine Vise,' Lyngbye, Færøiske Qvæder, <sup>p. 534</sup><sub>p. 535</sub>. In this form of the story, as in the Icelandic versions which follow, the robbers are not the brothers of the maids. Torkild's two daughters sleep till the sun shines on their beds. Their father wakens them, and tells Katrine she is waited for at church. Katrine dresses herself splendidly, but does not disdain to saddle her own horse.

And since no knave was ready to help,  
Katrine bridled the horse herself.

And since no knave was standing about,  
Herself put the bit in her horse's mouth.

First she came upon three strollers (*vadlarrar*\*), then two, then one, and the last asked her whether she would pass the night with him (*vera qvöldar vujv*) or die. He cut off her head, and wherever her blood ran a light kindled; where her head fell a spring welled forth: where her body lay a church was [afterwards] built. The rover came to Torkild's house, and the father asked if he had seen Katrine. He said she had been at Mary kirk the day before, and asked for a lodging, feigning to be sick. This was readily granted. He went to bed, and Aasa, the other sister, waited upon him. He offered her a silken sark to sleep with him. Aasa asked to see the sark first, and found on it her sister's mark.

\* Lyngbye insists on translating *vadlarrar* pilgrims, though his people understood the word to mean robbers. He refers to the Icelandic *vallari*, which, originally a pilgrim, came to mean a tramp. No one can fail to recognize the character

who has become the terror of our rural districts, and to whom, in our preposterous regard for the rights of "man," we sacrifice the peace, and often the lives, of women.



The fellow went on to offer her a blue cloak and gold crown successively, and on both of these she saw her sister's mark. Aasa bade him good-night, went to her father, and told him that the man they had housed had killed his daughter. Torkild ordered his swains to light a pile in the wood: early the next morning they burned the murderer on it.

**Icelandic.** Five Icelandic versions, and the first stanza of two more, are given in *Íslensk Fornkvæði*, I, 108 ff, No 15, 'Vallara kvæði.'

The story is nearly the same as in the Färöe ballad. Two of Thorkell's daughters sleep till after the sun is up (B, C). They wash and dress; they set out for church (C). On the heath they encounter a strolling man, A; a tall, large man, C, E; a horseman or knight, D. He greets them: "Why will ye not speak? Are ye come of elves, or of kings themselves?" A [Are ye come of earls, or of beggar-churls? B]. They answer, We are not come of elves, nor of kings themselves; we are Thorkell's daughters, and serve Mary kirk. He asks, Will ye choose to lose your life, or shall I rather take you to wife? The choice, they say, is hard: they would rather die. He kills them and buries them. At night he goes to Thorkell's house, where Asa is alone. He knocks to be let in; Asa refuses; he draws the latch with his deft fingers (A, C, D). He offers Asa a silken sark to sleep with him [and a blue cloak to say nothing, A]. She asked to see the sark, and knew her sisters' work, begged him to wait a moment, went to her father, and told him that the murderer of his daughters was

there. Thorkell dashed his harp to the floor [and kicked over the table, D, E]. The murderer in the morning was hanged like a dog, A, B. [Thorkell tore at his hair and cut him down with an elder-stock, C; they fought three days, and on the fourth the villain was hanged in a strap, E, the knight was hanging like a dog, D]. A miraculous light burned over the place where the maids had been buried, A 16, C 27, D 24, E 12. When their bodies were taken into the church, the bells rang of themselves, D.

**Norwegian** versions of this ballad have been obtained from tradition, but none as yet have been published.

"The mains and burn of Fordie, the banks of which are very beautiful," says Aytoun (I, 159), "lie about six miles to the east of Dunkeld." Tradition has connected the story with half a dozen localities in Sweden, and, as Professor Grundtvig informs me, with at least eight places in the different provinces of Denmark. The Kerna church of the Swedish ballads, not far from Linköping (Afzelius), has been popularly supposed to derive its name from a Catharina, Karin, or Karna, killed by her own brother, a wood-robber, near its site. See Afzelius, ed. Bergström, II, 329 ff: *Danske Viser*, III, 444 f.

A is translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, No 34, p. 216, and, with some slight use of Aytoun, I, 160, by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder der Vorzeit*, No 18, p. 85. Danish A, by Prior, III, 252.

## A

a. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 88. b. The same. c. The same, Appendix, p. xxii, No xxvi, apparently from South Perthshire.

1 THERE were three ladies lived in a bower,  
Eh vow bonnie  
And they went out to pull a flower.  
On the bonnie banks o Fordie

2 They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane,  
When up started to them a banisht man.

3 He's taen the first sister by her hand,  
And he's turned her round and made her stand.

4 'It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'

5 'It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife.'

6 He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,  
For to bear the red rose company.

- 7 He's taken the second ane by the hand,  
And he's turned her round and made her  
stand.
- 8 'It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'
- 9 'I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife.'
- 10 He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,  
For to bear the red rose company.
- 11 He's taken the youngest ane by the hand,  
And he's turned her round and made her  
stand.
- 12 Says, 'Will ye be a rank robber's wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'
- 13 'I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.
- 14 'For I hae a brother in this wood,  
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee.'
- 15 'What's thy brother's name? come tell to  
me.'  
'My brother's name is Baby Lon.'
- 16 'O sister, sister, what have I done!  
O have I done this ill to thee!
- 17 'O since I've done this evil deed,  
Good sall never be seen o me.'
- 18 He's taken out his wee pen-knife,  
And he's twyned himsel o his ain sweet life.
- 

## B

a. Herd's MSS, I, 38, II, 76. b. The Scots Magazine,  
Oct., 1803, p. 699, communicated by Jamieson, and evidently  
from Herd's copy.

- 1 THERE wond three ladies in a bower,  
Annet and Margret and Marjorie  
And they have gane out to pu a flower.  
And the dew it lyes on the wood, gay ladie
- 2 They had nae pu'd a flower but ane,  
When up has started a banished man.
- 3 He has taen the eldest by the hand,  
He has turned her about and bade her stand.
- 4 'Now whether will ye be a banisht man's wife,  
Or will ye be sticked wi my pen-knife?'
- 5 'I will na be ca'd a banished man's wife,  
I'll rather be sticked wi your pen-knife.'
- 6 And he has taen out his little pen-knife,  
And frae this lady he has taen the life.
- 7 He has taen the second by the hand,  
He has turned her about and he bad her stand.
- 8 'Now whether will ye be a banisht man's wife,  
Or will ye be sticked wi my pen-knife?'
- 9 'I will na be ca'd a banished man's wife;  
I'll rather be sticked wi your pen-knife.'
- 10 And he has taen out his little pen-knife,  
And frae this lady he has taen the life.
- 11 He has taen the youngest by the hand,  
He has turned her about and he bad her stand.
- 12 'Now whether will ye be a banished man's  
wife,  
Or will ye be sticked wi my pen-knife?'
- 13 'I winnae be called a banished man's wife,  
Nor yet will I be sticked wi your pen-knife.
- 14 'But gin my three brethren had been here,  
Ye had nae slain my sisters dear.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## C

Motherwell's MS., p. 172. From J. Goldie, March, 1825.

- 1 THERE were three sisters on a road,  
Gilly flower gentle rosemary  
And there they met a banished lord.  
And the dew it hings over the mulberry tree
- 2 The eldest sister was on the road,  
And there she met with the banished lord.
- 3 'O will ye consent to lose your life,  
Or will ye be a banished lord's wife?'
- 4 'I'll rather consent to lose my life  
Before I'll be a banished lord's wife.'
- 5 'It's lean your head upon my staff,'  
And with his pen-knife he has cutted it aff.
- 6 He flang her in amang the broom,  
Saying, 'Lye ye there till another ane come.'
- 7 The second sister was on the road,  
And there she met with the banished lord.
- 8 'O will ye consent to lose your life,  
Or will ye be a banished lord's wife?'

- 9 'I'll rather consent to lose my life  
Before I'll be a banished lord's wife.'
- 10 'It's lean your head upon my staff,'  
And with his pen-knife he has cutted it aff.
- 11 He flang her in amang the broom,  
Saying, 'Lie ye there till another ane come.'
- 12 The youngest sister was on the road,  
And there she met with the banished lord.
- 13 'O will ye consent to lose your life,  
Or will ye be a banished lord's wife?'
- 14 'O if my three brothers were here,  
Ye durstna put me in such a fear.'
- 15 'What are your three brothers, altho they were  
here,  
That I durstna put you in such a fear?'
- 16 'My eldest brother's a belted knight,  
The second, he's a . . .
- 17 'My youngest brother's a banished lord,  
And oftentimes he walks on this road.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## D

Motherwell's MS., p. 174. From the recitation of Agnes  
Lyle, Kilbarchan, July 27, 1825.

- 1 THERE were three sisters, they lived in a  
bower,  
Sing Anna, sing Margaret, sing Marjorie  
The youngest o them was the fairest flower.  
And the dew goes thro the wood, gay ladie
- 2 The oldest of them she's to the wood gane,  
To seek a braw leaf and to bring it hame.
- 3 There she met with an outlyer bold,  
Lies many long nights in the woods so cold.
- 4 'Istow a maid, or istow a wife?  
Wiltow twinn with thy maidenhead, or thy  
sweet life?'
- 5 'O kind sir, if I hae't at my will,  
I'll twinn with my life, keep my maidenhead  
still.'

- 6 He's taen out his we pen-knife,  
He's twinned this young lady of her sweet life
- 7 He wiped his knife along the dew;  
But the more he wiped, the redder it grew.
- 8 The second of them she's to the wood gane,  
To seek her old sister, and to bring her hame.
- 9 There she met with an outlyer bold,  
Lies many long nights in the woods so cold.
- 10 'Istow a maid, or istow a wife?  
Wiltow twinn with thy maidenhead, or thy  
sweet life?'
- 11 'O kind sir, if I hae't at my will,  
I'll twinn with my life, keep my maidenhead  
still.'
- 12 He's taen out his we pen-knife,  
He's twinned this young lady of her sweet life.

- 13 He wiped his knife along the dew ;  
But the more he wiped, the redder it grew.
- 14 The youngest of them she 's to the wood gane,  
To seek her two sisters, and to bring them  
hame.
- 15 There she met with an outlyer bold,  
Lies many long nights in the woods so cold.
- 16 ' Istow a maid, or istow a wife ?  
Wiltow twinn with thy maidenhead, or thy  
sweet life ?'
- 17 ' If my three brethren they were here,  
Such questions as these thou durst nae speer.'
- 18 ' Pray, what may thy three brethren be,  
That I durst na mak so bold with thee ?'
- 19 ' The eldest o them is a minister bred,  
He teaches the people from evil to good.
- 20 ' The second o them is a ploughman good,  
He ploughs the land for his livelihood.
- 21 ' The youngest of them is an outlyer bold,  
Lies many a long night in the woods so  
cold.'
- 22 He stuck his knife then into the ground,  
He took a long race, let himself fall on.

## E

Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 212. From Mearns-shire.

- 1 THE Duke o Perth had three daughters,  
Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie ;  
And Elizabeth 's to the greenwud gane,  
To pu the rose and the fair lilie.
- 2 But she hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,  
A double rose, but barely three,  
Whan up and started a Loudon lord,  
Wi Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.
- 3 ' Will ye be called a robber's wife ?  
Or will ye be stickit wi my bloody knife ?  
For pu'in the rose and the fair lilie,  
For pu'in them sae fair and free.'
- 4 ' Before I 'll be called a robber's wife,  
I 'll rather be stickit wi your bloody knife,  
For pu'in,' etc.
- 5 Then out he 's tane his little pen-knife,  
And he 's parted her and her sweet life,  
And thrown her oer a bank o brume,  
There never more for to be found.
- 6 The Duke o Perth had three daughters,  
Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie ;  
And Margaret 's to the greenwud gane,  
To pu the rose and the fair lilie.
- 7 She hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,  
A double rose, but barely three,  
When up and started a Loudon lord,  
Wi Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.
- 8 ' Will ye be called a robber's wife ?  
Or will ye be stickit wi my bloody knife ?  
For pu'in,' etc.
- 9 ' Before I 'll be called a robber's wife,  
I 'll rather be stickit wi your bloody knife,  
For pu'in,' etc.
- 10 Then out he 's tane his little pen-knife,  
And he 's parted her and her sweet life,  
For pu'in,' etc.
- 11 The Duke o Perth had three daughters,  
Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie ;  
And Mary 's to the greenwud gane,  
To pu the rose and the fair lilie.
- 12 She hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,  
A double rose, but barely three,  
When up and started a Loudon lord,  
Wi Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.
- 13 ' O will ye be called a robber's wife ?  
Or will ye be stickit wi my bloody knife ?  
For pu'in,' etc.
- 14 ' Before I 'll be called a robber's wife,  
I 'll rather be stickit wi your bloody knife,  
For pu'in,' etc.

15 But just as he took out his knife,  
To tak frae her her ain sweet life,  
Her brother John cam ryding bye,  
And this bloody robber he did espy.

16 But when he saw his sister fair,  
He kennd her by her yellow hair;  
He calld upon his pages three,  
To find this robber speedilie.

17 ' My sisters twa that are dead and gane,  
For whom we made a heavy maene,  
It's you that's twinnd them o their life,  
And wi your cruel bloody knife.

18 ' Then for their life ye sair shall dree ;  
Ye sall be hangit on a tree,  
Or thrown into the poisond lake,  
To feed the toads and rattle-snake.'

A. a. "Given from two copies obtained from recitation, which differ but little from each other. Indeed, the only variation is in the verse where the outlawed brother unwittingly slays his sister." [19.] *Motherwell*.

b. 19. He's taken out his wee penknife,  
Hey how bonnie  
And he's twined her o her ain sweet life.  
On the, etc.

c. *The first stanza only :*

There were three sisters livd in a bower,  
Fair Annet and Margaret and Marjorie  
And they went out to pu a flower.  
And the dew draps off the hyndberry tree

B. a. "To a wild melancholy old tune not in any collection."

"N. B. There are a great many other verses which I could not recover. Upon describing

her brothers, the banished man finds that he has killed his two brothers and two sisters, — upon which he kills himself." *Herd*.

2<sup>2</sup>. *MS.* Quhen. 4<sup>1</sup>, 4<sup>2</sup>, 5<sup>2</sup>, 12<sup>1</sup>, 12<sup>2</sup>, 13<sup>2</sup>, 14<sup>2</sup>.  
ye, your, yet, *MS.* ze, zour, zet. 8, 9, 10  
*are not written out.*

b. "Of this I have got only 14 stanzas, but there are many more. It is a horrid story. The banished man discovers that he has killed two of his brothers and his three (?) sisters, upon which he kills himself." *Jamieson*.

*The first two stanzas only are cited by Jamieson.*

1<sup>1</sup>. three sisters. 2<sup>2</sup>. up there started.

C. 7–11 and 12<sup>2</sup> are not written out in the *MS.*

"Repeat as to the second sister, *mutatis mutandis*." *Motherwell*.

D. 9–13 are not written out in the *MS.* "Same as 1st sister." *Motherwell*.

14<sup>2</sup>. bring her.

15, 16 are not written out. "Same as 1st and 2d sisters, but this additional, viz<sup>t</sup>." *M.*

22<sup>2</sup>. longe, or large?

## 15

### LEESOME BRAND

A. 'Leesome Brand.' a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 38. b. *Motherwell's MS.*, p. 626.

B. 'The Broom blooms bonnie,' etc., *Motherwell's MS.*, p. 365.

THIS is one of the cases in which a remarkably fine ballad has been worse preserved in Scotland than anywhere else. Without light from abroad we cannot fully understand even so much as we have saved, and *with* this light comes a keen regret for what we have lost.

A, from Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, is found also in *Motherwell's MS.*, but without doubt was derived from Buchan. Though injured by the commixture of foreign elements, A has still much of the original story. B has, on the contrary, so little that

distinctively and exclusively belongs to this story that it might almost as well have been put with the following ballad, 'Sheath and Knife,' as here. A third ballad, 'The Birth of Robin Hood,' preserves as much of the story as A, but in an utterly incongruous and very modern setting, being, like 'Erlinton,' C, forced into an absurd Robin Hood framework.

The mixture of four-line with two-line stanzas in A of course comes from different ballads having been blended, but for all that, these ballads might have had the same theme. Stanzas 33-35, however, are such as we meet with in ballads of the 'Earl Brand' class, but not in those of the class to which 'Leesome Brand' belongs. In the English ballads, and nearly all the Danish, of the former class, there is at least a conversation between son and mother [father], whereas in the other the catastrophe excludes such a possibility. Again, the "unco land" in the first stanza, "where winds never blew nor cocks ever crew," is at least a reminiscence of the paradise depicted in the beginning of many of the versions of 'Ribold and Guldborg,' and stanza 4 of 'Leesome Brand' closely resembles stanza 2 of 'Earl Brand,' A.\* Still, the first and fourth stanzas suit one ballad as well as the other, which is not true of 33-35.

The name Leesome Brand may possibly be a corruption of Hildebrand, as Earl Brand almost certainly is; but a more likely origin is the Gyselland of one of the kindred Danish ballads.

The white hind, stanzas 28, 30, is met with in no other ballad of this class, and, besides this, the last four stanzas are in no kind of keeping with what goes before, for the "young son" is spoken of as having been first brought home at some previous period. Grundtvig has suggested that the hind and the blood came from a lost Scottish ballad resembling 'The Maid Transformed into a Hind,' D. g. F, No 58. In this ballad a girl begs her brother, who is going hunting, to spare the little hind that "plays before his foot." The brother

nevertheless shoots the hind, though not mortally, and sets to work to flay it, in which process he discovers his sister under the hind's hide. His sister tells him that she had been successively changed into a pair of scissors, a sword, a hare, a hind, by her step-mother, and that she was not to be free of the spell until she had drunk of her brother's blood. Her brother at once cuts his fingers, gives her some of his blood, and the girl is permanently restored to her natural shape, and afterwards is happily married. Stanzas similar to 36-41 of A and 12-16 of B will be found in the ballad which follows this, to which they are especially well suited by their riddling character; and I believe that they belong there, and not here. It is worthy of remark, too, that there is a *hind* in another ballad, closely related to No 16 ('The Bonny Hind'), and that the hind in 'Leesome Brand' may, in some way not now explicable, have come from this. The confounding of 'Leesome Brand' with a ballad of the 'Bonny Hind' class would be paralleled in Danish, for in 'Redselille og Medelvold' T (and perhaps I, see Grundtvig's note, v, 237), the knight is the lady's brother.

The "auld son" in B, like the first bringing home of the *young* son in A 45, 47, shows how completely the proper story has been lost sight of. There should be no son of any description at the point at which this stanza comes in, and *auld* son should everywhere be *young* son. The best we can do, to make sense of stanza 3, is to put it after 8, with the understanding that woman and child are carried off for burial; though really there is no need to move them on that account. The shooting of the child is unintelligible in the mutilated state of the ballad. It is apparently meant to be an accident. Nothing of the kind occurs in other ballads of the class, and the divergence is probably a simple corruption.

The ballad which 'Leesome Brand' represents is preserved among the Scandinavian races under four forms.

Danish. I. 'Bolde Hr. Nilas' Lön,' a

\* And also stanza 3 of Buchan's 'Fairy Knight,' 'The Elfin Knight,' D, p. 17 of this volume, which runs:

I hae a sister eleven years auld,  
And she to the young men's bed has made bauld.

single copy from a manuscript of the beginning of the 17th century: Grundtvig, v, 231, No 270. II. 'Redselille og Medelvold,' in an all but unexampled number of versions, of which some sixty are collated, and some twenty-five printed, by Grundtvig, most of them recently obtained from tradition, and the oldest a broadside of about the year 1770: Grundtvig, v, 234, No 271. III. 'Sønnens Sorg,' Grundtvig, v, 289, No 272, two versions only: A from the middle of the 16th century; B three hundred years later, previously printed in Berggreen's *Danske Folkesange*, i, No 83 (3d ed.). IV. 'Stalbroders Kvide,' Grundtvig, v, 301, No 273, two versions: A from the beginning of the 17th century, B from about 1570.

**Swedish.** II. A, broadside of 1776, reprinted in Grundtvig, No 271, v, 281, Bilag 1, and in Jamieson's *Illustrations*, p. 373 ff, with a translation. B, 'Herr Redevall,' Afzelius, ii, 189, No 58, new ed. No 51. C, 'Krist' Lilla och Herr Tideman,' Arwidsson, i, 352, No 54 A. D, E, F, G, from Cavalinus and Stephens' manuscript collection, first printed by Grundtvig, No 271, v, 282 ff, Bilag 2-5. H, 'Rosa lilla,' Eva Wigström, *Folkvisor från Skåne*, in *Ur de nordiska Folkens Lif*, af Artur Hazelius, p. 133, No 8. III. A single version, of date about 1650, 'Moder och Son,' Arwidsson, ii, 15, No 70.

**Norwegian.** II. Six versions and a fragment, from recent tradition: A-E, G, first printed by Grundtvig, No 271, v, 284 ff, Bilag 6-11; F, 'Grivilja,' in Lindeman's *Norske Fjeldmelodier*, No 121. III. Six versions from recent tradition, A-F, first printed by Grundtvig, No 272, v, 297 ff, Bilag 1-6.

**Icelandic.** III. 'Sonar harmur,' Íslenzk Fornkvæði, i, 140 ff, No 17, three versions, A, B, C, the last, which is the oldest, being from late in the 17th century; also the first stanza of a fourth, D.

All the Scandinavian versions are in two-line stanzas save Danish 272 B, and A in part, and Icelandic 17 C, which are in four; the last, however, in stanzas of two couplets.

It will be most convenient to give first a summary of the story of 'Redselille og Me-

delvold,' and to notice the chief divergences of the other ballads afterwards. A mother and her daughter are engaged in weaving gold tissue. The mother sees milk running from the girl's breasts, and asks an explanation. After a slight attempt at evasion, the daughter confesses that she has been beguiled by a knight. The mother threatens both with punishment: he shall be hanged [burned, broken on the wheel, sent out of the country, i. e., sold into servitude], and she sent away [broiled on a gridiron, burned, drowned]. Some copies begin further back, with a stanza or two in which we are told that the knight has served in the king's court, and gained the favor of the king's daughter. Alarmed by her mother's threats, the maid goes to her lover's house at night, and after some difficulty in effecting an entrance (a commonplace, like the ill-boding milk above) informs him of the fate that awaits them. The knight is sufficiently prompt now, and bids her get her gold together while he saddles his horse. They ride away, with [or without] precautions against discovery, and come to a wood. Four Norwegian versions, A, B, C, G, and also two Icelandic versions, A, B, of 'Sønnens Sorg,' interpose a piece of water, and a difficulty in crossing, owing to the ferryman's refusing help or the want of oars; but this passage is clearly an infiltration from a different story. Arriving at the wood, the maid desires to rest a while. The customary interrogation does not fail, — whether the way is too long or the saddle too small. The knight lifts her off the horse, spreads his cloak for her on the grass, and she gives way to her anguish in such exclamations as "My mother had nine women: would that I had the worst of them!" "My mother would never have been so angry with me but she would have helped me in this strait!" Most of the Danish versions make the knight offer to bandage his eyes and render such service as a man may; but she replies that she would rather die than that man should know of woman's pangs. So Swedish H, nearly. Partly to secure privacy, and partly from thirst, she expresses a wish for water, and her lover goes in search of some.



(This in nearly all the Danish ballads, and many of the others. But in four of the Norwegian versions of 'Sønnens Sorg' the lover is told to go and amuse himself, much as in our ballads.) When he comes to the spring or the brook, there sits a nightingale and sings. *Two* nightingales, a small bird, a voice from heaven, a small dwarf, an old man, replace the nightingale in certain copies, and in others there is nothing at all; but the great majority has a single nightingale, and, as Grundtvig points out, the single bird is right, for the bird is really a vehicle for the soul of the dead Redselille. The nightingale sings, "Redselille lies dead in the wood, with two sons [son and daughter] in her bosom." All that the nightingale has said is found to be true. According to Danish O and Swedish C, the knight finds the lady and a child, according to Swedish B and Norwegian A, B, C, the lady and two sons, dead. In Danish B, L (as also the Icelandic 'Sonar Harmur,' A, B, and Danish 'Stalbroders Kvide,' A) the knight digs a grave, and lays mother and children in it; he lays himself with them in A and M. It is not said whether the children are dead or living, and the point would hardly be raised but for what follows. In Danish D, P and Swedish F, it is expressly mentioned that the children are *alive*, and in Q, R, S, T, U, six copies of V, and Y, and also in 'Bolde Hr. Nilans' Løn,' and in 'Sønnens Sorg,' Danish A, Norwegian A, C, D, E, the children are heard, or seem to be heard, shrieking from under the ground. Nearly all the versions make the knight run himself through with his sword, either immediately after the others are laid in the grave, or after he has ridden far and wide, because he cannot endure the cries of the children from under the earth. This would seem to be the original conclusion of the story; the horrible circumstance of the children being buried alive is much more likely to be slurred over or omitted at a later day than to be added.

We may pass over in silence the less important variations in the very numerous versions of 'Redselille and Medelvold,' nor need we be detained long by the other three Scan-

dinavian forms of the ballad. 'Sønnens Sorg' stands in the same relation to 'Redselille and Medelvold' as 'Hildebrand and Hilde,' does to 'Ribold and Guldborg' (see p. 89 of this volume); that is, the story is told in the first person instead of the third. A father asks his son why he is so sad, Norwegian A, B, C, D, Icelandic A, B, C, D. Five years has he sat at his father's board, and never uttered a merry word. The son relates the tragedy of his life. He had lived in his early youth at the house of a nobleman, who had three daughters. He was on very familiar terms with all of them, and the youngest loved him. When the time came for him to leave the family, she proposed that he should take her with him, Danish B, Icelandic A, B, C [*he* makes the proposal in Norwegian C]. From this point the narrative is much the same as in 'Redselille and Medelvold,' and at the conclusion he falls dead in his father's arms [at the table], Norwegian A, B, D, Icelandic A. The mother takes the place of the father in Danish B and Swedish, and perhaps it is the mother who tells the story in English A, but the bad condition of the text scarcely enables us to say. Danish B and the Swedish copy have lost the middle and end of the proper story: there is no wood, no childbirth, no burial. The superfluous boat of some Norwegian versions of 'Redselille' reappears in these, and also in Icelandic A, B; it is overturned in a storm, and the lady is drowned.

'Stalbroders Kvide' differs from 'Sønnens Sorg' only in this: that the story is related to a comrade instead of father or mother.

'Bolde Hr. Nilans' Løn,' which exists but in a single copy, has a peculiar beginning. Sir Nilans has served eight years in the king's court without recompense. He has, however, gained the favor of the king's daughter, who tells him that she is suffering much on his account. If this be so, says Nilans, I will quit the land with speed. He is told to wait till she has spoken to her mother. She goes to her mother and says: Sir Nilans has served eight years, and had no reward; he desires the best that it is in your power to give. The queen exclaims, He shall never have my only

daughter's hand! The young lady immediately bids Nilaus saddle his horse while she collects her gold, and from this point we have the story of Redselille.

**Dutch.** Willems, *Oude vlaemsche Liederen*, p. 482, No 231, 'De Ruiter en Mooi Elsje;' Hoffmann v. Fallersleben, *Niederländische Volkslieder*, 2d ed., p. 170, No 75: broadside of the date 1780.

A mother inquires into her daughter's condition, and learns that she is going with child by a trooper (he is called both 'ruiter' and 'landsknecht'). The conversation is overheard by the other party, who asks the girl whether she will ride with him or bide with her mother. She chooses to go with him, and as they ride is overtaken with pains. She asks whether there is not a house where she can rest. The soldier builds her a hut of thistles, thorns, and high stakes, and hangs his cloak over the aperture. She asks him to go away, and to come back when he hears a cry: but the maid was dead ere she cried. The trooper laid his head on a stone, and his heart brake with grief.

**German.** A, Simrock, No 40, p. 92, 'Von Farbe so bleich,' from Bonn and Rheindorf, repeated in Mittler, No 194. The mother, on learning her daughter's plight, imprecates a curse on her. The maid betakes herself to her lover, a trooper, who rides off with her. They come to a cool spring, and she begs for a fresh drink, but, feeling very ill, asks if there is no hamlet near, from which she could have woman's help. The aid of the trooper is rejected in the usual phrase, and he is asked to go aside, and answer when called. If there should be no call, she will be dead. There was no call, and she was found to be dead, with two sons in her bosom. The trooper wrapped the children in her apron, and dug her grave with his sword. B, Reifferscheid, *Westfälische Volkslieder*, p. 106, 'Ach Wunder über Wunder,' from Bökendorf: much the same as to the story. C, Mittler, No 195, p. 175, 'Von Farbe so bleich,' a fragment of a copy from Hesse; Zuccalmaglio, p. 187, No 90, 'Die Waisen,' an entire copy, ostensibly from the Lower Rhine, but clearly owing its

last fourteen stanzas to the editor. The trooper, in this supplement, leaves the boys with his mother, and goes over seas. The boys grow up, and set out to find their father. In the course of their quest, they pass a night in a hut in a wood, and are overheard saying a prayer for their father and dead mother, by a person who announces herself as their maternal grandmother! After this it is not surprising that the father himself should turn up early the next morning. The same editor, under the name of Montanus, gives in *Die deutschen Volksfeste*, p. 45 f, a part of this ballad again, with variations which show his hand beyond a doubt. We are here informed that the ballad has above a hundred stanzas, and that the conclusion is that the grandmother repents her curse, makes her peace with the boys, and builds a convent.

**French.** Bujeaud, *Chants et Chansons populaires des provinces de l'Ouest*, A, I, 198, B, I, 200, 'J'entends le rossignolet.' A. This ballad has suffered injury at the beginning and the end, but still preserves very well the chief points of the story. A lover has promised his mistress that after returning from a long absence he would take her to see his country. While traversing a wood she is seized with her pains. The aid of her companion is declined: "Cela n'est point votre métier." She begs for water. The lover goes for some, and meets a lark, who tells him that he will find his love dead, with a child in her arms. Two stanzas follow which are to no purpose. B. The other copy of this ballad has a perverted instead of a meaningless conclusion, but this keeps some traits that are wanting in A. It is a two-line ballad, with the nightingale in the refrain: "J'entends le rossignolet." A fair maid, walking with her lover, falls ill, and lies down under a thorn. The lover asks if he shall go for her mother. "She would not come: she has a cruel heart." Shall I go for mine? "Go, like the swallow!" He comes back and finds his love dead, and says he will die with his mistress. The absurd conclusion follows that she was feigning death to test his love.

The names in the Scandinavian ballads, it

is remarked by Grundtvig, v, 242, 291, are not Norse, but probably of German derivation, and, if such, would indicate a like origin for the story. The man's name, for instance, in the Danish 'Sønnens Sorg,' A, Gysellannd, seems to point to Gisalbrand or Gisalbald, German names of the 8th or 9th century. There is some doubt whether this Gysellannd is not due to a corruption arising in the course of tradition (see Grundtvig, v, 302); but if the name may stand, it will account for our Leesome Brand almost as satisfactorily as Hildebrand does for Earl Brand in No 7.

The passage in which the lady refuses male assistance during her travail — found as well in almost all the Danish versions of 'Redselille and Medelvold,' in the German and French, and imperfectly in Swedish D — occurs in several other English ballads, viz., 'The Birth of Robin Hood,' 'Rose the Red and White Lily,' 'Sweet Willie,' of Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 61, 'Burd Helen,' of Buchan, II, 30, 'Bonnie Annie,' No 23. Nearly the whole of the scene in the wood is in 'Wolfdietrich.' Wolfdietrich finds a dead man and a woman naked to the girdle, who is clasping the stem of a tree. The man, who was her husband, was taking her to her mother's house, where

her first child was to be born, when he was attacked by the dragon Schadesam. She was now in the third day of her travail. Wolfdietrich, having first wrapped her in his cloak, offers his help, requesting her to tear a strip from her shift and bind it round his eyes. She rejects his assistance in this form, but sends him for water, which he brings in his helmet, but only to find the woman dead, with a lifeless child at her breast. He wraps mother and child in his mantle, carries them to a chapel, and lays them on the altar; then digs a grave with his sword, goes for the body of the man, and buries all three in the grave he has made. Grimm, *Alt-dänische Heldenlieder*, p. 508; Holtzmann, *Der grosse Wolfdietrich*, st. 1587-1611; Amelung u. Jänicke,\* *Ortnit u. die Wolfdietriche*, II, 146, D, st. 51-75; with differences, I, 289, B, st. 842-848; mother and child surviving, I, 146, A, st. 562-578; Weber's abstract of the *Heldenbuch*, in *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 119, 120.

'Herr Medelvold,' a mixed text of Danish II, *Danske Viser*, No 156, is translated by Jamieson, *Illustrations*, p. 377; by Borrow, *Romantic Ballads*, p. 28 (very ill); and by Prior, No 101. Swedish, II, A, is translated by Jamieson, *ib.*, p. 373.

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A

a. Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 38. b. Motherwell's MS., p. 626.

- 1 My boy was scarcely ten years auld,  
Whan he went to an unco land,  
Where wind never blew, nor cocks ever crew,  
Ohon for my son, Leesome Brand!
- 2 Awa to that king's court he went,  
It was to serve for meat an fee;  
Gude red gowd it was his hire,  
And lang in that king's court stayd he.
- 3 He hadna been in that unco land  
But only twallmonths twa or three,  
Till by the glancing o his ee,  
He gaird the love o a gay ladye.

- 4 This ladye was scarce eleven years auld,  
When on her love she was right bauld;  
She was scarce up to my right knee,  
When oft in bed wi men I'm tauld.
- 5 But when nine months were come and gane,  
This ladye's face turnd pale and wane.
- 6 To Leesome Brand she then did say,  
'In this place I can nae mair stay.
- 7 'Ye do you to my father's stable,  
Where steeds do stand baith wight and able.
- 8 'Strike ane o them upo the back,  
The swiftest will gie his head a wap.

\* Who suggests, II, xlv, somewhat oddly, that the passage may have been taken from Revelation, xii, 2 f, 13 f.

- 9 'Ye take him out upo the green,  
And get him saddled and bridled seen.
- 10 'Get ane for you, anither for me,  
And lat us ride out ower the lee.
- 11 'Ye do you to my mother's coffer,  
And out of it ye'll take my tocher.
- 12 'Therein are sixty thousand pounds,  
Which all to me by right belongs.'
- 13 He's done him to her father's stable,  
Where steeds stood baith wicht and able.
- 14 Then he strake ane upon the back,  
The swiftest gae his head a wap.
- 15 He's taen him out upo the green,  
And got him saddled and bridled seen.
- 16 Ane for him, and another for her,  
To carry them baith wi might and virr.
- 17 He's done him to her mother's coffer,  
And there he's taen his lover's tocher;
- 18 Wherein were sixty thousand pound,  
Which all to her by right belongd.
- 19 When they had ridden about six mile,  
His true love then began to fail.
- 20 'O wae's me,' said that gay ladye,  
'I fear my back will gang in three!
- 21 'O gin I had but a gude midwife,  
Here this day to save my life,
- 22 'And ease me o my misery,  
O dear, how happy I woud be!'
- 23 'My love, we're far frae ony town,  
There is nae midwife to be foun.
- 24 'But if ye'll be content wi me,  
I'll do for you what man can dec.'
- 25 'For no, for no, this maunna be,'  
Wi a sigh, replied this gay ladye.
- 26 'When I endure my grief and pain,  
My companie ye maun refrain.
- 27 'Ye'll take your arrow and your bow,  
And ye will hunt the deer and roe.
- 28 'Be sure ye touch not the white hynde,  
For she is o the woman kind.'
- 29 He took sic pleasure in deer and roe,  
Till he forgot his gay ladye.
- 30 Till by it came that milk-white hynde,  
And then he mind on his ladye syne.
- 31 He hasted him to yon greenwood tree,  
For to relieve his gay ladye;
- 32 But found his ladye lying dead,  
Likeways her young son at her head.
- 33 His mother lay ower her castle wa,  
And she beheld baith dale and down;  
And she beheld young Leesome Brand,  
As he came riding to the town.
- 34 'Get minstrels for to play,' she said,  
'And danceers to dance in my room;  
For here comes my son, Leesome Brand,  
And he comes merrilie to the town.'
- 35 'Seek nae minstrels to play, mother,  
Nor danceers to dance in your room;  
But tho your son comes, Leesome Brand,  
Yet he comes sorry to the town.
- 36 'O I hae lost my gowden knife;  
I rather had lost my ain sweet life!
- 37 'And I hae lost a better thing,  
The gilded sheath that it was in.'
- 38 'Are there nae gowdsmiths here in Fife,  
Can make to you anither knife?
- 39 'Are there nae sheath-makers in the land,  
Can make a sheath to Leesome Brand?'
- 40 'There are nae gowdsmiths here in Fife,  
Can make me sic a gowden knife;
- 41 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,  
Can make to me a sheath again.
- 42 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,  
Ordaind to be so much forlorn.

43 'I've lost my ladye I lov'd sae dear,  
Likeways the son she did me bear.'

44 'Put in your hand at my bed head,  
There ye'll find a gude grey horn;  
In it three draps o' Saint Paul's ain blude,  
That hae been there sin he was born.

45 'Drap twa o them o your ladye,  
And ane upo your little young son;  
Then as lively they will be  
As the first night ye brought them hame.'

46 He put his hand at her bed head,  
And there he found a gude grey horn,  
Wi three draps o' Saint Paul's ain blude,  
That had been there sin he was born.

47 Then he drapp'd twa on his ladye,  
And ane o them on his young son,  
And now they do as lively be,  
As the first day he brought them hame.

### B

Motherwell's MS., p. 365. From the recitation of Agnes  
Lyle, Kilbarchan.

1 'THERE is a feast in your father's house,  
The broom blooms bonnie and so is it fair  
It becomes you and me to be very dooce.  
And we'll never gang up to the broom nae  
mair

2 'You will go to yon hill so hie;  
Take your bow and your arrow wi thee.'

3 He's tane his lady on his back,  
And his auld son in his coat lap.

4 'When ye hear me give a cry,  
Ye'll shoot your bow and let me lye.

5 'When ye see me lying still,  
Throw away your bow and come running me  
till.'

6 When he heard her gie the cry,  
He shot his bow and he let her lye.

7 When he saw she was lying still,  
He threw away his bow and came running her  
till.

8 It was nae wonder his heart was sad  
When he shot his auld son at her head.

9 He houkit a grave, long, large and wide,  
He buried his auld son down by her side.

10 It was nae wonder his heart was sair  
When he shoold the mools on her yellow  
hair.

11 'Oh,' said his father, 'son, but thou'rt sad!  
At our braw meeting you might be glad.'

12 'Oh,' said he, 'Father, I've lost my knife  
I loved as dear almost as my own life.

13 'But I have lost a far better thing,  
I lost the sheath that the knife was in.'

14 'Hold thy tongue, and mak nae din;  
I'll buy thee a sheath and a knife therein.'

15 'A' the ships eer sailed the sea  
Neer'll bring such a sheath and a knife to me.

16 'A' the smiths that lives on land  
Will neer bring such a sheath and knife to my  
hand.'

A. b. 1<sup>2</sup>. he came to. 3. For wind . . . and  
cock never.

4<sup>4</sup>. bed wi him.

5<sup>2</sup>. His lady's.

22<sup>2</sup>. would I be.

29<sup>1</sup>. deer and doe.

30<sup>2</sup>. And then on his lady he did mind.

31<sup>1</sup>. to greenwood tree.

33<sup>1</sup>. the castle wa.

34<sup>1</sup>. Go, minstrels.

43<sup>1</sup>. lady I've loved.

44<sup>3</sup>. draps Saint Paul's. 4. That has.

45<sup>2</sup>. little wee son.

B. 2<sup>1</sup>. Will you.

## 16

## SHEATH AND KNIFE

A. a. Motherwell's MS., p. 286. b. 'The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 189.

C. 'The broom blooms bonie,' Johnson's Museum, No 461.

D. Notes and Queries, First Series, v, 345, one stanza.

B. Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. by D. Laing, p. 159.

THE three stanzas of this ballad which are found in the Musical Museum (C) were furnished, it is said, by Burns. It was first printed in full (A b) in Motherwell's Minstrelsy. Motherwell retouched a verse here and there slightly, to regulate the metre. A a is here given as it stands in his manuscript. B consists of some scattered verses as remembered by Sir W. Scott.

The directions in 3, 4 receive light from a passage in 'Robin Hood's Death and Burial:'

'But give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And a broad arrow I'll let flee,

And where this arrow is taken up  
There shall my grave diggd be.

'Lay me a green sod under my head,' etc.

Other ballads with a like theme are 'The Bonny Hind,' further on in this volume, and the two which follow it.

Translated in Grundtvig's E. og s. Folkeviser, No 49, p. 308; Wolff's Halle der Völker, I, 64.

## A

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 286. From the recitation of Mrs King, Kilbarchan Parish, February 9, 1825. b. 'The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 189.

- 1 It is talked the world all over,  
The brume blooms bonnie and says it is fair  
That the king's dochter gaes wi child to her  
brither.  
And we'll never gang down to the brume  
onie mair
- 2 He's taen his sister down to her father's deer  
park,  
Wi his yew-tree bow and arrows fast slung to  
his back.
- 3 'Now when that ye hear me gie a loud cry,  
Shoot frae thy bow an arrow and there let me lye.

- 4 'And when that ye see I am lying dead,  
Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my  
head.'
- 5 Now when he heard her gie a loud cry,  
His silver arrow frae his bow he suddenly let  
fly.  
Now they'll never, etc.
- 6 He has made a grave that was lang and was  
deep,  
And he has buried his sister, wi her babe at  
her feet.  
And they'll never, etc.
- 7 And when he came to his father's court hall,  
There was music and minstrels and dancing  
and all.  
But they'll never, etc.

- 8 'O Willie, O Willie, what makes thee in pain?'  
 'I have lost a sheath and knife that I'll never  
 see again.'  
 For we'll never, etc.

- 9 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea  
 That will bring as good a sheath and a knife  
 unto thee.'

- 10 'There is ships o my father's sailing on the  
 sea,  
 But sic a sheath and a knife they can never  
 bring to me.'  
 Now we'll never, etc.

## B

Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. by D. Laing, p. 159: Sir Walter  
 Scott, from his recollection of a nursery-maid's singing.

- 1 AE lady has whispered the other,  
 The broom grows bonnie, the broom grows  
 fair  
 Lady Margaret's wi bairn to Sir Richard, her  
 brother.  
 And we daur na gae doun to the broom nae  
 mair  
 \* \* \* \* \*

- 2 'And when ye hear me loud, loud cry,  
 O bend your bow, let your arrow fly.  
 And I daur na, etc.
- 3 'But when ye see me lying still,  
 O then you may come and greet your fill.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- 4 'It's I hae broken my little pen-knife  
 That I loed dearer than my life.'  
 And I daur na, etc.  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- 5 'It's no for the knife that my tears doun run,  
 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept in.'

## C

Johnson's Museum, No 461.

- 1 It's whispered in parlour, it's whispered in ha,  
 The broom blooms bonie, the broom blooms  
 fair  
 Lady Marget's wi child amang our ladies a'.  
 And she dare na gae doun to the broom nae  
 mair

- 2 One lady whisperd unto another  
 Lady Marget's wi child to Sir Richard, her  
 brother.  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- 3 'O when that you hear my loud loud cry,  
 Then bend your bow and let your arrows fly.  
 For I dare na,' etc.

## D

Notes and Queries, 1st Series, v, 345, communicated by  
 E. F. Rimbault.

- 1 AE king's dochter said to anither,  
 Broom blooms bonnie an grows sae fair

We'll gae ride like sister and brither.  
 But we'll never gae doun to the broom nae  
 mair

A. b. *Motherwell's printed copy has these varia-*  
*tions:*

- 1<sup>1</sup>. It is talked, it is talked; *a variation found*  
*in the MS.*  
 3<sup>1</sup>. O when . . . loud, loud cry.  
 3<sup>2</sup>. an arrow frae thy bow.  
 4<sup>1</sup>. cauld and dead.  
 5<sup>1</sup>. loud, loud cry.

- 6<sup>1</sup>. has houkit.  
 6<sup>2</sup>. babie.  
 7<sup>1</sup>. came hame.  
 7<sup>2</sup>. dancing mang them a': *this variation also*  
*in the MS.*  
 9<sup>1</sup>, 10<sup>1</sup>. There are.

B. "I have heard the 'Broom blooms bonnie' sung  
 by our poor old nursery-maid as often as I have



teeth in my head, but after cudgelling my memory I can make no more than the following stanzas." *Scott, Sharpe's Ballad Book*, 1880, p. 159.

*Scott makes Effie Deans, in The Heart of Mid-Lothian, vol. I, ch. 10, sing this stanza, probably of his own making:*

The elfin knight sat on the brae,  
The broom grows bonny, the broom grows fair  
And by there came liting a lady so gay.  
And we daurna gang down to the broom  
nae mair

## 17

## HIND HORN

A. 'Hindhorn,' Motherwell's MS., p. 106.

B. 'Young Hyndhorn,' Motherwell's MS., p. 418.

C. a. 'Young Hyn Horn,' Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 42. b. Motherwell's MS., p. 413.

D. 'Young Hynhorn,' Cromeek's Select Scottish Songs, II, 204.

E. 'Hynd Horn,' Motherwell's MS., p. 91.

F. Lowran Castle, or the Wild Boar of Curridoo: with other Tales. By R. Trotter, Dumfries, 1822.

G. 'Hynde Horn,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 135.

H. 'Hynd Horn,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 268.

A DEFECTIVE copy of this ballad was printed in Cromeek's Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern, 1810 (D). A fragment, comprising the first half of the story, was inserted in "Lowran Castle, or the Wild Boar of Curridoo: with other Tales," etc., by Robert Trotter, Dumfries, 1822\* (F). A complete copy was first given in Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, 1827 (G); another, described by the editor as made up from Cromeek's fragment and two copies from recitation, in Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 36,† later in the same year; and a third, closely resembling Kinloch's, in Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, in 1828 (H). Three versions complete, or nearly so, and a fragment of a fourth are now printed for the first time, all from Motherwell's manuscripts (A, B, C, E).

The stanza about the auger bore [wimble

bore], B 1, F 3, H 4, is manifestly out of place. It is found in 'The Whummil Bore' (see further on), and may have slipped into 'Hind Horn' by reason of its following, in its proper place, a stanza beginning, "Seven lang years I hae served the king:" cf. F 2, H 3.

G 17, 18, 21, 22, which are not intelligible in their present connection, are perhaps, as well as G 16, H 18-20, borrowed from some Robin Hood ballad, in which a change is made with a beggar.

The noteworthy points in the story of Hind Horn are these. Hind Horn has served the king seven years (D, F), and has fallen in love with his daughter. She gives Hind Horn a jewelled ring: as long as the stone keeps its color, he may know that she is faithful; but if it changes hue, he may ken she loves another man. The king is angry (D), and Hind Horn

\* This I should have missed but for the kindness of Mr W. Macmath.

† Motherwell's printed copy, Minstrelsy, p. 36, is thus made up: stanzas 1, 2, 3, 8, 15, from Cromeek (D); 4-7, 9, 11, 13, 14, 16, 19, 20, 24-28, 30-37, from B; 12, 17, 18 from

E. 23 = A 14. 10, 21, 22, 29, have not been found in his manuscripts. The first line of the burden is from B, the second from E. Motherwell alters his texts slightly, now and then.

goes to sea [is sent, D]. He has been gone seven years, E, F [seven years and a day, B], when, looking on his ring, he sees that the stone is 'pale and wan, A-H. He makes for the land at once, and, meeting an old beggar, asks him for news. No news but the king's daughter's wedding: it has lasted nine days [two and forty, A], and she will not go into the bride-bed till she hears of Hind Horn, E. Hind Horn changed cloaks and other gear with the beggar, and when he came to the king's gate asked for a drink in Horn's name,\* A, B, D. The bride herself came down, and gave him a drink out of her own hand, A, B, C, G, H. He drank out the drink and dropped in the ring.

'O gat ye 't by sea, or gat ye 't by lan,  
Or gat ye 't aff a dead man's han?'

So she asked; and he answered:

'I gat na 't by sea, I gat na 't by lan,  
But I gat it out of your own han.' D 14.

'I got na 't by sea, I got na 't by land,  
Nor got I it aff a drownd man's hand;

'But I got it at my wooing,  
And I'll gie it at your wedding.' G 29, 30.

The bride, who had said,

'I'll go through nine fires so hot,  
But I'll give him a drink for Young Hyn-  
horn's sake,' B 16,

is no less ready now:

'I'll tak the red gowd frae my head,  
And follow you and beg my bread.

'I'll tak the red gowd frae my hair,  
And follow you for evermair.' H 31, 32.

But Hind Horn let his cloutie cloak fall, G,  
H, and told her,

\* C 16, 17 are corrupted, and also F 19, 23, G 21; all three in a way which allows of easy emendation. Hymen [high, man] in C should of course be Hyn Horn. The injunction

'Ye need na leave your bridal gown,  
For I'll make ye ladie o many a town.'

The story of Horn, of which this ballad gives little more than the catastrophe, is related at full in

I. 'King Horn,' a *gest* in about 1550 short verses, preserved in three manuscripts: the oldest regarded as of the second half of the 13th century, or older; the others put at 1300 and a little later. All three have been printed: (1.) By Michel, Horn et Rimenhild, p. 259 ff, Bannatyne Club, 1845; J. R. Lumby, Early English Text Society, 1866; and in editions founded on Lumby's text, by Mätzner, Altenglische Sprachproben, p. 270 ff, and later by Wissmann, Quellen u. Forschungen, No 45. (2.) By Horstmann, Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen, 1872, L, 39 ff. (3.) By Ritson, A. E. Metrical Romanceës, II, 91 ff.

II. 'Horn et Rymenhild,' a romance in about 5250 heroic verses, preserved likewise in three manuscripts; the best in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, and of the 14th century.

III. 'Horn Childe and Maiden Rimnild,' from a manuscript of the 14th century, in not quite 100 twelve-line stanzas: Ritson, Metrical Romanceës, III, 282 ff; Michel, p. 341 ff.

Horn, in the old English *gest*, is son of Murry [Allof], king of Suddenne. He is a youth of extraordinary beauty, and has twelve comrades, of whom Athulf and Fikenild are his favorites. One day, as Murry was out riding, he came upon fifteen ships of Saracens, just arrived. The pagans slew the king, and insured themselves, as they thought, against Horn's future revenge by putting him and his twelve aboard a vessel without sail or rudder; but "the children" drove to shore, unhurt, on the coast of Westernness. The king, Ailmar, gave them a kind reception, and committed them to Athelbrus, his steward, to be properly brought up. Rymenhild, the king's daughter,

in G, H should be to ask nothing for Peter or Paul's sake, but all for Horn's.

fell in love with Horn, and having, with some difficulty, prevailed upon Athelbrus to bring him to her bower, offered herself to him as his wife. It were no fair wedding, Horn told her, between a thrall and a king, — a speech which hurt Rymenhild greatly; and Horn was so moved by her grief that he promised to do all she required, if she would induce the king to knight him. This was done the next day, and Horn at once knighted all his comrades. Rymenhild again sent for Horn, and urged him now to make her his wife. But Horn said he must first prove his knighthood: if he came back alive, he would then marry her. Upon this Rymenhild gave him a ring, set with stones of such virtue that he could never be slain if he looked on it and thought of his leman. The young knight had the good fortune to fall in immediately with a ship full of heathen hounds, and by the aid of his ring killed a hundred of the best of them. The next day he paid Rymenhild a visit, and found her drowned in grief on account of a bad dream. She had cast her net in the sea, and a great fish had broken it: she weened she should lose the fish that she would choose. Horn strove to comfort her, but could not conceal his apprehension that trouble was brewing. The fish proved to be Fikenild, Horn's much cherished friend. He told Ailmar of the intimacy with Rymenhild, and asserted that Horn meant to kill the king as well as marry the princess. Ailmar was very angry (v. 724, Wissmann), and much grieved, too. He found the youth in his daughter's bower, and ordered him to quit the land anon. Horn saddled his horse and armed himself, then went back to Rymenhild, and told her that he was going to a strange land for seven years: if, after that, he neither came nor sent word, she might take a husband. He sailed a good way eastward (v. 799) to Ireland, and, landing, met two princes, who invited him to take service with their father. The king, Thurston, welcomed him, and had soon occasion to employ him; for at Christmas came into court a giant, with a message from pagans newly arrived. They proposed that one of them should fight three Christians:

'If your three slay our one,  
Let all this land be your own;  
If our one oercomes your three,  
All this land then ours shall be.'

Horn scorned to fight on such terms; he alone would undertake three of the hounds; and so he did. In the course of a hard fight it came out that these were the very heathen that had slain King Murry. Horn looked on his ring and thought on Rymenhild, then fell on his foes. Not a man of them escaped; but King Thurston lost many men in the fight, among them his two sons. Having now no heir, he offered Horn his daughter Reynild and the succession. Horn replied that he had not earned such a reward yet. He would serve the king further; and when he asked for his daughter, he hoped the king would not refuse her.

Seven years Horn stayed with King Thurston, and to Rymenhild neither sent nor went. A sorry time it was for her, and worst at the end, for King Modi of Reynis asked her in marriage, and her father consented. The wedding was to be in a few days. Rymenhild despatched messengers to every land, but Horn heard nothing, till one day, when he was going out to shoot, he encountered one of these, and learned how things stood. He sent word to his love not to be troubled; he would be there betimes. But, alas, the messenger was drowned on his way back, and Rymenhild, peering out of her door for a ray of hope, saw his body washed up by the waves. Horn now made a clean breast to Thurston, and asked for help. This was generously accorded, and Horn set sail for Westernness. He arrived not too early on the day of the wedding, — "ne might he come no later!" — left his men in a wood, and set off for Ailmar's court alone. He met a palmer, and asked his news. The palmer had come from a bridal; a wedding of maid Rymenhild, who wept and would not be married, because she had a husband, though he was out of the land. Horn changed clothes with the palmer, put on the sclavin, took scrip and staff, blackened his skin and twisted his lip, and presented himself at the king's gate. The porter would not let him in; Horn kicked

open the wicket, threw the porter over the bridge, made his way into the hall, and sat down in the beggars' row. Rymenhild was weeping as if she were out of her wits, but after meat she rose to give all the knights and squires drink from a horn which she bore: such was the custom. Horn called to her:

'Skink us with the first,  
The beggars ben athirst.'

She laid down her horn and filled him a gallon bowl; but Horn would not drink of that. He said, mysteriously, "Thou thinkest I am a beggar, but I am a fisher, come far from the East, to fish at thy feast. My net lies near at hand, and hath full seven year. I am come to see if it has taken any fish."

'I am come to fish;  
Drink to me from thy dish,  
Drink to Horn from horn!'"

Rymenhild looked at him, a chill creeping over her heart. What he meant by his fishing she did not see. She filled her horn and drank to him, handed it to the pilgrim, and said, "Drink thy fill, and tell me if ever thou saw Horn." Horn drank, and threw the ring into the vessel. When the princess went to bower, she found the ring she had given Horn. She feared he was dead, and sent for the palmer. The palmer said Horn had died on the voyage to Westernness, and had begged him to go with the ring to Rymenhild. Rymenhild could bear no more. She threw herself on her bed, where she had hid a knife, to kill both King Modi and herself if Horn should not come; she set the knife to her heart, and there Horn stopped her. He wiped off the black, and cried, "I am Horn!" Great was their bliss, but it was not a time to indulge themselves fully.

Horn sprang out of hall,  
And let his sclavin fall, (1246)

and went to summon his knights. Rymenhild sent after him the faithful Athulf, who all the while had been watching for Horn in

the tower. They slew all that were in the castle, except King Ailmar and Horn's old comrades. Horn spared even Fikenild, taking an oath of fidelity from him and the rest. Then he made himself known to Ailmar, denied what he had been charged with, and would not marry Rymenhild even now, not till he had won back Suddenne. This he went immediately about; but while he was engaged in clearing the land of Saracens and rebuilding churches, the false Fikenild bribed young and old to side with him, built a strong castle, "married" Rymenhild, carried her into his fortress, and began a feast. Horn, warned in a dream, again set sail for Westernness, and came in by Fikenild's new castle. Athulf's cousin was on the shore, to tell him what had happened; how Fikenild had wedded Rymenhild that very day; he had beguiled Horn twice. Force would not avail now. Horn disguised himself and some of his knights as harpers and fiddlers, and their music gained them admittance. Horn began a lay which threw Rymenhild into a swoon. This smote him to the heart; he looked on his ring and thought of her. Fikenild and his men were soon disposed of. Horn was in a condition to reward all his faithful adherents. He married Athulf to Thurston's daughter, and made Rymenhild queen of Suddenne.

The French romance contains very nearly the same story, extended, by expansions of various sorts, to about six times the length of King Horn. It would be out of place to notice other variations than those which relate to the story preserved in the ballads. Rimild offers Horn a ring when she first avows her love. He will not take it then, but accepts a second tender, after his first fight. When he is accused to the king, he offers to clear himself by combat with heavy odds, but will not submit, king's son as he is, to purgation by oath. The king says, then he may quit the land and go — to Norway, if he will. Horn begs Rimild to maintain her love for him seven years. If he does not come then, he will send her word to act thereafter at her pleasure. Rimild exchanges the ring she had previously given him for one set with a sap-

phire, wearing which faithfully he need not fear death by water nor fire, battle nor tourney (vv 2051-8). He looks at this ring when he fights with the pagan that had killed his father, and it fires his heart to extraordinary exploits (3166 ff). Having learned through a friend, who had long been seeking him, that Rimild's father is about to marry her to a young king (Modun), Horn returns to Britany with a large force. He leaves his men in a woody place, and goes out alone on horseback for news; meets a palmer, who tells him that the marriage is to take place that very day; gives the palmer his fine clothes in exchange for scavin, staff and serip, forces his way into the city, and is admitted to the banquet hall with the beggars. After the guests had eaten (4152 ff), Rimild filled a splendid cup with piment, presented it first *a sun dru*, and then, with her maids, served the whole company. As she was making her fifth round, Horn pulled her by the sleeve, and reproached her with attending only to the rich. "Your credit would be greater should you serve *us*." She set a handsome cup before him, but he would not drink. "Corn apelent Horn li Engleis," he said. "If, for the love of him who bore that name, you would give me the same horn that you offered your *ami*, I would share it with you." All but fainting, Rimild gave him the horn. He threw in his ring, even that which she had given him at parting, drank out half, and begged her to drink

by the love of him whom he had named. In drinking, she sipped the ring into her mouth, and she saw at once what it was (4234). "I have found a ring," said she. "If it is yours, take it. Blest be he to whom I gave it: if you know aught of him, conceal it not. If you are Horn, it were a great sin not to reveal yourself." Horn owned that the ring was his, but denied knowledge of the man she spake of. For himself, he had been reared in that land, and by service had come into possession of a hawk, which, before taming it, he had put in a cage: that was nigh seven years since: he had come now to see what it amounted to. If it should prove to be as good as when he left it, he would carry it away with him; but if its feathers were ruffled and broken, he would have nothing to do with it. At this, Rimild broke into a laugh, and cried, "Horn, 'tis you, and your hawk has been safely kept!"\* She would go with him or kill herself. Horn saw that she had spoken truth, but, to try her yet further, said he was indeed Horn, whom she had loved, but he had come back with nothing: why should she follow a poor wretch who could not give her a gown to her back? "Little do you know me," was her reply. "I can bear what you bear, and there is no king in the East for whom I would quit you."

'Horn Childe and Maiden Rimmild,' with many diversities of its own as to details, is more like the French than the English ro-

\* When Horn was near the city, he stopped to see how things would go. King Modun passed, with Wikel, in gay discourse of the charms of Rimild. Horn called out to them insultingly, and Modun asked who he was. Horn said he had formerly served a man of consequence as his fisherman: he had thrown a net almost seven years ago, and had now come to give it a look. If it had taken any fish, he would love it no more; if it should still be as he left it, he would carry it away. Modun thinks him a fool. (3984-4057, and nearly the same in 'Horn Childe and Maiden Rimmild,' 77-79). This is part of a story in the *Gesta Romanorum*, of a soldier who loved the emperor's daughter, and went to the holy land for seven years, after a mutual exchange of fidelity for that time. A king comes to woo the princess, but is put off for seven years, upon her alleging that she has made a vow of virginity for so long. At the expiration of this term, the king and the soldier meet as they are on the way to the princess. The king, from certain passages between them, thinks the soldier a fool. The

soldier takes leave of the king under pretence of looking after a net which he had laid in a certain place seven years before, rides on ahead, and slips away with the princess. *Gest. Rom.*, Oesterley, p. 597, No 193; Grässe, II, 159; Madden, p. 32; Swan, I, p. lxxv. A similar story in Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, I, 281, 'Baillie Lunnain.' (Simrock, *Deutsche Märchen*, No 47, is apparently a translation from the *Gesta*.) The riddle of the hawk, slightly varied, is met with in the romance of *Blonde of Oxford* and *Jehan of Dammartin*, v. 2811 ff, 3143 ff, 3288 ff (ed. Le Roux de Lincy, pp. 98, 109, 114), and, still further modified, in *Le Romant de Jehan de Paris*, ed. Montaiglon, pp. 55, 63, 111. (*Le Roux de Lincy*, Köhler, Mussafia, G. Paris). 'Horn et Rimenhild,' it will be observed, has both riddles, and that of the net is introduced under circumstances entirely like those in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The French romance is certainly independent of the English in this passage.



mance as to the story, and, on the other hand, has one or two resemblances to the ballads which they both lack. Rinnild's father, maddened by the traitor Wikel's false information, beats her till she bleeds, and threatens to slay Horn. Rinnild, expecting her lover to be at least exiled, assures Horn that she will marry no other man for seven years. The king, who had shut himself up till his first wrath was past, tells Horn, when he next comes into his presence, that if he is found in the land on the morrow, he shall be drawn with horses and hanged. Rinnild, at parting, gives him a ring, with these words:

'Loke thou forsake it for no thing,  
It schal ben our tokening;  
The ston it is wele trewe.  
When the ston wexeth wan,  
Than chaungeth the thouȝt of thi leman,  
Take than a newe;  
When the ston wexeth rede,  
Than have Y lorn mi maidenhed,  
Oȝaines the untrewē.' (Michel, st. 48.)

Horn, for his part, bids her every day look into a spring in her arbor: should she see his shadow, then he is about to marry another; till then his thought will not have changed (sts 48, 49). Though loved, as before, by another princess, Horn kept his faith; but when seven years were gone, on looking at the stone he saw that its hue was changed (st. 71). He immediately gathered a force, and set sail for Rinnild. On landing he saw a beggar, who turned out to be one of his old friends, and had been looking for him a long time. That day Moding the king was to marry Rinnild. They changed weeds (76); Horn forced his way into the castle. While Rinnild was serving the guests, Horn, who had tried to pass for a fool, called to her to attend to God's men. She fetched him drink, and he said, "For Horn's love, if ever he was dear to thee, go not ere this be drunk." He threw the ring into the cup: she brought him another drink (something is wrong here, for nothing is said of her seeing and recognizing the ring), and asked if Horn were there. She fainted when she learned that he was, but on

recovering sent Hatherof (= Athulf) to bid the king make merry, and then to gather periwinkle and ivy, "grasses that ben of main" (to stain her face with, no doubt), and then to tell Horn to wait for her under a wood-side.

'When al this folk is gon to play,  
He and Y schal steal away,  
Bituene the day and the niȝt.' (87)

Hatherof did his message. Of true love Horn was sure. He said he would come into the field with a hundred knights. A tournament follows, as in the French romance; the royal bridegroom is unhorsed, but spared; treachery is punished and forced to confession.

Now is Rinnild tuiis wedde,  
Horn brouȝt hir to his bedde. (94)

That the lay or gest of King Horn is a far more primitive poem than the French romance, and could not possibly be derived from it, will probably be plain to any one who will make even a hasty comparison of the two; and that the contrary opinion should have been held by such men as Warton and Tyrwhitt must have been the result of a general theory, not of a particular examination.\* There is, on the other hand, no sufficient reason for supposing that the English lay is the source of the other two poems. Nor do the special approximations of the ballads to the romance of Horn Child oblige us to conclude that these, or any of them, are derived from that poem. The particular resemblances are the discoloration of the ring, the elopement with the bride, in C, G, H (which is only prepared for, but not carried out, in Horn Child), and the agreement between the couplet just cited from Horn Child,

Now is Rinnild tuiis wedde,  
Horn brouȝt hir to his bedde,

and the last stanza of A, B, C:

The bridegroom he had wedded the bride,  
But Young Hind Horn he took her to bed. (A)

\* See the excellent studies of King Horn by Wissmann, in *Quellen und Forschungen*, No 16, and *Anglia*, iv, 342 ff.

The bridegroom thought he had the bonnie bride  
wed,

But Young Hyn Horn took the bride to bed. (B)

Her ain bridegroom had her first wed,

But Young Hyn Horn had her first to bed. (C)

The likeness evinces a closer affinity of the oral traditions with the later English romance than with the earlier English or the French, but no filiation. And were filiation to be accepted, there would remain the question of priority. It is often assumed, without a misgiving, that oral tradition must needs be younger than anything that was committed to writing some centuries ago; but this requires in each case to be made out; there is certainly no antecedent probability of that kind.\*

Two Scandinavian ballads, as Dr Prior has remarked, seem to have been at least suggested by the romances of Horn.

(1.) 'Unge Hr. Tor og Jomfru Tore,' Grundtvig, No 72, II, 263, translated by Prior, III, 151. Of this there are two traditional versions: A from a manuscript of the sixteenth century, B from one of the seventeenth. They agree in story. In A, Tor asks Sølffuermord how long she will wait for him. Nine years, she answers, if she can do so without angering her friends. He will be satisfied with eight. Eight have passed: a family council is held, and it is decided that she shall not have Young Tor, but a certain rich count. Her father "gives her away" that same day. The lady goes up to a balcony and looks seaward. Everybody seems to be coming home but her lover. She begs her brother to ride down to the shore for her. Tor is just coming in, hails the horseman, and eagerly asks how are the maids in the isle. The brother tells him that *his* maid has waited eight years, and is even now drinking her bridal, but with tears. Tor takes his harp and chess-board, and

plays outside the bridal hall till the bride hears and knows him. He then enters the hall, and asks if there is anybody that can win a game of chess. The father replies, Nobody but Sølffuermord, and she sits a bride at the board. The mother indulgently suggests that the midsummer day is long, and the bride might well try a game. The bride seeks an express sanction of her father, who lessons her the livelong day, being suspicious of Tor, but towards evening consents to her playing a little while, — not long. Tor wins the first game, and must needs unpack his heart in a gibing parable, ending

'Full hard is gold to win,  
And so is a trothless quean.'

She wins the next game, takes up the parable, and says

'Many were glad their faith to hold,  
Were their lot to be controlled.'

They are soon at one, and resolve to fly. They slip away, go aboard Tor's ship, and put off. The bride's parents get information, and the mother, who is a professor of the black art, raises a storm which she means shall sink them both. No one can steer the ship but the bride. She stands at the helm, with her gold crown on, while her lover is lying seasick on the deck, and she brings the craft safe into Norway, where a second wedding is celebrated.

(2.) The other ballad is 'Herr Lovmand og Herr Thor,' Syv, iv, No 68, Danske Viser, iv, 180, No 199, translated by Prior, II, 442. Lovmand, having betrothed Ingelil, asks how long she will be his maid. "Eight years, if I may," she says. This term has elapsed; her brothers consult, and give her to rich Herr Thor. They drink the bridal for five days; for nine days; she will not go to bed. On the evening of the tenth they begin to use

\* A, B, and E, which had not been printed at the time of his writing, will convince Professor Stimming, whose valuable review in *Englische Studien*, I, 351 ff, supplements, and in the matter of *derivation*, I think, rectifies, Wissmann's *Untersuchungen*, that the king's daughter in the ballads was faithful to Horn, and that they were marrying her against

her will, as in the romances. This contingency seems not to have been foreseen when the ring was given: but it must be admitted that it was better for the ring to change, to the temporary clouding of the lady's character, than to have Horn stay away and the forced marriage go on.



force. She begs that she may first go to the look-out up-stairs. From there she sees ships, great and small, and the sails which her own hands have made for her lover. Her brother goes down to the sea, as in the other ballad, and has a similar interview. Lovmand has the excuse of having been sick seven years. He borrows the brother's horse, flies faster than a bird, and the torch is burning at the door of the bride's house when he arrives. Thor is reasonable enough to give up the bride, and to accept Lovmand's sister.

The ballad is extremely common in Sweden, and at least six versions have been published. A, 'Herr Lagman och Herr Thor,' from a manuscript of the end of the sixteenth century, Arwidsson, I, 165, No 24; B, from a manuscript, *ib.*, p. 168; C, from oral tradition, p. 171; D, 'Lageman och hans Brud,' Eva Wigström, *Folkdiktning samlad och upptecknad i Skåne*, p. 29, No 12; E, 'Stolt Ingrid,' *Folkvisor från Skåne*, upptecknade af E. Wigström, in Hazelius, *Ur de nordiska Folkens Lif*, p. 121, No 3; F, 'Deielill och Lageman,' Fagerlund, *Anteckningar om Korpo och Houtskärs Socknar*, p. 192, No 3. In A, D the bride goes off in her lover's ship; in C he carries her off on his horse, when the dancing is at its best, and subsequently, upon the king's requisition, settles matters with his rival by killing him in single fight. The stolid bridegroom, in the others, consents to a peaceable arrangement.

Certain points in the story of Horn — the long absence, the sudden return, the appearance under disguise at the wedding feast, and the dropping of the ring into a cup of wine obtained from the bride — repeat themselves in a great number of romantic tales. More commonly it is a husband who leaves his wife for seven years, is miraculously informed on the last day that she is to be remarried on the morrow, and is restored to his home in

the nick of time, also by superhuman means. Horn is warned to go back, in the ballads and in Horn Child, by the discoloration of his ring, but gets home as he can; this part of the story is slurred over in a way that indicates a purpose to avoid a supernatural expedient.

Very prominent among the stories referred to is that of Henry of Brunswick [Henry the Lion, Reinfrid of Brunswick], and this may well be put first, because it is preserved in Scandinavian popular ballads.\*

(1.) The latest of these, a Swedish ballad, from a collection made at the end of the last century, 'Hertig Henrik,' Arwidsson, No 168, II, 422, represents Duke Henry as telling his wife that he is minded to go off for seven years (he says not whither, but it is of course to the East); should he stay eight or nine, she may marry the man she fancies. He cuts a ring in two; gives her one half and keeps the other. He is made captive, and serves a heathen lord and lady seven years, drawing half the plough, "like another horse." His liberation is not accounted for, but he was probably set free by his mistress, as in the ballad which follows. He gets possession of an excellent sword, and uses it on an elephant who is fighting with a lion. The grateful lion transports the duke to his own country while he is asleep. A herdsman, of whom he asks food, recommends him to go to the Brunswick mansion, where there is a wedding, and Duke Henry's former spouse is the bride. When Henry comes to the house, his daughter is standing without; he asks food for a poor pilgrim. She replies that she has never heard of a pilgrim taking a lion about with him. But they give him drink, and the bride, *pro more*, drinks out of the same bowl, and finds the half ring in the bottom. The bride feels in her pocket and finds her half,† and the two, when thrown upon a table, run together and make one ring.

\* See the ample introduction to 'Henrik af Brunsvig,' in Grundtvig, No 114, II, 608 ff.

† It appears that these half rings are often dug up. "Neuere Ausgrabungen haben vielfach auf solche Ringstücke geführt, die, als Zeichen unverbrüchlicher Treue, einst

mit dem Geliebten gebrochen, ja wie der Augenschein beweist, eutzwei geschnitten, und so ins Grab mitgenommen wurden, zum Zeichen dass die Liebe über den Tod hinaus daure." Rochholz, *Schweizersagen aus dem Aargau*, II, 116.

(2.) The Danish ballad \* (Grundtvig, No 114, B, from a 17th century manuscript), relates that Duke Henry, in consequence of a dream, took leave of his wife, enjoining her to wait to the eighth year, and, if then he did not return, marry whom she liked. In the course of his fights with the heathen, Henry was made captive, and had to draw the harrow and plough, like a beast. One day (during his lord's absence, as we learn from A) the heathen lady whom he served set him free. He had many adventures, and in one of them killed a panther who was pressing a lion hard, for which service the lion followed him like a dog. The duke then happened upon a hermit, who told him that his wife was to be married the next day, but he was to go to sleep, and not be concerned. He laid his head on a stone in the heathen land, and woke in a trice to hear German speech from a herdsman's mouth. The herdsman confirmed what the hermit had said: the duchess was to be married on the morrow. The duke went to the kitchen as a pilgrim, and sent word to the lady that he wished to drink to her. The duchess, surprised at this freedom, summoned him into her presence. The verses are lost in which the cup should be given the pilgrim and returned to the lady. When she drank off the wine that was left, a half ring lay in the glass.

Danish A, though of the 16th century, does not mention the ring.

(3.) A Flemish broadside, which may originally have been of the 15th century, relates the adventures of the Duke of Brunswick in sixty-five stanzas of four long lines: reprinted in von der Hagen's *Germania*, VIII, 359, and Hoffmann's *Niederländische Volkslieder*, No 2, p. 6; Coussemaker, No 47, p. 152; abridged and made over, in Willems, *O. v. L.*, p. 251, No 107. The duke, going to war, tells his wife to marry again if he stays away seven years. She gives him half of her ring. Seven years pass, and the duke, being then in desperate plight in a wilderness, is taken off by a ship; by providential direction, no doubt,

though at first it does not so appear. For the fiend is aboard, who tells him that his wife is to be married to-morrow, and offers, for his soul, to carry him to his palace in his sleep before day. The duke, relying on heaven and his lion, professes to accept the terms: he is to be taken to his palace *in his sleep*. The lion rouses his master at the right time, and the fiend is baffled. The duke goes to the marriage feast, and sends a message to the bride that he desires a drink from her in memory of her lord. They take him for a beggar, but the lady orders him wine in a gold cup. The cup goes back to her with the duke's half ring in it. She cries, "It is my husband!" joins her half to the one in the cup, and the two adhere firmly.

(4.) A German poem of the 15th century, by Michel Wyssenhare, in ninety-eight stanzas of seven lines, first printed by Massmann, *Denkmäler deutscher Sprache und Literatur*, p. 122, and afterwards by Erlach, II, 290, and elsewhere. The Lord of Brunswick receives an impression in a dream that he ought to go to the Holy Sepulchre. He cuts a ring in two, and gives his wife one half for a souvenir, but fixes no time for his absence, and so naturally says nothing about her taking another husband. He has the adventures which are usual in other versions of the story, and at last finds himself among the Wild Hunt (*das wöden her*), and obliges one of the company, by conjurations, to tell him how it is with his wife and children. The spirit informs him that his wife is about to marry another man. He then constrains the spirit to transport him and his lion to his castle. This is done on the same terms as in the Flemish poem, and the lion wakes his master. His wife offers him drink; he lets his half ring drop in the glass, and, upon the glass being returned to the lady, she takes out the token, finds it like her half, and cries out that she has recovered her dear husband and lord.

(5.) Henry the Lion, a chap-book printed in the 16th century, in one hundred and four stanzas of eight short verses; reprinted in Büsching's *Volkssagen, Märchen und Legenden*, p. 213 ff, and (modernized) by Sim-

\* Translated, with introduction of verses from A, by Prior, *Ancient Danish Ballads*, II, 71.

rock in the first volume of *Die deutschen Volksbücher*. The hero goes out simply in quest of adventures, and, having lost his ship and all his companions, is floating on a raft with his lion, when the devil comes to him and tells him that his wife is to remarry. A compact is made, and the devil balked, as before. Though we were not so informed at the beginning, it now turns out that the duke had given a half ring to the duchess seven years before, and had bidden her take a second husband if he did not come back in that time. The duke sends a servant to beg a drink of wine of his wife, and returns the cup, as in (3), (4).

(6.) A ballad in nine seven-line stanzas, supposed to be by a Meistersinger, preserved in broadsides of about 1550 and 1603, *Böhme*, No 5, p. 30, *Erk's Wunderhorn*, IV, 111. (7.) Hans Sachs's 'Historia,' 1562, in two hundred and four verses, *Works*, ed. 1578, Buch iv, Theil ii, Blatt lvii<sup>b</sup>-lviii<sup>b</sup>.\* (8.) A Meistersingerlied of the end of the 16th century, in three twenty-line stanzas, printed in *Idunna* u. *Hermode* for March 27, 1813 (appended to p. 64), and after this, with changes, in *Kretschmer*, II, 17, No 5.—These three agree with the foregoing as to the ring.

(9.) *Reinfrid von Braunschweig*, c. 1300, ed. Bartsch, 1871. Reinfrid is promised by the Virgin, who appears to him thrice in vision, that he shall have issue if he will go over sea to fight the heathen. He breaks a ring which his wife had given him, and gives her one half, vv. 14,906-11. If he dies, she is to marry, for public reasons, vv. 14,398-407; but she is not to believe a report of his death unless she receives his half of the ring back, vv. 14,782-816, 15,040-049. The latter part of the romance not being extant, we do not know the conclusion, but a variation as to the use made of the ring is probable.†

The story of Reinfrid is also preserved in

a Bohemian prose chap-book printed before 1565. This prose is clearly a poem broken up, and it is believed that the original should be placed in the first half of the 14th century, or possibly at the end of the 13th. The hero returns, in pilgrim's garb, after seven years' absence, to find his wife about to be handed over by her father to another prince. He lets his ring fall into a cup, and goes away; his wife recognizes the ring, and is reunited to him. The story has passed from the Bohemian into Russian and Magyar. *Feifalik*, *Sitzungsberichte der phil.-hist. Classe der Wiener Akademie*, XXIX, 83 ff, the ring at p. 92; XXXII, 322 ff.

Similar use is made of the ring in other German romances. (1.) 'Der edle Moringer' (MS. of 14th century) asks his wife to wait seven years for him, while he visits the land of St Thomas. He is warned by an angel, at the expiration of that period, that he will lose her if he does not go back, bewails himself to his patron, and is conveyed home in a sleep. He begs an alms at his castle-gate in the name of God, St Thomas, and the noble Moringer; is admitted to his wife's presence; sings a lay describing his own case, which moves the lady much; throws into a beaker of wine, which she sets before him, the ring by which she was married to him, sends the cup back to her, and is recognized. *Böhme*, No 6, p. 32; *Uhland*, No 298, p. 773. (2.) In the older *Hildebrandslied*, which is of the 14th century, or earlier, the hero, returning after an absence of thirty-two years, drops his ring into a cup of wine presented to him by his wife. *Böhme*, No 1, p. 1; *Uhland*, No 132, p. 330. (3.) *Wolfdietrich* drops Ortnit's ring into a cup of wine sent him by Liebgart, who has been adjudged to the Graf von Biterne in consideration of his having, as he pretended, slain the dragon. The cup is returned to the empress, the ring identified, the pretension refuted, and

\* I have not seen this, and depend upon others here.

† Gödeke, 'Reinfrid von Braunschweig,' p. 89, conjectures that the half ring was, or would have been, employed in the sequel by some impostor (the story may never have been finished) as evidence of Brunswick's death. A ring is so used in a Silesian tradition, of the general character of that of

Henry the Lion, with the difference that the knight is awakened by a cock's crowing: 'Die Habnkrähe bei Breslau,' in Kern's *Schlesische Sagen-Chronik*, p. 151. There is a variation of this last, without the deception by means of the ring, in Goedsche's *Schlesischer Sagenschatz*, p. 37, No 16.

Liebgart given to Ortnit's avenger. Wolf-dietrich B, ed. Jänicke, I, 280 ff, stanzas 767-785. (4.) King Rother (whose history has passages of the strongest resemblance to Horn's), coming to retrieve his wife, who has been kidnapped and carried back to her father, lands below Constantinople, at a woody and hilly place, and assumes a pilgrim's disguise. On his way to the city he meets a man who tells him that Ymelot of Babylon has invaded Greece, and taken Constantin, his wife's father, prisoner; and that Constantin, to save his life, has consented to give his daughter to the heathen king's son. Rother steals into the hall, and even under the table at which the royal party are sitting, and contrives to slip his ring into the hand of his distressed young queen, who, thus assured of his presence, immediately recovers her spirits. Massmann, *Deutsche Gedichte des zwölften Jahrhunderts*, Theil ii, p. 213, vv. 3687-3878.

One of the best and oldest stories of the kind we are engaged with is transmitted by Cæsius of Heisterbach in his *Dialogus Miraculorum*, of the first quarter of the 13th century. Gerard, a soldier living in Holenbach ("his grandchildren are still alive, and there is hardly a man in the town who does not know about this"), being, like Moringen, devoted to St Thomas of India, was impelled to visit his shrine. He broke a ring and gave one half to his wife, saying, Expect me back in five years, and marry whom you wish if I do not come then. The journey, which would be long enough any way, was providentially protracted. He reached the shrine at last, and said his prayers, and then remembered that that was the last day of his fifth year. Alas, my wife will marry again, he thought; and quite right he was, for the wedding was even then preparing. A devil, acting under the orders of St Thomas, set Gerard down at his own door. He found his wife supping with her second partner, and dropped his half ring into her cup. She took it out, fitted it to the half which had been given her, rushed into his

arms, and bade good-by to the new bridegroom. Ed. Strange, II, 131.

A tradition closely resembling this has been found in Switzerland, Gerard and St Thomas being exchanged for Wernhart von Strättlingen and St Michael. Menzel's *Odin*, p. 96.

Another of the most remarkable tales of this class is exquisitely told by Boccaccio in the *Decamerone*, G. x, N. ix. Messer Torello, going to the crusade, begs his wife to wait a year, a month, and a day before she marries again. The lady assures him that she will never be another man's wife; but he replies that a woman young, beautiful, and of high family, as she is, will not be allowed to have her way. With her parting embrace she gives him a ring from her finger, saying, If I die before I see you again, remember me when you look on this. The Christians were wasted by an excessive mortality, and those who escaped the ravages of disease fell into the hands of Saladin, and were imprisoned by him in various cities, Torello in Alexandria. Here he was recognized by Saladin, whom he had entertained with the most delicate and splendid hospitality a few months before, when the soldan was travelling through Italy in disguise. Saladin's return for this courtesy was so magnificent as almost to put Lombardy out of Torello's head,\* and besides he trusted that his wife had been informed of his safety by a letter which he had sent. This was not so, however, and the death of another Torello was reported in Italy as his, in consequence of which his supposed widow was solicited in marriage, and was obliged to consent to take another husband after the time should have expired which she had promised to wait. A week before the last day, Torello learned that the ship which carried his letter had been wrecked, and the thought that his wife would now marry again drove him almost mad. Saladin extracted from him the cause of his distress, and promised that he should yet be at home before the time was out, which Torello, who had heard that such things had often been

\* There are marked correspondences between Boccaccio's story and the veritable history of Henry the Lion as given by Bartsch, *Herzog Ernst*, cxxvi f: e. g., the presents of

clothes by the empress (transferred to Torello's wife), and the handsome behavior of two soldans, here attributed to Saladin.

done, was ready to believe. And in fact, by means of one of his necromancers, Saladin caused Torello to be transported to Pavia in one night — the night before the new nuptials. Torello appeared at the banquet the next day in the guise of a Saracen, under the escort of an uncle of his, a churchman, and at the right moment sent word to the lady that it was a custom in his country for a bride to send her cup filled with wine to any stranger who might be present, and for him to drink half and cover the cup, and for her to drink the rest. To this the lady graciously assented. Torello drank out most of the wine, dropped in the ring which his wife had given him when they parted, and covered the cup. The lady, upon lifting the cover, saw the ring, knew her husband, and, upsetting the table in her ecstasy, threw herself into Torello's arms.

Tales of this description still maintain themselves in popular tradition. 'Der Ring ehelicher Treue,' Gottschalk, *Deutsche Volksmärchen*, II, 135, relates how Kuno von Falkenstein, going on a crusade, breaks his ring and gives one half to his wife, begging her to wait seven years before she marries again. He has the adventures of Henry of Brunswick, with differences, and, like Moringen, sings a lay describing his own case. The new bridegroom hands him a cup; he drops in his half ring, and passes the cup to the bride. The two halves join of themselves.\* Other examples, not without variations and deficiencies, in details, are afforded by 'Der getheilte Trauring,' Schmitz, *Sagen u. Legenden des Eifler Volkes*, p. 82; 'Bodman,' Uhland, in Pfeiffer's *Germania*, IV, 73-76; 'Graf Hubert von Kalw,' Meier, *Deutsche Sagen*, u. s. w., aus Schwaben, p. 332, No 369, Grimms, *Deutsche Sagen*, No 524; 'Der Bärenhäuter,' Grimms, *K. u. H. märchen*, No 101; 'Berthold von Neuhaus,' in Kern's *Schlesische Sagen-Chronik*, p. 93.

\* Without the conclusion, also in Binder's *Schwäbische Volkssagen*, II, 173. These *Volksmärchen*, by the way, are "erzählt" by Gottschalk. It is not made quite so clear as could be wished, whether they are merely re-told.

† Germaine's husband, after an absence of seven years, overcomes his wife's doubts of his identity by exhibiting half of her ring, which *happened* to break the day of their wed-

A story of the same kind is interwoven with an exceedingly impressive adventure related of Richard Sans-Peur in *Les Chroniques de Normandie*, Rouen, 1487, chap. lvii, cited in Michel, *Chronique des Ducs de Normandie par Benoit*, II, 336 ff. A second is told of Guillaume Martel, seigneur de Bacqueville; still others of a seigneur Gilbert de Lomblon, a comrade of St. Louis in his first crusade. Amélie de Bosquet, *La Normandie romanesque et merveilleuse*, pp. 465-68, 470.

A Picard ballad, existing in two versions, partly cited by Rathery in the *Moniteur Universel* for August 26, 1853, tells of a Sire de Créqui, who, going beyond seas with his sovereign, breaks his ring and gives half to his young wife; is gone ten years, and made captive by the Turks, who condemn him to death on account of his adhesion to Christ; and is transported to his château on the eve of the day of his doom. This very day his wife is to take another husband, sorely against her will. Créqui appears in the rags of a beggar, and legitimates himself by producing his half of the ring (which, in a way not explained by Rathery, has been brought back by a swan).

'Le Retour du Mari,' Puymaigre, *Chants populaires messins*, p. 20, has also some traits of ballads of this class. A bridegroom has to go on a campaign the very day of his nuptials. The campaign lasts seven years, and the day of his return his wife is about to remarry. He is invited to the wedding supper, and towards the close of it proposes to play cards to see who shall have the bride. The guests are surprised. The soldier says he will have the bride without winning her at cards or dice, and, turning to the lady, asks, Where are the rings I gave you at your wedding seven years ago? She will go for them; and here the story breaks off.†

The same hard fortune is that of Costantino, a young Albanian, who is called to the

ding, or the day after: Puymaigre, p. 11, Champfleury, *Chansons des Provinces*, p. 77. The conclusion to Sir Tristrem, which Scott supplied, "abridged from the French metrical romance, in the style of Tomas of Ereldoune," makes Ganhardin lay a ring in a cup which Brengwain hands Ysonde, who recognizes the ring as Tristrem's token. The cup was one of the presents made to King Mark by Tris-



service of his king three days after his marriage. He gives back her ring to his wife, and tells her he must go to the wars for nine years. Should he not return in nine years and nine days, he bids her marry. The young wife says nothing, waits her nine years and nine days, and then, since she is much sought for, her father wishes her to marry. She says nothing, again, and they prepare for the bridal. Costantino, sleeping in the king's palace, has a bad dream, which makes him heave a sigh that comes to his sovereign's ear. The king summons all his soldiers, and inquires who heaved that sigh. Costantino confesses it was he, and says it was because his wife was marrying. The king orders him to take the swiftest horse and make for his home. Costantino meets his father, and learns that his dream is true, presses on to the church, arrives at the door at the same time as the bridal procession, and offers himself for a bride's-man. When they come to the exchange of rings, Costantino contrives that his ring shall remain on the bride's finger. She knows the ring; her tears burst forth. Costantino declares himself as having been already crowned with the lady.\* Camarda, *Appendice al Saggio di Grammatologia*, etc., 90-97, a Calabrian-Albanese copy. There is a Sicilian, but incomplete, in Vigo, *Canti popolari siciliani*, p. 342 ff, ed. 1857, p. 695 ff, ed. 1870-74.

With this belongs a ballad, very common in Greece, which, however, has for the most part lost even more of what was in all probability the original catastrophe. 'Αναγνωρισμός, Chasiotis, *Popular Songs of Epirus*, p. 88, No 27, comes nearer the common story than other versions.† A man who had been twelve years a slave after being a bridegroom of three days, dreams that his wife is marrying,

runs to the cellar, and begins to sing dirges. The king hears, and is moved. "If it is one of the servants, increase his pay; if a slave, set him free." The slave tells his story (in three lines); the king bids him take a swift gray. The slave asks the horses, which is a swift gray. Only one answers, an old steed with forty wounds. "I am a swift gray; tie two or three handkerchiefs around your head, and tie yourself to my back!"‡ He comes upon his father pruning the vineyard. "Whose sheep are those feeding in the meadows?" "My lost son's." He comes to his mother. "What bride are they marrying?" "My lost son's." "Shall I get to them in church while they are crowning?" "If you have a fast horse, you will find them crowning; if you have a bad horse, you will find them at table." He finds them at church, and calls out, A bad way ye have: why do ye not bring out the bride, so that strangers may give her the cup? A good way we have, they answer, we who bring out the bride, and strangers give her the cup. Then he takes out his ring, while he is about to present the cup to the bride. The bride can read; she stands and reads (his name), and bids the company begone, for her mate has come, the first crowned.

In other cases we find the hero in prison. He was put in for thirty days; the keys are lost, and he stays thirty years. Legrand, p. 326, No 145; *Νεοελληνικά Ἀνάλεκτα*, I, 85, No 19. More frequently he is a galley slave: Zambelios, p. 678, No 103 = Passow, No 448; Tommaseo, III, 152 = Passow, No 449; Sakellarios, *Κυπριακά*, III, 37, No 13: *Νεοελληνικά Ἀνάλεκτα*, I, 86, No 20; Jeannarakis, *Ἀσματα κρητικά*, p. 203, No 265. His bad dream [a letter from home] makes him heave a sigh which shakes the prison, or stops [splits] the

trem's envoy, and is transferred to Ysonde by Scott. The passage has been cited as ancient and genuine.

\* In the Greek rite, rings are used in the betrothal, which as a rule immediately precedes the marriage. The rings are exchanged by the priest and sponsors (Camarda says three times). Crowns, of vine twigs, etc., are the emblems in the nuptial ceremony, and these are also changed from one head to the other.

† I was guided to nearly all these Greek ballads by Professor Liebrecht's notes, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 207.

‡ This high-mettled horse is a capital figure in most of the versions. In one of them the caution is given, "Do not feel safe in spurring him: he will scatter thy brains ten ells below the ground." The gray (otherwise the black) is of the same breed as the Russian Dobrynya's, a little way on; or the foal that took Charles the Great, under similar circumstances, from Passau to Aachen between morn and eve, ('Karl der Grosse,' from Enenkels *Weltbuch*, c. 1250, in von der Hagen's *Gesamtabenteuer*, II, 619 ff); or the black in the poem and tale of Thedel von Walmoden.

galley.\* In Tommaseo, III, 152, on reaching the church, he cries, "Stand aside, gentlemen, stand aside, my masters; let the bride pour for me." She pours him one cup and two, and exclaims (the ring which was dropped into the cup having dropped out of the story), My John has come back! Then they both "go out like candles." In Sakellarios they embrace and fall dead, and when laid in the grave come up as a cypress and a citron tree. In the Cretan ballad John does not dismount, but takes the bride on to the horse and is off with her; so in the beautiful ballad in Fauriel, II, 140, No 11, 'Η Ἀρπαγή,' "peut-être la plus distinguée de ce recueil," which belongs with this group, but seems to be later at the beginning and the end. Even here the bride takes a cup to pour a draught for the horseman.

In Russia the ring story is told of Dobrynya and Nastasya. Dobrynya, sent out shortly after his marriage to collect tribute for Vladimir, requests Nastasya to wait for him twelve years: then she may wed again, so it be not with Alesha. Twelve years pass. Alesha avows that he has seen Dobrynya's corpse lying on the steppe, and sues for her hand. Vladimir supports the suit, and Nastasya is constrained to accept this prohibited husband. Dobrynya's horse [two doves, a pilgrim] reveals to his master what is going on, and carries him home with marvellous speed. Dobrynya gains admittance to the wedding-feast in the guise of a merry-maker, and so pleases Vladimir with his singing that he is allowed to sit where he likes. He places himself opposite Nastasya, drops his ring in a cup, and asks her to drink to him. She finds the ring in

the bottom, falls at his feet and implores pardon.† Wollner, Volksepik der Grossrussen, p. 122 f; Rambaud, La Russie Épique, p. 86 f.

We have the ring employed somewhat after the fashion of these western tales in Somadeva's story of Vidúshaka. The Vidyúdhárá Bhadrá, having to part for a while with Vidúshaka, for whom she had conceived a passion, gives him her ring. Subsequently, Vidúshaka obliges a rakshas whom he has subdued to convey him to the foot of a mountain on which Bhadrá had taken refuge. Many beautiful girls come to fetch water in golden pitchers from a lake, and, on inquiring, Vidúshaka finds that the water is for Bhadrá. One of the girls asks him to lift her pitcher on to her shoulder, and while doing this he drops into the pitcher Bhadrá's ring. When the water is poured on Bhadrá's hands, the ring falls out. Bhadrá asks her maids if they have seen a stranger. They say they have seen a mortal, and that he had helped one of them with her pitcher. They are ordered to go for the youth at once, for he is Bhadrá's consort.‡

According to the letter of the ballads, should the ring given Horn by his lady turn wan or blue, this would signify that she loved another man: but though accuracy would be very desirable in such a case, these words are rather loose, since she never faltered in her love, and submitted to marry another, so far as she submitted, only under constraint. 'Horn Child,' sts 48, 71, agrees with the ballads as to this point. We meet a ring of similar virtue in 'Bonny Bee-Hom,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 187, and Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 169.

\* In Jeannaraki the bey says, "My slave, give us a song, and I will free you." John sings of his love, whom he was to lose that day. So Zambelios, as above, Tommaseo, p. 152, and Νεο. Ἀνάλ. No. 20. Compare Brunswick, in Wyssenhère, and Moringe.

† Otherwise: Nastasya waits *six* years, as desired; is told that Dobrynya is dead and is urged to marry Alesha; will not hear of marriage for six years more; Vladimir then interposes. Dobrynya is furious, as these absentees are sometimes pleased to be. He complains that women have long hair and short wits, and so does Brunswick in Wyssenhère's poem, st. 89. Numerous as are the instances of these long absences, the woman is rarely, if ever, represented as in the least to blame. The behavior of the man, on the other hand,

is in some cases trying. Thus, the Conde Dirlos tells his young wife to wait for him seven years, and if he does not come in eight to marry the ninth. He accomplishes the object of his expedition in three years, but stays fifteen, never writes, — he had taken an unnecessary oath not to do that before he started, — and forbids anybody else to write, on pain of death. Such is his humor; but he is very much provoked at being reported dead. Wolf and Hofmann, Primavera y Flor de Romances, II, 129, No 164.

‡ Kathá Sarit Sāgara (of the early part of the 12th century), Tawney's translation, I, 136 ff. The story is cited by Rajna, in Romania, VI, 359. Herr v. Bodman leaves his marriage ring in a wash-bowl! Meier, Deutsche V. m. aus Schwaben, 214 f.



'But gin this ring should fade or fail,  
Or the stone should change its hue,  
Be sure your love is dead and gone,  
Or she has proved untrue.'

Jamieson, p. 191.

In the Roumanian ballad, 'Ring and Handkerchief,' a prince going to war gives his wife a ring: if it should rust, he is dead. She gives him a gold-embroidered handkerchief: if the gold melts, she is dead. Alecsandri, *Poesii pop. ale Românilor*, p. 20, No 7; Stanley, *Rouman Anthology*, p. 16, p. 193. In Gönzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen*, I, 39, No 7, a prince, on parting with his sister, gives her a ring, saying, So long as the stone is clear, I am well: if it is dimmed, that is a sign that I am dead. So No 5, at p. 23. A young man, in a Silesian story, receives a ring from his

sweetheart, with the assurance that he can count upon her faith as long as the ring holds; and after twenty years' detention in the mines of Siberia, is warned of trouble by the ring's breaking: Goedsche, *Schlesischer Sagen- Historien- u. Legendenschatz*, I, 37, No 16. So in some copies of 'Lamkin,' the lord has a foreboding that some ill has happened to his lady from the rings on his fingers bursting in twain: Motherwell, p. 291, st. 23; Finlay, II, 47, st. 30.\*

Hind Horn is translated by Grundtvig, *Eng. og sk. Folkeviser*, p. 274, No 42, mainly after the copy in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*; by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische V. l. der Vorzeit*, p. 161, No 37, after Buchan (H); by Knortz, *L. u. R. Alt-Englands*, p. 184, No 52, after Allingham.

## A

Motherwell's MS., p. 106. From Mrs King, Kilbarchan.

- 1 IN Scotland there was a babie born,  
Lill lal, etc.  
And his name it was called young Hind Horn.  
With a fal lal, etc.
- 2 He sent a letter to our king  
That he was in love with his daughter Jean.
- 3 He's gien to her a silver wand,  
With seven living lavrocks sitting thereon.
- 4 She's gien to him a diamond ring,  
With seven bright diamonds set therein.

\* The ring given Horn by Rymenhild, in 'King Horn,' 579 ff (Wissmann), and in the French romance, 2056 ff, protects him against material harm or mishap, or assures him superiority in fight, as long as he is faithful. So in Buchan's version of 'Bonny Bee-Ho'm,' st. 8:

'As lang's this ring's your body on,  
Your blood shall neer be drawn.'

"The king's daughter of Linne" gives her champion two rings, one of which renders him invulnerable, and the other will staunch the blood of any of his men who may be wounded: Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lvii. Eglamore's ring, Percy MS., II, 363, st. 51, will preserve his life on water or land. A ring given Wolddietrich by the

- 5 'When this ring grows pale and wan,  
You may know by it my love is gane.'

- 6 One day as he looked his ring upon,  
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.

- 7 He left the sea and came to land,  
And the first that he met was an old beggar man.

- 8 'What news, what news?' said young Hind Horn;  
'No news, no news,' said the old beggar man.

- 9 'No news,' said the beggar, 'no news at a',  
But there is a wedding in the king's ha.

empress, *D VIIII*, st. 42, ed. Jänicke, doubles his strength and makes him fire-proof in his fight with the dragon. The ring lent Ywaine by his lady will keep him from prison, sickness, loss of blood, or being made captive in battle, and give him superiority to all antagonists, so long as he is true in love: Ritson, *Met. Rom.* I, 65, vv 1533 ff. But an Indian ring which Reinfrît receives from his wife before he departs for the crusade, 15,066 ff, has no equal, after all; for, besides doing as much as the best of these, it imparts perpetual good spirits. It is interesting to know that this matchless jewel had once been the property of a Scottish king, and was given by him to his daughter when she was sent to Norway to be married: under convoy of Sir Patrick Spens?

- 10 'But there is a wedding in the king's ha,  
That has halden these forty days and twa.'
- 11 'Will ye lend me your begging coat?  
And I'll lend you my scarlet cloak.
- 12 'Will you lend me your beggar's rung?  
And I'll gie you my steed to ride upon.
- 13 'Will you lend me your wig o hair,  
To cover mine, because it is fair?'
- 14 The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,  
But young Hind Horn for the king's hall.
- 15 The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,  
But young Hind Horn was bound for the bride.
- 16 When he came to the king's gate,  
He sought a drink for Hind Horn's sake.
- 17 The bride came down with a glass of wine,  
When he drank out the glass, and dropt in the  
ring.
- 18 'O got ye this by sea or land?  
Or got ye it off a dead man's hand?'
- 19 'I got not it by sea, I got it by land,  
And I got it, madam, out of your own  
hand.'
- 20 'O I'll cast off my gowns of brown,  
And beg wi you frae town to town.
- 21 'O I'll cast off my gowns of red,  
And I'll beg wi you to win my bread.'
- 22 'Ye needna cast off your gowns of brown,  
For I'll make you lady o many a town.
- 23 'Ye needna cast off your gowns of red,  
It's only a sham, the begging o my bread.'
- 24 The bridegroom he had wedded the bride,  
But young Hind Horn he took her to bed.

## B

Motherwell's MS., p. 418. From the singing of a servant-girl at Halkhead.

- 1 I NEVER saw my love before,  
With a hey lillalu and a ho lo lan  
Till I saw her thro an oger bore.  
With a hey down and a hey diddle downie
- 2 She gave to me a gay gold ring,  
With three shining diamonds set therein.
- 3 And I gave to her a silver wand,  
With three singing lavrocks set thereon.
- 4 'What if these diamonds lose their hue,  
Just when your love begins for to rew?'
- 5 He's left the land, and he's gone to sea,  
And he's stayd there seven years and a day.
- 6 But when he looked this ring upon,  
The shining diamonds were both pale and  
wan.
- 7 He's left the seas and he's come to the land,  
And there he met with an auld beggar man.
- 8 'What news, what news, thou auld beggar man  
For it is seven years sin I've seen lan.'
- 9 'No news,' said the old beggar man, 'at all,  
But there is a wedding in the king's hall.'
- 10 'Wilt thou give to me thy begging coat?  
And I'll give to thee my scarlet cloak.
- 11 'Wilt thou give to me thy begging staff?  
And I'll give to thee my good gray steed.'
- 12 The old beggar man was bound for to ride,  
But Young Hynd Horn was bound for the  
bride.
- 13 When he came to the king's gate,  
He asked a drink for Young Hynd Horn's sake.
- 14 The news unto the bonnie bride came  
'That at the yett there stands an auld man.

- 15 'There stands an auld man at the king's gate ;  
He asketh a drink for young Hyn Horn's sake.'
- 16 'I'll go thro nine fires so hot,  
But I'll give him a drink for Young Hyn Horn's  
sake.'
- 17 She gave him a drink out of her own hand ;  
He drank out the drink and he dropt in the  
ring.
- 18 'Got thou 't by sea, or got thou 't by land ?  
Or got thou 't out of any dead man's hand ?'
- 19 'I got it not by sea, but I got it by land,  
For I got it out of thine own hand.'
- 20 'I'll cast off my gowns of brown,  
And I'll follow thee from town to town.
- 21 'I'll cast off my gowns of red,  
And along with thee I'll beg my bread.'
- 22 'Thou need not cast off thy gowns of brown,  
For I can make thee lady of many a town.
- 23 'Thou need not cast off thy gowns of red,  
For I can maintain thee with both wine and  
bread.'
- 24 The bridegroom thought he had the bonnie  
bride wed,  
But Young Hyn Horn took the bride to bed.

## C

a. Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 42: from Agnes Lyle. b.  
Motherwell's MS., p. 413: from the singing of Agnes Lyle,  
Kilbarchan, August 24, 1825.

- 1 YOUNG Hyn Horn 's to the king's court gone,  
Hoch hey and an ney O  
He's fallen in love with his little daughter  
Jean.  
Let my love alone, I pray you
- 2 He's bocht to her a little gown,  
With seven broad flowers spread it along.
- 3 She's given to him a gay gold ring.  
The posie upon it was richt plain.
- 4 'When you see it losing its comely hue,  
So will I my love to you.'
- 5 Then within a little wee,  
Hyn Horn left land and went to sea.
- 6 When he lookt his ring upon,  
He saw it growing pale and wan.
- 7 Then within a little [wee] again,  
Hyn Horn left sea and came to the land.
- 8 As he was riding along the way,  
There he met with a jovial beggar.
- 9 'What news, what news, old man?' he did say:  
'This is the king's young dochter's wedding  
day.'
- 10 'If this be true you tell to me,  
You must niffer clothes with me.
- 11 'You'll gie me your cloutit coat,  
I'll gie you my fine velvet coat.
- 12 'You'll gie me your cloutit pock,  
I'll gie you my purse; it'll be no joke.'
- 13 'Perhaps there['s] nothing in it, not one baw-  
bee;'  
'Yes, there's gold and silver both,' said he.
- 14 'You'll gie me your bags of bread,  
And I'll gie you my milk-white steed.'
- 15 When they had niffered all, he said,  
'You maun learn me how I'll beg.'
- 16 'When you come before the gate,  
You'll ask for a drink for the highman's sake.'
- 17 When that he came before the gate,  
He calld for a drink for the highman's sake.
- 18 The bride cam tripping down the stair,  
To see whaten a bold beggar was there.

19 She gave him a drink with her own hand;  
He loot the ring drop in the can.

20 'Got ye this by sea or land?  
Or took ye 't aff a dead man's hand?'

21 'I got na it by sea nor land,  
But I got it aff your own hand.'

22 The bridegroom cam tripping down the stair,  
But there was neither bride nor beggar there.

23 Her ain bridegroom had her first wed,  
But Young Hyn Horn had her first to bed.

## D

Cromek's Select Scotish Songs, II, 204.

1 NEAR Edinburgh was a young son born,  
Hey lilelu an a how low lan  
An his name it was called young Hyn Horn.  
An it's hey down down deedle airo

2 Seven long years he served the king,  
An it's a' for the sake of his daughter Jean.

3 The king an angry man was he;  
He send young Hyn Horn to the sea.  
\* \* \* \*

4 An on his finger she put a ring.  
\* \* \* \*

5 'When your ring turns pale and wan,  
Then I'm in love wi another man.'  
\* \* \* \*

6 Upon a day he lookd at his ring,  
It was as pale as anything.

7 He's left the sea, an he's come to the lan,  
An there he met an auld beggar man.

8 'What news, what news, my auld beggar man?  
What news, what news, by sea or by lan?'

9 'Nae news, nae news,' the auld beggar said,  
'But the king's dochter Jean is going to be wed.'

10 'Cast off, cast off thy auld beggar-weed,  
An I'll gie thee my gude gray steed.'  
\* \* \* \*

11 When he cam to our guid king's yet,  
He sought a glass o wine for young Hyn Horn's sake.

12 He drank out the wine, an he put in the ring,  
An he bade them carry 't to the king's dochter Jean.  
\* \* \* \*

13 'O gat ye 't by sea, or gat ye 't by lan?  
Or gat ye 't aff a dead man's han?'

14 'I gat na't by sea, I gat na't by lan,  
But I gat it out of your own han.'  
\* \* \* \*

15 'Go take away my bridal gown,  
For I'll follow him frae town to town.'

16 'Ye need na leave your bridal gown,  
For I'll make ye ladie o' mony a town.'

## E

Motherwell's MS., p. 91. From the recitation of Mrs Wilson.

\* \* \* \*

1 HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,  
Hey ninny ninny, how ninny nanny  
And it was baith black and blue,  
And she is either dead or she's married.  
And the barek and the broom blooms bon-  
nie

2 Hynd Horn he has shuped to land,  
And the first he met was an auld beggar man.

3 'What news, what news, my silly auld man?  
For it is seven years syne I have seen land.

4 'What news, what news, my auld beggar man?  
What news, what news, by sea or by land?'

5 'There is a king's dochter in the east,  
And she has been marryed these nine nights past.

6 'Intil the bride's bed she winna gang  
Till she hears tell of her Hynd Horn.'

7 'Cast aff, cast aff thy auld beggar weed,  
And I will gie thee my gude gray steed.'

## F

Lowran Castle, or the Wild Boar of Curridoo: with  
other Tales. By Robert Trotter, Dumfries, 1822, p. 6.  
From the recitation of a young friend.

1 IN Newport town this knight was born,  
Hey lily loo, hey loo lan  
And they've called him Young Hynd Horn.  
Fal lal la, fal the dal the dady

2 Seven long years he served the king,  
For the love of his daughter Jean.

3 He courted her through a wimble bore,  
The way never woman was courted before.

4 He gave her through a silver wand,  
With three singing laverocks there upon.

5 She gave him back a gay gold ring,  
With three bright diamonds glittering.

6 'When this ring grows pale and blue,  
Fair Jeanie's love is lost to you.'

7 Young Hynd Horn is gone to sea,  
And there seven long years staid he.

8 When he lookd his ring upon,  
It grew pale and it grew wan.

9 Young Hynd Horn is come to land,  
When he met an old beggar man.

10 'What news, what news doth thee betide?'  
'No news, but Princess Jeanie's a bride.'

11 'Will ye give me your old brown cap?  
And I'll give you my gold-laced hat.

12 'Will ye give me your begging weed?  
And I'll give you my good grey steed.'

13 The beggar has got on to ride,  
But Young Hynd Horn's bound for the bride.  
\* \* \* \* \*

## G

Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 135. "From the  
recitation of my niece, M. Kinneear, 23 Aug<sup>t</sup>, 1826:" the  
north of Scotland.

1 'HYNDE HORN'S bound love, and Hynde  
Horn's free,  
Whare was ye born, or in what countrie?'

2 'In gude greenwud whare I was born,  
And all my friends left me forlorn.

3 'I gave my love a silver wand;  
That was to rule oure all Scotland.

4 'My love gave me a gay gowd ring;  
That was to rule abune a' thing.'

5 'As lang as that ring keeps new in lue,  
Ye may ken that your love loves you.

6 'But whan that ring turns pale and wan,  
Ye may ken that your love loves anither man.'

7 He hoisted up his sails, and away sailed he,  
Till that he cam to a foreign countrie.

8 He looked at his ring; it was turnd pale and  
wan;  
He said, 'I wish I war at hame again.'

9 He hoisted up his sails, and hame sailed he,  
Until that he came to his ain countrie.

10 The first ane that he met wi  
Was wi a puir auld beggar man.

11 'What news, what news, my silly old man?  
What news hae ye got to tell to me?'

12 'Na news, na news,' the puir man did say,  
'But this is our queen's wedding day.'

13 'Ye'll lend me your begging weed,  
And I'll gie you my riding steed.'

- 14 'My begging weed is na for thee,  
Your riding steed is na for me.'
- 15 But he has changed wi the beggar man,  
. . . . .
- 16 'Which is the gate that ye used to gae?  
And what are the words ye beg wi?'
- 17 'Whan ye come to yon high hill,  
Ye'll draw your bent bow nigh until.
- 18 'Whan ye come to yonder town,  
Ye'll let your bent bow low fall down.
- 19 'Ye'll seek meat for St Peter, ask for St  
Paul,  
And seek for the sake of Hynde Horn all.
- 20 'But tak ye frae nane of them a',  
Till ye get frae the bonnie bride hersel O.'
- 21 Whan he cam to yon high hill,  
He drew his bent bow nigh until.
- 22 And whan he cam to yonder town,  
He lute his bent bow low fall down.
- 23 He saught meat for St Peter, he askd for St  
Paul,  
And he sought for the sake of Hynde Horn  
all.
- 24 But he would tak frae nane o them a',  
Till he got frae the bonnie bride hersel O.
- 25 The bride cam tripping doun the stair,  
Wi the scales o red gowd on her hair.
- 26 Wi a glass of red wine in her hand,  
To gie to the puir auld beggar man.
- 27 It's out he drank the glass o wine,  
And into the glass he dropt the ring.
- 28 'Got ye 't by sea, or got ye 't by land,  
Or got ye 't aff a drownd man's hand?'
- 29 'I got na 't by sea, I got na 't by land,  
Nor got I it aff a drownd man's hand.
- 30 'But I got it at my wooing,  
And I'll gie it at your wedding.'
- 31 'I'll tak the scales o gowd frae my head,  
I'll follow you, and beg my bread.
- 32 'I'll tak the scales of gowd frae my hair,  
I'll follow you for evermair.'
- 33 She has tane the scales o gowd frae her head,  
She has followed him to beg her bread.
- 34 She has tane the scales o gowd frae her hair,  
And she has followed him for evermair.
- 35 But atween the kitchen and the ha,  
There he lute his cloutie cloak fa.
- 36 And the red gowd shined oure him a',  
And the bride frae the bridegroom was stown  
awa.

## H

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 268.

- 1 'HYND HORN fair, and Hynd Horn free,  
O where were you born, in what countrie?'
- 2 'In gude greenwood, there I was born,  
And all my forbears me befor.
- 3 'O seven years I served the king,  
And as for wages, I never gat nane ;
- 4 'But ae sight o his ae daughter,  
And that was thro an augre bore.
- 5 'My love gae me a siller wand,  
'T was to rule ower a' Scotland.
- 6 'And she gae me a gay gowd ring,  
The virtue o't was above a' thing.'
- 7 'As lang's this ring it keeps the hue,  
Ye'll know I am a lover true :
- 8 'But when the ring turns pale and wan,  
Ye'll know I love another man.'
- 9 He hoist up sails, and awa saild he,  
And saild into a far countrie.

- 10 And when he lookd upon his ring,  
He knew she loved another man.
- 11 He hoist up sails and home came he,  
Home unto his ain countrie.
- 12 The first he met on his own land,  
It chanced to be a beggar man.
- 13 'What news, what news, my gude auld man?  
What news, what news, hae ye to me?'
- 14 'Nae news, nae news,' said the auld man,  
'The morn's our queen's wedding day.'
- 15 'Will ye lend me your begging weed?  
And I'll lend you my riding steed.'
- 16 'My begging weed will ill suit thee,  
And your riding steed will ill suit me.'
- 17 But part be right, and part be wrang,  
Frae the beggar man the cloak he wan.
- 18 'Auld man, come tell to me your leed;  
What news ye gie when ye beg your bread.'
- 19 'As ye walk up unto the hill,  
Your pike staff ye lend ye till.
- 20 'But whan ye come near by the yett,  
Straight to them ye will upstep.
- 21 'Take nane frae Peter, nor frae Paul,  
Nane frae high or low o them all.
- 22 'And frae them all ye will take nane,  
Until it comes frae the bride's ain hand.'
- 23 He took nane frae Peter nor frae Paul,  
Nane frae the high nor low o them all.
- 24 And frae them all he would take nane,  
Until it came frae the bride's ain hand.
- 25 The bride came tripping down the stair,  
The combs o red gowd in her hair.
- 26 A cup o red wine in her hand,  
And that she gae to the beggar man.
- 27 Out o the cup he drank the wine,  
And into the cup he dropt the ring.
- 28 'O got ye't by sea, or got ye't by land,  
Or got ye't on a drownd man's hand?'
- 29 'I got it not by sea, nor got it by land,  
Nor got I it on a drownd man's hand.
- 30 'But I got it at my wooing gay,  
And I'll gie't you on your wedding day.'
- 31 'I'll take the red gowd frae my head,  
And follow you, and beg my bread.
- 32 'I'll take the red gowd frae my hair,  
And follow you for evermair.'
- 33 Atween the kitchen and the ha,  
He loot his cloutie cloak down fa.
- 34 And wi red gowd shone ower them a',  
And frae the bridegroom the bride he sta.

A. 1<sup>2</sup>, 8<sup>1</sup>, 14<sup>2</sup>, 15<sup>2</sup>, 16<sup>2</sup>, 24<sup>2</sup>. Hindhorn.

B. *The burden is given in Motherwell, Appendix, p. xviii, thus:*

With a hey lilloo and a how lo lan  
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

12<sup>2</sup>, 13<sup>2</sup>. Hyndhorn. 15<sup>2</sup>, 16<sup>2</sup>, 24<sup>2</sup>. Hynhorn.

C. a. 5<sup>2</sup>. to see. 5<sup>2</sup>, 7<sup>2</sup>. Hynhorn. 23<sup>2</sup>. H. horn.  
11<sup>1</sup>. clouted.  
11<sup>1</sup>, 14<sup>1</sup>. give.

14<sup>2</sup>. white milk. b. milk-white.

16<sup>2</sup>. hymen's. b. highman's.

22<sup>1</sup>. can.

b. 5<sup>2</sup>, 7<sup>2</sup>, 23<sup>2</sup>. Hynhorn.

7<sup>1</sup>. little wee.

13<sup>1</sup>. there's.

D. 1<sup>2</sup>, 3<sup>2</sup>, 11<sup>2</sup>. Hynhorn.

E. *The second line of the burden stands after st. 2 in MS.*

2<sup>1</sup>. *The MS reading may be sheeped.*

2<sup>1</sup>, 6<sup>2</sup>. Hyndhorn.



G. *After my niece, M. Kinnear, etc., stands in pencil Christy Smith.*

15. *On the opposite page, over against this stanza, is written:*

But part by richt, or part be wrang,  
The auldman's duddie cloak he's on.

G and H are printed by Kinloch and by Buchan in four-line stanzas.

The stanzas printed by Motherwell, which have not been found in his manuscripts, are:

10 Seven lang years he has been on the sea,  
And Hynd Horn has looked how his ring  
may be.

21 The auld beggar man cast off his coat,  
And he's taen up the scarlet cloak.

22 The auld beggar man threw down his staff,  
And he has mounted the good gray steed.

29 She went to the gate where the auld man  
did stand,  
And she gave him a drink out of her own  
hand.

## 18

## SIR LIONEL.

A. 'Sir Lionell,' Percy MS., p. 32, Hales and Furnivall, 1, 75.

B. 'Isaac-a-Bell and Hugh the Græme,' Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, 1, 110.

C. a. 'The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove,' Allies, The British, Roman and Saxon Antiquities and Folk-Lore of Worcestershire, 2d ed., p. 116. b. Bell's Ancient

Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England, p. 124.

D. Allies, as above, p. 118.

E. a. 'The Old Man and his Three Sons,' Bell, as above, p. 250. b. Mr Robert White's papers.

F. Allies, as above, p. 120.

B can be traced in Banffshire, according to Christie, for more than a hundred years, through the old woman that sang it, and her forbears. C a, D were originally published by Allies in the year 1845, in a pamphlet bearing the title *The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove, Horne the Hunter, and Robin Hood*. No intimation as to the source of his copy, C b, is given by Bell, i. e., Dixon. Apparently all the variations from Allies, C a, are of the nature of editorial improvements. E a is said (1857) to be current in the north of England as a nursery song.

One half of A, the oldest and fullest copy of this ballad (the second and fourth quarters), is wanting in the Percy MS. What we can gather of the story is this. A knight

finds a lady sitting in a tree, A, C, D [under a tree, E], who tells him that a wild boar has slain Sir Broning, A [killed her lord and thirty of his men, C; worried her lord and wounded thirty, E]. The knight kills the boar, B-D, and seems to have received bad wounds in the process, A, B; the boar belonged to a giant, B; or a wild woman, C, D. The knight is required to forfeit his hawks and leash, and the little finger of his right hand, A [his horse, his hound, and his lady, C]. He refuses to submit to such disgrace, though in no condition to resist, A; the giant allows him time to heal his wounds, forty days, A; thirty-three, B; and he is to leave his lady as security for his return, A. At the end of this time the knight comes back sound and well,

A, B, and kills the giant as he had killed the boar, B. C and D say nothing of the knight having been wounded. The wild woman, to revenge her "pretty spotted pig," flies fiercely at him, and he cleaves her in two. The last quarter of the Percy copy would, no doubt, reveal what became of the lady who was sitting in the tree, as to which the traditional copies give no light.

Our ballad has much in common with the romance of 'Sir Eglamour of Artois,' Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, II, 338; Thornton Romances, Camden Society, ed. Halliwell, p. 121; Ellis, Metrical Romances, from an early printed copy, Bohn's ed., p. 527. Eglamour, simple knight, loving Christabel, an earl's daughter, is required by the father, who does not wish him well, to do three deeds of arms, the second being to kill a boar in the kingdom of Sattin or Sydon, which had been known to slay forty armed knights in one day (Percy, st. 37). This Eglamour does, after a very severe fight. The boar belonged to a giant, who had kept him fifteen years to slay Christian men (Thornton, st. 42, Percy, 40). This giant had demanded the king of Sydon's daughter's hand, and comes to carry her off, by force, if necessary, the day following the boar-fight. Eglamour, who had been found by the king in the forest, in a state of exhaustion, after a contest which had lasted to the third or fourth day, and had been taken home by him and kindly cared for, is now ready for action again. He goes to the castle walls with a squire, who carries the boar's head on a spear. The giant, seeing the head, exclaims,

'Alas, art thou dead!  
My trust was all in thee!  
Now by the law that I lieve in,  
My little speckled hoglin,  
Dear bought shall thy death be.'  
Percy, st. 44.

Eglamour kills the giant, and returns to Artois with both heads. The earl has another adventure ready for him, and hopes the third chance may quit all. Eglamour asks for twelve weeks to rest his weary body.

B comes nearest the romance, and possibly

even the wood of Tore is a reminiscence of Artois. The colloquy with the giant in B is also, perhaps, suggested by one which had previously taken place between Eglamour and another giant, brother of this, after the knight had killed one of his harts (Percy, st. 25). C 11, D 9 strikingly resemble the passage of the romance cited above (Percy, 44, Thornton, 47).

The ballad has also taken up something from the romance of 'Eger and Grime,' Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, I, 341; Laing, Early Metrical Tales, p. 1; 'Sir Eger, Sir Grahame, and Sir Gray-Steel,' Ellis's Specimens, p. 546. Sir Egrabell (Rackabello, Isaac-a-Bell), Lionel's father, recalls Sir Eger, and Hugh the Græme in B is of course the Grahame or Grime of the romance, the Hugh being derived from a later ballad. Gray-Steel, a man of proof, although not quite a giant, cuts off the little finger of Eger's right hand, as the giant proposes to do to Lionel in A 21.

The friar in E 1<sup>3</sup>, 4<sup>1</sup>, may be a corruption of Ryalas, or some like name, as the first line of the burden of E, 'Wind well, *Lion*, good hunter,' seems to be a perversion of 'Wind well *thy horn*, good hunter,' in C, D.\* This part of the burden, especially as it occurs in A, is found, nearly, in a fragment of a song of the time of Henry VIII, given by Mr Chappell in his Popular Music of the Olden Time, I, 58, as copied from "MSS Reg., Append. 58."

'Blow thy horne, hunter,  
Cum, blow thy horne on hye!  
In yonder wode there lyeth a doo,  
In fayth she woll not dye.  
Cum, blow thy horne, hunter,  
Cum, blow thy horne, joly hunter!'

A terrible swine is a somewhat favorite figure in romantic tales. A worthy peer of the boar of Sydon is killed by King Arthur in 'The Avowyng of King Arthur,' etc., Robson, Three Early English Metrical Romances (see st. xii). But both of these, and even the Erymanthian, must lower their bristles before

\* The friar might also be borrowed from 'The Felon Sow and the Friars of Richmond,' but this piece does not appear to have been extensively known.

the boar in 'Killhwch and Olwen,' *Mabino-gion*, Part iv, pp. 309-16. Compared with any of these, the "felon sow" presented by Ralph Rokeby to the friars of Richmond (Evans, *Old Ballads*, II, 270, ed. 1810, Scott, Appendix to Rokeby, note M) is a tame vil-latic pig: the old mettle is bred out.

Professor Grundtvig has communicated to me a curious Danish ballad of this class, 'Lim-grises Vise,' from a manuscript of the latter part of the 16th century. A very intractable damsel, after rejecting a multitude of aspirants, at last marries, with the boast that her progeny shall be fairer than Christ in heaven. She has a litter of nine pups, a pig, and a boy. The pig grows to be a monster, and a scourge to the whole region.

He drank up the water from dike and from dam,  
And ate up, besides, both goose, gris and lamb.

The beast is at last disposed of by baiting him with the nine congenerate dogs, who jump down his throat, rend liver and lights, and find their death there, too. This ballad smacks of the broadside, and is assigned to the 16th century. A fragment of a Swedish swine-ballad, in the popular tone, is given by Dybeck, *Runa*, 1845, p. 23; another, very similar, in Axelson's *Vesterdalarne*, p. 179, 'Kol-oregris,' and Professor Sophus Bugge has recovered some Norwegian verses. The Danish story of the monstrous birth of the pig has become localized: the Liimfiord is related to have been made by the grubbing of the Lim-gris: Thiele, *Danmarks Folkesagn*, II. 19, two forms.

There can hardly be anything but the name in common between the Lionel of this ballad and Lancelot's cousin-german.

### A

Percy MS., p. 32, Hales and Furnivall, I, 75.

1 SIR EGRABELL had sonnes three,  
Blow thy horne, good hunter  
Sir Lyonell was one of these.  
As I am a gentle hunter

2 Sir Lyonell wold on hunting ryde,  
Vntill the forrest him beside.

3 And as he rode thorow the wood,  
Where trees and harts and all were good,

4 And as he rode over the plaine,  
There he saw a knight lay slaine.

5 And as he rode still on the plaine,  
He saw a lady sitt in a graine.

6 'Say thou, lady, and tell thou me,  
What blood shedd heere has bee.'

7 'Of this blood shedd we may all rew,  
Both wife and childe and man alsoe.

8 'For it is not past 3 days right  
Since Sir Broninge was mad a knight.

9 'Nor 't is not more than 3 dayes agoe  
Since the wild bore did him sloe.'

10 'Say thou, lady, and tell thou mee,  
How long thou wilt sitt in *that* tree.'

11 She said, 'I will sitt in this tree  
'Till my friends doe feitch me.'

12 'Tell me, lady, and doe not misse,  
Where that *your* friends dwellings is.'

13 'Downe,' shee said, 'in yonder towne,  
There dwells my freinds of great renowne.'

14 Says, 'Lady, He ryde into yonder towne  
And see wether *your* friends beene bowne.

15 'I my self wilbe the formost man  
That shall come, lady, to feitch you home.'

16 But as he rode then by the way,  
He thought it shame to goe away;

17 And vmbethought him of a wile,  
How he might that wilde bore beguile.

18 'Sir Egrabell,' he said, 'my father was;  
He neuer left lady in such a case;

- 19 'Noe more will I' . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 20 'And a[fter] that thou shalt doe mee  
Thy hawkes and thy lease alsoe.
- 21 'Soe shalt thou doe at my command  
The litle fingar on thy right hand.'
- 22 'Ere I wold leaue all this with thee,  
Vpon this ground I rather dyee.'
- 23 The gyant gaue Sir Lyone<sup>ll</sup> such a blow,  
The fyer out of his eyen did throw.
- 24 He said then, 'if I were saffe and sound,  
As with-in this hower I was in this ground,
- 25 'It shold be in the next towne told  
How deare thy buffett it was sold ;
- 26 'And it shold haue beene in the next towne  
said  
How well thy buffett it were paid.'
- 27 'Take 40 daies into spite,  
To heale thy wounds that beene soe wide.
- 28 'When 40 dayes beene at an end,  
Heere meete thou me both safe and sound.
- 29 'And till thou come to me againe,  
With me thoust leaue thy lady alone.'
- 30 When 40 dayes was at an end,  
Sir Lyone<sup>ll</sup> of his wounds was healed sound.
- 31 He tooke with him a litle page,  
He gaue to him good yeomans wage.
- 32 And as he rode by one hawthorne,  
Even there did hang his hunting horne.
- 33 He sett his bugle to his mouth,  
And blew his bugle still full south.
- 34 He blew his bugle lowde and shrill ;  
The lady heard, and came him till.
- 35 Sayes, 'the gyant lyes vnder yond low,  
And well he heares your bugle blow.
- 36 'And bidds me of good cheere be,  
This night heele supp with you and me.'
- 37 Hee sett that lady vppon a steede,  
And a litle boy before her yeede.
- 38 And said, 'lady, if you see that I must dye,  
As euer you loued me, from me flye.
- 39 'But, lady, if you see *that* I must liue,'  
\* \* \* \* \*

## B

Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 110. From the singing of an old woman in Buckie, Enzie, Banffshire.

- 1 A KNICHT had two sons o sma fame,  
Hey nien nanny  
Isaac-a-Bell and Hugh the Graeme.  
And the norlan flowers spring bonny
- 2 And to the youngest he did say,  
'What occupation will you hae ?  
When the, etc.
- 3 'Will you gae fee to pick a mill ?  
Or will you keep hogs on yon hill ?'  
While the, etc.
- 4 'I winna fee to pick a mill,  
Nor will I keep hogs on yon hill.  
While the, etc.
- 5 'But it is said, as I do hear,  
That war will last for seven year,  
And the, etc.
- 6 'With a giant and a boar  
That range into the wood o Tore.  
And the, etc.
- 7 'You'll horse and armour to me provide,  
That through Tore wood I may safely ride.'  
When the, etc.

- 8 The knight did horse and armour provide,  
That through Tore wood Graeme nicht safely  
ride.  
When the, etc.
- 9 Then he rode through the wood o Tore,  
And up it started the grisly boar.  
When the, etc.
- 10 The firsten bout that he did ride,  
The boar he wounded in the left side.  
When the, etc.
- 11 The nexten bout at the boar he gaed,  
He from the boar took aff his head.  
And the, etc.
- 12 As he rode back through the wood o Tore,  
Up started the giant him before.  
And the, etc.
- 13 'O cam you through the wood o Tore,  
Or did you see my good wild boar?'  
And the, etc.
- 14 'I cam now through the wood o Tore,  
'But woe be to your grisly boar.  
And the, etc.
- 15 'The firsten bout that I did ride,  
I wounded your wild boar in the side.  
And the, etc.
- 16 'The nexten bout at him I gaed,  
From your wild boar I took aff his head.'  
And the, etc.
- 17 'Gin you have eut aff the head o my boar,  
It's your head shall be taen therfore.  
And the, etc.
- 18 'I'll gie you thirty days and three,  
To heal your wounds, then come to me.'  
While the, etc.
- 19 'It's after thirty days and three,  
When my wounds heal, I'll come to thee.'  
When the, etc.
- 20 So Græme is back to the wood o Tore,  
And he's killd the giant, as he killd the  
boar.  
And the, etc.

## C

a. Allies, *The British, Roman, and Saxon Antiquities and Folk-Lore of Woreestershire*, 2d ed., p. 116. From the recitation of Benjamin Brown, of Upper Wiek, about 1845.  
b. *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, edited by Robert Bell, p. 124.

- 1 SIR ROBERT BOLTON had three sons,  
Wind well thy horn, good hunter  
And one of them was called Sir Ryalas.  
For he was a jovial hunter
- 2 He rang'd all round down by the woodside,  
Till up in the top of a tree a gay lady he  
spy'd.  
For he was, etc.
- 3 'O what dost thou mean, fair lady?' said he;  
'O the wild boar has killed my lord and his  
men thirty.'  
As thou beest, etc.
- 4 'O what shall I do this wild boar to see?'  
'O thee blow a blast, and he'll come unto  
thee.'  
As thou beest, etc.
- 5 [Then he put his horn unto his mouth],  
Then he blowd a blast full north, east, west  
and south.  
As he was, etc.
- 6 And the wild boar heard him full into his  
den;  
Then he made the best of his speed unto  
him.  
To Sir Ryalas, etc.
- 7 Then the wild boar, being so stout and so  
strong,  
He thrashd down the trees as he came along.  
To Sir Ryalas, etc.

- 8 'O what dost thou want of me?' the wild boar  
said he;  
'O I think in my heart I can do enough for  
thee.'  
For I am, etc.
- 9 Then they fought four hours in a long summer's day,  
Till the wild boar fain would have gotten away.  
From Sir Ryalas, etc.
- 10 Then Sir Ryalas drawd his broad sword with  
might,  
And he fairly cut his head off quite.  
For he was, etc.
- 11 Then out of the wood the wild woman  
flew:  
'Oh thou hast killed my pretty spotted  
pig!  
As thou beest, etc.
- 12 'There are three things I do demand of thee,  
It's thy horn, and thy hound, and thy gay  
lady.'  
As thou beest, etc.
- 13 'If these three things thou dost demand of me,  
It's just as my sword and thy neck can agree.'  
For I am, etc.
- 14 Then into his locks the wild woman flew,  
Till she thought in her heart she had torn him  
through.  
As he was, etc.
- 15 Then Sir Ryalas drawd his broad sword again,  
And he fairly split her head in twain.  
For he was, etc.
- 16 In Bromsgrove church they both do lie;  
There the wild boar's head is picturd by  
Sir Ryalas, etc.

## D

Allies, Antiquities and Folk-Lore of Worcestershire, p.  
118. From the recitation of — Oseman, Hartlebury.

- 1 As I went up one brook, one brook,  
Well wind the horn, good hunter  
I saw a fair maiden sit on a tree top.  
As thou art the jovial hunter
- 2 I said, 'Fair maiden, what brings you here?'  
'It is the wild boar that has drove me here.'  
As thou art, etc.
- 3 'I wish I could that wild boar see';  
Well wind the horn, good hunter,  
And the wild boar soon will come to thee.'  
As thou art, etc.
- 4 Then he put his horn unto his mouth,  
And he blowd both east, west, north and  
south.  
As he was, etc.
- 5 The wild boar hearing it into his den,  
[Then he made the best of his speed unto  
him].
- 6 He whetted his tusks for to make them strong,  
And he cut down the oak and the ash as he  
came along.  
For to meet with, etc.
- 7 They fought five hours one long summer's day,  
Till the wild boar he yelld, and he'd fain run  
away.  
And away from, etc.
- 8 O then he cut his head clean off,  
. . . . .
- 9 Then there came an old lady running out of  
the wood,  
Saying, 'You have killed my pretty, my pretty  
spotted pig.'  
As thou art, etc.
- 10 Then at him this old lady she did go,  
And he clove her from the top of her head to  
her toe.  
As he was, etc.
- 11 In Bromsgrove churchyard this old lady lies,  
And the face of the boar's head there is drawn  
by,  
That was killed by, etc.

## E

a. Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England, edited by Robert Bell, p. 250. b. Mr Robert White's papers.

- 1 THERE was an old man and sons he had three;  
Wind well, Lion, good hunter  
A friar he being one of the three,  
With pleasure he ranged the north country.  
For he was a jovial hunter
- 2 As he went to the woods some pastime to see,  
He spied a fair lady under a tree,

Sighing and moaning mournfully.  
He was, etc.

- 3 'What are you doing, my fair lady?'  
'I'm frightened the wild boar he will kill me;  
He has worried my lord and wounded thirty.'  
As thou art, etc.
  - 4 Then the friar he put his horn to his mouth,  
And he blew a blast, east, west, north and  
south,  
And the wild boar from his den he came forth.  
Unto the, etc.
- \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

## F

Allies, Antiquities of Worcestershire, p. 120.

- 1 SIR RACKABELLO had three sons,  
Wind well your horn, brave hunter

Sir Ryalash was one of these.  
And he was a jovial hunter

- A. 3<sup>1</sup>. *MS.* And as thé.  
6<sup>2</sup>. *MS.* had bee.  
11<sup>1</sup>. *MS.* I wilt.  
12<sup>1</sup>. *MS.* miste.  
16<sup>2</sup>. *MS.* awaw.  
17<sup>1</sup>. *MS.* vnbethought . . . while.  
19. *Between 19 and 20 half a page of the MS. is wanting.*  
20<sup>1</sup>. a[fter]: *MS.* blotted.  
36<sup>1</sup>. *MS.* bidds eue.  
39. *Half a page of the MS. is wanting.*
- B. *The stanzas are doubled in Christie, to suit the air.*
- C. a. 3<sup>1</sup>, 4<sup>2</sup>, 7<sup>2</sup>. D. 2<sup>1</sup>, 3<sup>2</sup>, 6. *John Cole, who had heard an old man sing the ballad fifty years before (Allies, p. 115), could recollect only so much:*

'Oh! lady, Oh! lady, what bringst thou  
here?'  
Wind went his horn, as a hunter  
'Thee blow another blast, and he'll soon  
come to thee.'  
As thou art a jovial hunter

He whetted his tusks as he came along,  
Wind went his horn, as a hunter

a 5, 6 stand thus in Allies:

v Then he blowd a blast full north, east,  
west and south,  
For he was, etc.  
And the wild boar heard him full into his  
den,  
As he was, etc.

vi Then he made the best of his speed unto  
him.  
(Two lines wrongly supplied from another  
source.)  
To Sir Ryalas, etc.

5 has been completed from the corresponding  
stanza in D, and the two verses of 6, sep-  
arated above, are put together.

- b. 1<sup>1</sup>. Old Sir Robert. 1<sup>2</sup>. was Sir Ryalas.  
2<sup>2</sup>. Till in a tree-top.  
3<sup>1</sup>. dost thee. 3<sup>2</sup>. The wild boar's killed my  
lord and has thirty men gored.  
*Burden*<sup>2</sup>. And thou beest.  
4<sup>1</sup>. for to see.  
5<sup>1</sup>. *As in Allies (see above), except full in  
his den.*  
5<sup>2</sup>. then heard him full in his den.



6<sup>1</sup>. *As in Allies (see above), but 6<sup>2</sup> supplied by Bell.*

7<sup>2</sup>. Thrashed down the trees as he ramped him along.

8<sup>1</sup>. 'Oh, what dost thee want of me, wild boar.'

*Burden<sup>2</sup>. the jovial.*

9<sup>1</sup>. summer. 9<sup>2</sup>. have got him.

10<sup>2</sup>. cut the boar's head off quite.

11<sup>2</sup>. Oh, my pretty spotted pig thou hast slew.

*Burden<sup>2</sup>. for thou beest.*

12<sup>1</sup>. I demand them of thee.

13<sup>1</sup>. dost ask.

14<sup>1</sup>. long locks. 14<sup>2</sup>. to tear him through.

*Burden<sup>2</sup>. Though he was.*

15<sup>2</sup>. into twain.

16<sup>1</sup>. the knight he doth lie. 16<sup>2</sup>. And the wild boar's head is pictured thereby.

D. 5, 6. *In Allies thus :*

v The wild boar hearing it into his den,  
Well wind, etc.

He whetted his tusks, for to make them strong,

And he cut down the oak and the ash as he came along.

For to meet with, etc.

*Stanza 5 has been completed from stanza vi of Allies' other ballad, and 6 duly separated from the first line of 5.*

8<sup>2</sup>, 9. *In Allies' copy thus :*

vii Oh ! then he cut his head clean off !

Well wind, etc.

Then there came an old lady running out of the wood

Saying, ' You have killed my pretty, my pretty spotted pig.'

As thou art, etc.

*What stanza 8 should be is easily seen from C 10.*

C 16, D 11. *As imperfectly remembered by Allies (p. 114) :*

In Bromsgrove church his corpse doth lie,

Why winded his horn the hunter ?

Because there was a wild boar nigh,

And as he was a jovial hunter.

E. b. " Fragment found on the fly-leaf of an old book." *Mr R. White's papers.*

1<sup>2</sup>. one of these three. 1<sup>3</sup>. wide countrie.

*Burden<sup>2</sup>. He was.*

2<sup>1</sup>. was in woods. 2<sup>3</sup>. With a bloody river running near she.

3<sup>1</sup>. He said, ' Fair lady what are you doing there ? ' 3<sup>3</sup>. killed my lord.

4. wanting.

## 19

### KING ORFEO

The Leisure Hour, February 14, 1880, No 1468 : Folk-Lore from Unst, Shetland, by Mrs Saxby, p. 109.

MR EDMONDSTON, from whose memory this ballad was derived, notes that though stanzas are probably lost after the first which would give some account of the king in the east wooing the lady in the west, no such verses were sung to him. He had forgotten some stanzas after the fourth, of which the substance was that the lady was carried off by

fairies ; that the king went in quest of her, and one day saw a company passing along a hillside, among whom he recognized his lost wife. The troop went to what seemed a great " ha-house," or castle, on the hillside. Stanzas after the eighth were also forgotten, the purport being that a messenger from behind the grey stane appeared and invited the king in.

We have here in traditional song the story of the justly admired mediæval romance of Orpheus, in which fairy-land supplants Tartarus, faithful love is rewarded, and Eurydice (Heurodis, Erodys, Eroudys) is retrieved. This tale has come down to us in three versions: A, in the Auchinleck MS., dating from the beginning of the fourteenth century, Advocates Library, Edinburgh, printed in Laing's *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*, 'Orfeo and Heurodis,' No 3; B, Ashmole MS., 61, Bodleian Library, of the first half of the fifteenth century, printed in Halliwell's *Illustrations of Fairy Mythology*, 'Kyng Orfew,' p. 37; C, Harleian MS., 3810, British Museum, printed by Ritson, *Metrical Romances*, II, 248, 'Sir Orpheo.' At the end of the Auchinleck copy we are told that harpers in Britain heard this marvel, and made a lay thereof, which they called, after the king, 'Lay Orfeo.' The other two copies also, but in verses which are a repetition of the introduction to 'Lay le Freine,' call this a Breton lay.

The story is this (A). Orfeo was a king [and so good a harper never none was, B]. One day in May his queen went out to a garden with two maidens, and fell asleep under an "ympe" tree. When she waked she shrieked, tore her clothes, and acted very wildly. Her maidens ran to the palace and called for help, for the queen would go mad. Knights and ladies went to the queen, took her away, and put her to bed; but still the excitement continued. The king, in great affliction, besought her to tell him what was the matter, and what he could do. Alas! she said, I have loved thee as my life, and thou me, but now we must part. As she slept knights had come to her and had bidden her come speak with their king. Upon her refusal, the king himself came, with a company of knights and damsels, all on snow-white steeds, and made her ride on a palfrey by his side, and, after he had shown her his palace, brought her back and said: Look thou be under this ympe tree tomorrow, to go with us; and if thou makest us any let, we will take thee by force, wherever thou be. The next

day Orfeo took the queen to the tree under guard of a thousand knights, all resolved to die before they would give her up: but she was spirited away right from the midst of them, no one knew whither.

The king all but died of grief, but it was no boot. He gave his kingdom in charge to his high steward, told his barons to choose a new king when they should learn that he was dead, put on a selavin and nothing else, took his harp, and went barefoot out at the gate. Ten years he lived in the woods and on the heath; his body wasted away, his beard grew to his girdle. His only solace was in his harp, and, when the weather was bright, he would play, and all the beasts and birds would flock to him. Often at hot noon-day he would see the king of fairy hunting with his rout, or an armed host would go by him with banners displayed, or knights and ladies would come dancing; but whither they went he could not tell. One day he descried sixty ladies who were hawking. He went towards them and saw that one of them was Heurodis. He looked at her wistfully, and she at him; neither spoke a word, but tears fell from her eyes, and the ladies hurried her away. He followed, and spared neither stub nor stem. They went in at a rock, and he after. They alighted at a superb castle; he knocked at the gate, told the porter he was a minstrel, and was let in. There he saw Heurodis, sleeping under an ympe tree.

Orfeo went into the hall, and saw a king and queen, sitting in a tabernacle. He kneeled down before the king. What man art thou? said the king. I never sent for thee, and never found I man so bold as to come here unbidden. Lord, quoth Orfeo, I am but a poor minstrel, and it is a way of ours to seek many a lord's house, though we be not welcome. Without more words he took his harp and began to play. All the palace came to listen, and lay down at his feet. The king sat still and was glad to hear, and, when the harping was done, said, Minstrel, ask of me whatever it be; I will pay thee largely. "Sir," said Orfeo, "I beseech thee give me the lady that sleepeth under the ympe tree." "Nay," quoth the king,

"ye were a sorry couple; for thou art lean and rough and black, and she is lovely and has no lack. A lothly thing were it to see her in thy company." "Gentle king," replied the harper, it were a fouler thing to hear a lie from thy mouth." "Take her, then, and be blithe of her," said the king.

Orfeo now turned homewards, but first presented himself to the steward alone, and in beggar's clothes, as a harper from heathendom, to see if he were a true man. The loyal steward was ready to welcome every good harper for love of his lord. King Orfeo made himself known; the steward threw over the table, and fell down at his feet, and so did all

the lords. They brought the queen to the town. Orfeo and Heurodis were crowned anew, and lived long afterward.

The Scandinavian burden was, perhaps, no more intelligible to the singer than "Hey non nonny" is to us. The first line seems to be Unst for Danish

Skoven årle grön (Early green's the wood).

The sense of the other line is not so obvious. Professor Grundtvig has suggested to me,

Hvor hjorten han går årlig (Where the hart goes yearly).

### A

The Leisure Hour, February 14, 1880, No 1468, p. 109.  
Obtained from the singing of Andrew Coutts, an old man in Unst, Shetland, by Mr Biot Edmondston.

1 DER lived a king inta da aste,  
Scowan ürla grün  
Der lived a lady in da wast.  
Whar giorten han grün oarlac

2 Dis king he has a huntin gaen,  
He's left his Lady Isabel alane.

3 'Oh I wis ye'd never gaen away,  
For at your hame is döl an wae.

4 'For da king o Ferrie we his daert,  
Has pierced your lady to da hert.'

\* \* \* \* \*

5 And aifter dem da king has gaen,  
But whan he cam it was a grey stane.

6 Dan he took oot his pipes ta play,  
Bit sair his hert wi döl an wae.

7 And first he played da notes o noy,  
An dan he played da notes o joy.

8 An dan he played da göd gabber reel,  
Dat meicht ha made a sick hert hale.

\* \* \* \* \*

9 'Noo come ye in inta wir ha,  
An come ye in among wis a'.'

10 Now he's gaen in inta der ha,  
An he's gaen in among dem a'.

11 Dan he took out his pipes to play,  
Bit sair his hert wi döl an wae.

12 An first he played da notes o noy,  
An dan he played da notes o joy.

13 An dan he played da göd gabber reel,  
Dat meicht ha made a sick hert hale.

14 'Noo tell to us what ye will hae:  
What sall we gie you for your play?

15 'What I will hae I will you tell,  
An dat's me Lady Isabel.'

16 'Yees tak your lady, an yees gaeng hame,  
An yees be king ower a' your ain.'

17 He's taen his lady, an he's gaen hame,  
An noo he's king ower a' his ain.

## 20

## THE CRUEL MOTHER.

- A.** Herd's MSS, I, 132, II, 191. Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 1776, II, 237.
- B.** a. 'Fine Flowers in the Valley,' Johnson's Museum, p. 331. b. Scott's Minstrelsy, III, 259 (1803).
- C.** 'The Cruel Mother,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 161.
- D.** a. Kinloch MSS, v, 103. b. 'The Cruel Mother,' Kinloch, Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 46.
- E.** 'The Cruel Mother.' a. Motherwell's MS., p. 390. b. Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 33.
- F.** 'The Cruel Mother.' a. Buchan's MSS, II, 98. b. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 222.
- G.** Notes and Queries, 1st S., VIII, 358.
- H.** 'The Cruel Mother,' Motherwell's MS., p. 402.
- I.** 'The Minister's Daughter of New York.' a. Buchan's MSS, II, 111. b. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 217. c. 'Hey wi the rose and the lindie O,' Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 106.
- J.** a. 'The Rose o Malindie O,' Harris MS., f. 10. b. Fragment communicated by Dr T. Davidson.
- K.** Motherwell's MS., p. 186.
- L.** 'Fine Flowers in the Valley,' Smith's Scottish Minstrel, IV, 33.
- M.** From Miss M. Reburn, as learned in County Meath, Ireland, one stanza.

Two fragments of this ballad, **A**, **B**, were printed in the last quarter of the eighteenth century; **C-L** were committed to writing after 1800; and, of these, **E**, **H**, **J**, **K** are now printed for the first time.

**A-H** differ only slightly, but several of these versions are very imperfect. A young woman, who passes for a leal maiden, gives birth to two babes [**A**, **B**, one, **H**, three], puts them to death with a penknife, **B-F**, and buries them, or, **H**, ties them hand and feet and buries them alive. She afterwards sees two pretty boys, and exclaims that if they were hers she would treat them most tenderly. They make answer that when they were hers they were very differently treated, rehearse what she had done, and inform or threaten her that hell shall be her portion, **C**, **D**, **E**, **F**, **H**. In **I** the children are buried alive, as

in **H**, in **J a** strangled, in **J b** and **L** killed with the penknife, but the story is the same down to the termination, where, instead of simple hell-fire, there are various seven-year penances, properly belonging to the ballad of 'The Maid and the Palmer,' which follows this.

All the English ballads are in two-line stanzas.\*

Until 1870 no corresponding ballad had been found in Denmark, though none was more likely to occur in Danish. That year Kristensen, in the course of his very remarkable ballad-quest in Jutland, recovered two versions which approach surprisingly near to Scottish tradition, and especially to **E**: Jydske Folkeviser, I, 329, No 121 **A**, **B**, 'Barnemordersken.' Two other Danish versions have been obtained since then, but have not been published. **A** and **B** are much the same, and

\* All the genuine ones. 'Lady Anne,' in Scott's Minstrelsy, III, 259, 1803, is on the face of it a modern composition, with extensive variations, on the theme of the popular

ballad. It is here given in an Appendix, with a companion piece from Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.

a close translation of **A** will not take much more space than would be required for a sufficient abstract.

Little Kirsten took with her the bower-women five,  
And with them she went to the wood belive.

She spread her cloak down on the earth,  
And on it to two little twins gave birth.

She laid them under a turf so green,  
Nor suffered for them a sorrow unseen.

She laid them under so broad a stone,  
Suffered sorrow nor harm for what she had done.

Eight years it was, and the children twain  
Would fain go home to their mother again.

They went and before Our Lord they stood :  
' Might we go home to our mother, we would.'

' Ye may go to your mother, if ye will,  
But ye may not contrive any ill.'

They knocked at the door, they made no din :  
' Rise up, our mother, and let us in.'

By life and by death hath she cursed and sworn,  
That never a child in the world had she borne.

' Stop, stop, dear mother, and swear not so fast,  
We shall recount to you what has passed.

' You took with you the bower-women five,  
And with them went to the wood belive.

' You spread your cloak down on the earth,  
And on it to two little twins gave birth.

' You laid us under a turf so green,  
Nor suffered for us a sorrow unseen.

' You laid us under so broad a stone,  
Suffered sorrow nor harm for what you had done.'

' Nay my dear bairns, but stay with me ;  
And four barrels of gold shall be your fee.'

' You may give us four, or five, if you choose,  
But not for all that, heaven will we lose.

' You may give us eight, you may give us nine,  
But not for all these, heaven will we tine.

' Our seat is made ready in heavenly light,  
But for you a seat in hell is dight.'

A ballad is spread all over Germany which is probably a variation of 'The Cruel Mother,' though the resemblance is rather in the general character than in the details. **A**, 'Höllisches Recht,' Wunderhorn, II, 202, ed. of 1808, II, 205, ed. 1857. Mittler, No 489, p. 383, seems to be this regulated and filled out. **B**, Erlach, 'Die Rabenmutter,' IV, 148; repeated, with the addition of one stanza, by Zuccalmaglio, p. 203, No 97. **C**, 'Die Kindsmörderinn,' Meinert, p. 164, from the Kuhländchen; turned into current German, Erk's Liederhort, p. 144, No 41<sup>c</sup>. **D**, Simrock, p. 87, No 37<sup>a</sup>, from the Aargau. **E**, 'Das falsche Mutterherz,' Erk u. Irmer, Heft 5, No 7, and 'Die Kindesmörderin,' Erk's Liederhort, p. 140, No 41, Brandenburg. **F**, Liederhort, p. 142, No 41<sup>a</sup>, Silesia. **G**, Liederhort, p. 143, 41<sup>b</sup>, from the Rhein, very near to **B**. **H**, Hoffmann u. Richter, No 31, p. 54, and **I**, No 32, p. 57, Silesia. **J**, Diefurth, Fränkische V. l., II, 12, No 13. **K**, 'Die Rabenmutter,' Peter, Volksthümliches aus Österreichisch-Schlesien, I, 210, No 21. **L**, 'Der Teufel u. die Müllerstochter,' Pröhle, Weltliche u. geistliche V. l., p. 15, No 9, Hanoverian Harz. Repetitions and compounded copies are not noticed.

The story is nearly this in all. A herdsman, passing through a wood, hears the cry of a child, but cannot make out whence the sound comes. The child announces that it is hidden in a hollow tree, and asks to be taken to the house where its mother is to be married that day. There arrived, the child proclaims before all the company that the bride is its mother. The bride, or some one of the party, calls attention to the fact that she is still wearing her maiden-wreath. Nevertheless, says the child, she has had three children: one she drowned, one she buried in a dung-heap [the sand], and one she hid in a hollow tree. The bride wishes that the devil may come for her

if this is true, and, upon the word, Satan appears and takes her off; in B, G, J, with words like these:

‘Komm her. komm her. meine schönste Braut,  
Dein Sessel ist dir in der Hölle gebaut.’ J 9.

A **Wendish** version, ‘Der Höllentanz,’ in Haupt and Schmalzer, I, 290, No 292, differs from the German ballads only in this, that the

bride has already borne nine children, and is going with the tenth.

A combination of B, C, D, F is translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, No 43, p. 279, and I, from the eighth stanza on, p. 282. C is translated by Wolff, *Halle der Völker*, I, 11, and Hauschatz, p. 223; Al-lingham’s version (nearly B a) by Knortz, *L. u. R. Alt-Englands*, p. 178, No 48.

## A

Herd’s MSS, I, 132, II, 191: *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, 1776, II, 237.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

1 AND there she ’s leand her back to a thorn,  
Oh and alelladay, oh and alelladay  
And there she has her baby born.  
Ten thousand times good night and be wi  
thee

2 She has houked a grave ayont the sun,  
And there she has buried the sweet babe in.

3 And she ’s gane back to her father’s ha,  
She ’s counted the leelest maid o them a’.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

4 ‘O look not sae sweet, my bonie babe,  
Gin ye smyle sae, ye ’ll smyle me dead.’  
\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

## B

a. Johnson’s *Museum*, p. 331. b. Scott’s *Minstrelsy*, 1803, III, 259, preface.

1 SHE sat down below a thorn,  
Fine flowers in the valley  
And there she has her sweet babe born.  
And the green leaves they grow rarely

2 ‘Smile na sae sweet, my bonie babe,  
And ye smile sae sweet, ye ’ll smile me dead.’

3 She ’s taen out her little pen-knife,  
And twinnd the sweet babe o its life.

4 She ’s howket a grave by the light o the  
moon,  
And there she ’s buried her sweet babe in.

5 As she was going to the church,  
She saw a sweet babe in the porch.

6 ‘O sweet babe, and thou were mine,  
I wad cleed thee in the silk so fine.’

7 ‘O mother dear, when I was thine,  
You did na prove to me sae kind.’  
\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

## C

Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, p. 161.

1 SHE leaned her back unto a thorn,  
Three, three, and three by three  
And there she has her two babes born.  
Three, three, and thirty-three

2 She took frae ’bout her ribbon-belt,  
And there she bound them hand and foot.

3 She has taen out her wee pen-knife,  
And there she ended baith their life.

4 She has howked a hole baith deep and wide,  
She has put them in baith side by side.

- 5 She has covered them oer wi a marble stane,  
Thinking she would gang maiden hame.
- 6 As she was walking by her father's castle wa,  
She saw twa pretty babes playing at the ba.
- 7 'O bonnie babes, gin ye were mine,  
I would dress you up in satin fine.
- 8 'O I would dress you in the silk,  
And wash you ay in morning milk.'
- 9 'O cruel mother, we were thine,  
And thou made us to wear the twine.
- 10 'O cursed mother, heaven's high,  
And that's where thou will neer win nigh.
- 11 'O cursed mother, hell is deep,  
And there thou'll enter step by step.'
- 

## D

a. Kinloch's MSS, v, 103, in the handwriting of James Beattie. b. Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 46: from the recitation of Miss C. Beattie.

- 1 THERE lives a lady in London,  
All alone and alone ee  
She's gane wi bairn to the clerk's son.  
Down by the green wood sae bonnie
- 2 She's taen her mantle her about,  
She's gane aff to the gude green wood.
- 3 She's set her back untill an oak,  
First it bowed and then it broke.
- 4 She's set her back untill a tree,  
Bonny were the twa boys she did bear.
- 5 But she took out a little pen-knife,  
And she parted them and their sweet life.
- 6 She's aff untill her father's ha;  
She was the lealest maiden that was amang  
them a'.
- 7 As she lookit oure the castle wa,  
She spied twa bonnie boys playing at the ba.
- 8 'O if these two babes were mine,  
They should wear the silk and the sabel-  
line!'
- 9 'O mother dear, when we were thine,  
We neither wore the silks nor the sabel-  
line.
- 10 'But out ye took a little pen-knife,  
And ye parted us and our sweet life.
- 11 'But now we're in the heavens hie,  
And ye've the pains o hell to drie.'
- 

## E

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 390. b. Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 33. From the recitation of Agnes Lyle, Kilbarchan, August 24, 1825.

- 1 THERE was a lady, she lived in Lurk,  
Sing hey alone and alonie O  
She fell in love with her father's clerk.  
Down by yon greenwood sidie O
- 2 She loved him seven years and a day,  
Till her big belly did her betray.
- 3 She leaned her back unto a tree,  
And there began her sad misery.
- 4 She set her foot unto a thorn,  
And there she got her two babes born.
- 5 She took out her wee pen-knife,  
She twind them both of their sweet life.
- 6 She took the sattins was on her head,  
She rolled them in both when they were  
dead.
- 7 She howkit a grave forenent the sun,  
And there she buried her twa babes in.
- 8 As she was walking thro her father's ha,  
She spied twa boys playing at the ba.



- 9 'O pretty boys, if ye were mine,  
I would dress ye both in the silks so fine.'
- 10 'O mother dear, when we were thine,  
Thou neer dressed us in silks so fine.
- 11 'For thou was a lady, thou livd in Lurk,  
And thou fell in love with thy father's clerk.
- 12 'Thou loved him seven years and a day,  
Till thy big belly did thee betray.
- 13 'Thou leaned thy back unto a tree,  
And there began thy sad misery.
- 14 'Thou set thy foot unto a thorn,  
And there thou got thy two babes born.
- 15 'Thou took out thy wee pen-knife,  
And twind us both of our sweet life.
- 16 'Thou took the sattins was on thy head,  
Thou rolled us both in when we were dead.
- 17 'Thou howkit a grave forenent the sun,  
And there thou buried thy twa babes in.
- 18 'But now we 're both in [the] heavens hie,  
There is pardon for us, but none for thee.'
- 19 'My pretty boys, beg pardon for me !'  
'There is pardon for us, but none for thee.'

## F

a. Buchan's MSS, II, 98. b. Buchan's Ballads of the  
North of Scotland, II, 222.

- 1 It fell ance upon a day,  
Edinburgh, Edinburgh  
It fell ance upon a day,  
Stirling for aye  
It fell ance upon a day  
The clerk and lady went to play.  
So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon  
Tay
- 2 'If my baby be a son,  
I'll make him a lord of high renown.'
- 3 She's leand her back to the wa,  
Prayd that her pains might fa.
- 4 She's leand her back to the thorn,  
There was her baby born.
- 5 'O bonny baby, if ye suck sair,  
You'll never suck by my side mair.'
- 6 She's riven the muslin frae her head,  
Tied the baby hand and feet.
- 7 Out she took her little pen-knife,  
Twind the young thing o its sweet life.
- 8 She's howked a hole anent the meen,  
There laid her sweet baby in.
- 9 She had her to her father's ha,  
She was the meekest maid amang them a'.
- 10 It fell ance upon a day,  
She saw twa babies at their play.
- 11 'O bonny babies, gin ye were mine,  
I'd cleathe you in the silks sae fine.'
- 12 'O wild mother, when we were thine,  
You cleathd us not in silks so fine.
- 13 'But now we're in the heavens high,  
And you've the pains o hell to try.'
- 14 She threw hersell oer the castle-wa,  
There I wat she got a fa.

## G

Notes and Queries, 1st S., VIII, 358. From Warwickshire, communicated by C. Clifton Barry.

- 1 THERE was a lady lived on [a] lea,  
All alone, alone O  
Down by the greenwood side went she.  
Down the greenwood side O

- 2 She set her foot all on a thorn,  
There she had two babies born.
- 3 O she had nothing to lap them in,  
But a white appurn, and that was thin.

## H

Motherwell's MS., p. 402. From Agnes Laird, Kilbarchan, August 24, 1825.

- 1 THERE was a lady brisk and smart,  
All in a lone and a lonie O  
And she goes with child to her father's clark.  
Down by the greenwood sidie O
- 2 Big, big oh she went away,  
And then she set her foot to a tree.
- 3 Big she set her foot to a stone,  
Till her three bonnie babes were borne.
- 4 She took the ribbons off her head,  
She tied the little babes hand and feet.
- 5 She howkit a hole before the sun,  
She's laid these three bonnie babes in.
- 6 She covered them over with marble stone,  
For dukes and lords to walk upon.
- 7 She lookit over her father's castle wa,  
She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba.
- 8 The first o them was clad in red,  
To shew the innocence of their blood.

- 9 The neist o them was clad in green,  
To shew that death they had been in.
- 10 The next was naked to the skin,  
To shew they were murderd when they were born.
- 11 'O bonnie babes, an ye were mine,  
I wad dress you in the satins so fine.'
- 12 'O mother dear, when we were thine,  
Thou did not use us half so kind.'
- 13 'O bonnie babes, an ye be mine,  
Whare hae ye been a' this time?'
- 14 'We were at our father's house,  
Preparing a place for thee and us.'
- 15 'Whaten a place hae ye prepar'd for me?'  
'Heaven's for us, but hell's for thee.'
- 16 'O mother dear, but heaven's high;  
That is the place thou'll ne'er come nigh.
- 17 'O mother dear, but hell is deep;  
'T will cause thee bitterlie to weep.'

## I

a. Buchan's MS., II, 111. b. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 217. c. Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 106.

- 1 THE minister's daughter of New York,  
Hey wi the rose and the lindie, O  
Has faen in love wi her father's clerk.  
Alone by the green burn sidie, O

- 2 She courted him six years and a day,  
At length her belly did her betray.
- 3 She did her down to the greenwood gang,  
To spend awa a while o her time.
- 4 She lent her back unto a thorn,  
And she's got her twa bonny boys born.

- 5 She 's taen the ribbons frae her hair,  
Bound their bodyes fast and sair.
- 6 She 's put them aneath a marble stane,  
Thinking a maiden to gae hame.
- 7 Looking oer her castle wa.  
She spied her bonny boys at the ba.
- 8 'O bonny babies, if ye were mine,  
I woud feed you with the white bread and wine.
- 9 'I woud feed you wi the ferra cow's milk,  
And dress you in the finest silk.'
- 10 'O cruel mother, when we were thine,  
We saw none of your bread and wine.
- 11 'We saw none of your ferra cow's milk,  
Nor wore we of your finest silk.'
- 12 'O bonny babies, can ye tell me,  
What sort of death for you I must die?'
- 13 'Yes, cruel mother, we 'll tell to thee,  
What sort of death for us you must die.
- 14 'Seven years a fowl in the woods,  
Seven years a fish in the floods.
- 15 'Seven years to be a church bell,  
Seven years a porter in hell.'
- 16 'Welcome, welcome, fowl in the wood[s],  
Welcome, welcome, fish in the flood[s].
- 17 'Welcome, welcome, to be a church bell,  
But heavens keep me out of hell.'

## J

a. Harris MS., fol. 10, "Mrs Harris and others." b. Fragment communicated by Dr T. Davidson.

- 1 SHE leant her back against a thorn,  
Hey for the Rose o' Malindie O  
And there she has twa bonnie babes born.  
Adoon by the green wood sidie O
- 2 She 's taen the ribbon frae her head,  
An hankit their necks till they waur dead.
- 3 She luikit outowre her castle wa,  
An saw twa nakit boys, playin at the ba.
- 4 'O bonnie boys, waur ye but mine,  
I wald feed ye wi flour-bread an wine.'
- 5 'O fause mother, whan we waur thine,  
Ye didna feed us wi flour-bread an wine.'
- 6 'O bonnie boys, gif ye waur mine,  
I wald elied ye wi silk sae fine.'
- 7 'O fause mother, whan we waur thine,  
You didna elied us in silk sae fine.
- 8 'Ye tuik the ribbon aff your head,  
An' hankit our necks till we waur dead.  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 9 'Ye sall be seven years bird on the tree,  
Ye sall be seven years fish i the sea.
- 10 'Ye sall be seven years eel i the pule,  
An ye sall be seven years doon into hell.'
- 11 'Welcome, welcome, bird on the tree,  
Welcome, welcome, fish i the sea.
- 12 'Welcome, welcome, eel i the pule,  
But oh for gudesake, keep me frae hell!'

## K

Motherwell's MS., p. 186.

- 1 LADY MARGARET looked oer the castle wa,  
Hey and a lo and a lilly O
- And she saw twa bonnie babes playing at the  
ba.  
Down by the green wood sidy O
- 2 'O pretty babes, an ye were mine,  
I would dress you in the silks so fine.'

3 'O false mother, when we were thine,  
Ye did not dress us in silks so fine.'

4 'O bonnie babes, an ye were mine,  
I would feed you on the bread and wine.'

5 'O false mother, when we were thine,  
Ye did not feed us on the bread and the wine.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
6 'Seven years a fish in the sea,  
And seven years a bird in the tree.

7 'Seven years to ring a bell,  
And seven years porter in hell.'

---

L

Smith's Scottish Minstrel, iv, 33, 2d ed.

1 A LADY lookd out at a castle wa,  
Fine flowers in the valley  
She saw twa bonnie babes playing at the ba.  
And the green leaves they grow rarely

2 'O my bonnie babes, an ye were mine,  
I would cleed ye i the scarlet sae fine.

3 'I'd lay ye saft in beds o down,  
And watch ye morning, night and noon.'

4 'O mither dear, when we were thine,  
Ye didna cleed us i the scarlet sae fine.

5 'But ye took out yere little pen-knife,  
And parted us frae our sweet life.

6 'Ye howkit a hole aneath the moon,  
And there ye laid our bodies down.

7 'Ye happit the hole wi mossy stanes,  
And there ye left our wee bit banes.

8 'But ye ken weel, O mither dear,  
Ye never cam that gate for fear.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
9 'Seven lang years ye'll ring the bell,  
And see sic sights as ye darna tell.'

---

M

Communicated by Miss Margaret Reburn, as learned in  
County Meath, Ireland, about 1860.

'O mother dear, when we were thine,  
All a lee and aloney O

You neither dressed us in coarse or fine.'  
Down by the greenwood sidy O

A. *Superscribed*, "Fragment to its own tune.  
Melancholy." *Against the first line of the  
burden is written in the margin*, "perhaps  
alas-a-day," and *this change is adopted in  
Herd's printed copy*. Scott suggested well-a-  
day.

4<sup>2</sup>. MSS and ed. 1776 have ze . . . ze'll.

B. b. "A fragment [of 5 stanzas] containing the  
following verses, which I have often heard  
sung in my childhood." Scott, III, 259. *No  
burden is given*.

1<sup>1</sup>. She set her baek against. 1<sup>2</sup>. young son  
born.

2<sup>1</sup>. O smile nae sae.

3, 4, *wanting*.

5<sup>1</sup>. An when that lady went. 5<sup>2</sup>. She spied a  
naked boy.

6<sup>1</sup>. O bonnie boy, an ye. 6<sup>2</sup>. I'd cleed ye in  
the silks.

7<sup>2</sup>. To me ye were na half.

Cunningham, *Songs of Scotland*, I, 340, says:  
"I remember a verse, and but a verse, of an  
old ballad which records a horrible instance  
of barbarity," and *quotes the first two stanzas  
of Scott's fragment literally; from which we  
may infer that it was Scott's fragment that  
he partly remembered*. But he goes on:  
"At this moment a hunter came — one whose

suit the lady had long rejected with scorn —  
the brother of her lover :

He took the babe on his spear point,  
And threw it upon a thorn :  
' Let the wind blow east, the wind blow west,  
The cradle will rock alone.'

*Cunningham's recollection was evidently much confused. This last stanza, which is not in the metre of the others, is perhaps from some copy of 'Edom o Gordon.'*

- D. a. 6<sup>2</sup>. I was.  
b. *Kinloch makes slight changes in his printed copy, as usual.*  
4<sup>1</sup>. until a brier.  
5<sup>1</sup>. out she 's tane.  
6<sup>2</sup>. She seemd the lealest maiden amang.  
8<sup>1</sup>. O an thae.
- E. 1<sup>1</sup>, 11<sup>1</sup>. *Lurk may be a corruption of York, which is written in pencil (by way of suggestion?) in the MSS.*  
a. 16<sup>1</sup>. on your.  
b. 4<sup>1</sup>, 14<sup>1</sup>. upon a thorn.  
5<sup>2</sup>. twind wanting. 6<sup>1</sup>. sattins wanting.  
13, 14, 15, 16, 17 are not written out in the note-book.  
18<sup>1</sup>. the heavens.  
19<sup>2</sup>. but there is none.
- F. a. 9 stands last but one in the MS.  
14<sup>2</sup>. Here.  
b. 4<sup>2</sup>. has her.  
7<sup>2</sup>. sweet is omitted.

*Printed as from the MS. in Dixon's Scottish Traditional Versions, etc., p. 46. Dixon has changed baby to babies in 4, 5, 6, 8, and indulges in other variations.*

- H. *The ballad had been heard with two different burdens; besides the one given in the text, this :*

Three and three, and three by three  
Ah me, some forty three

7 'Lady Mary Ann,' *Johnson's Museum*, No 377, begins :

O Lady Mary Ann looks oer the castle wa,  
She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba.

- I. a, b. 14<sup>1</sup>, 16<sup>1</sup>. fool, *i. e.* fowl *spelt phonetically*.  
a. 3<sup>1</sup>. greenwoods  
b. 2<sup>2</sup>. it did.  
8<sup>2</sup>. with white.  
11<sup>2</sup>. wear'd.  
13<sup>2</sup>. maun die.
- c. "Epitomized" from *Buchan*, II, 217, "and somewhat changed for this work, some of the changes being made according to the way the Editor has heard it sung." *Note by Christie*, p. 106.  
*Burden*, It's hey with the rose, etc.  
7<sup>1</sup>. As a lady was looking. 7<sup>2</sup>. She spied twa.  
11<sup>2</sup>. Nor wore we a.  
12<sup>2</sup>. What sort of pain for you I must drie.  
13<sup>2</sup>. What sort of pain for us you must drie.  
14<sup>2</sup>. And seven.  
*Printed as from the MS. in Dixon's Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 50, 'The Minister's Dochter o Newarke,' with a few arbitrary changes.
- J. a. 9<sup>1</sup>. You.  
b has stanzas corresponding to a 1, 3, 4, 6, and, in place of 2,

She 's taen oot a little pen-knife,  
And she 's robbit them o their sweet life.

*Burden*<sup>1</sup>. Hey i the rose o Mylindsay O.

- 1<sup>1</sup>. until a thorn. 1<sup>2</sup>. An syne her twa bonnie boys was born.  
3<sup>1</sup>. As she leukit oer her father's. 3<sup>2</sup>. bonnie boys.  
4<sup>1</sup>. an ye were mine. 4<sup>2</sup>. bread.  
6<sup>2</sup>. claithe ye in.

- L. 8 looks like an interpolation, and very probably the ballad was docked at the beginning in order to suit the parlor better.

## APPENDIX

## LADY ANNE

"This ballad was communicated to me by Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddum, who mentions having copied it from an old magazine. Although it has probably received some modern corrections, the general turn seems to be ancient, and corresponds with that of a fragment [B b], which I have often heard sung in my childhood." *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, III, 259, ed. 1803.

Buchan, *Gleanings*, p. 90, has an additional stanza between 8 and 9 of Scott's, whether from the old magazine or not, it would not be worth the while to ascertain.

Cunningham, *Songs of Scotland*, I, 339, has rewritten even 'Lady Anne.'

Translated by Schubart, p. 170, and by Gerhard, p. 92.

- 1 FAIR Lady Anne sate in her bower,  
Down by the greenwood side,  
And the flowers did spring, and the birds did sing,  
'T was the pleasant May-day tide.
- 2 But fair Lady Anne on Sir William calld,  
With the tear grit in her ee,  
'O though thou be fause, may Heaven thee guard,  
In the wars ayont the sea!'
- 3 Out of the wood came three bonnie boys,  
Upon the simmer's morn,  
And they did sing and play at the ba',  
As naked as they were born.
- 4 'O seven lang years wad I sit here,  
Amang the frost and snaw,  
A' to hae but ane o these bonnie boys,  
A playing at the ba.'
- 5 Then up and spake the eldest boy,  
'Now listen, thou fair ladie,  
And ponder well the rede that I tell,  
Then make ye a choice of the three.
- 6 'T is I am Peter, and this is Paul,  
And that ane, sae fair to see,

But a twelve-month sinsyne to paradise came,  
To join with our companie.'

- 7 'O I will hae the snaw-white boy,  
The bonniest of the three :'  
'And if I were thine, and in thy propine,  
O what wad ye do to me?'
- 8 'T is I wad clead thee in silk and gowd,  
And nourice thee on my knee :'  
'O mither, mither, when I was thine,  
Sic kindness I couldna see.
- 9 'Beneath the turf, where now I stand,  
The fause nurse buried me;  
The cruel pen-knife sticks still in my heart,  
And I come not back to thee.'

"There are many variations of this affecting tale. One of them appears in the Musical Museum, and is there called 'Fine Flowers of the Valley,' of which the present is either the original or a parallel song. I am inclined to think it is the original." *Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, p. 267.

This is translated by Talvj, *Versuch*, p. 571.

- 1 THERE sat 'mang the flowers a fair ladie,  
Sing ohon, ohon, and ohon O  
And there she has born a sweet babie.  
Adown by the greenwode side O.
- 2 An strait she rowed its swaddling band,  
An O! nae mother grips took her hand.
- 3 O twice it lifted its bonnie wee ee:  
'Thae looks gae through the saul o me!'
- 4 She buried the bonnie babe neath the brier,  
And washed her hands wi mony a tear.
- 5 And as she knelt to her God in prayer,  
The sweet wee babe was smiling there.
- 6 'O ay, my God, as I look to thee,  
My babe's atween my God and me.
- 7 'Ay, ay, it lifts its bonnie wee ee:  
'"Sic kindness get as ye shawed me."'
- 8 'An O its smiles wad win me in,  
But I'm borne down by deadly sin.

## 21

## THE MAID AND THE PALMER

A. Percy MS., p. 461. 'Lillumwham,' Hales and Furnivall, iv, 96.

B. Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. Laing, p. 157.

THE only English copy of this ballad that approaches completeness is furnished by the Percy manuscript, A. Sir Walter Scott remembered, and communicated to Kirkpatrick Sharpe, three stanzas, and half of the burden, of another version, B.

There are three versions in Danish, no one of them very well preserved. A, 'Maria Magdalena,' is a broadside of about 1700, existing in two identical editions: Grundtvig, No 98, II, 530; B, *ib.*, was written down in the Färöe isles in 1848, by Hammershaimb; C was obtained from recitation by Kristensen in Jutland in 1869, Jydske Folkeviser, I, 197, No 72, 'Synderinden.'

A Färöe version, from the end of the last century or the beginning of this, is given in Grundtvig's notes, p. 533 ff.

Versions recently obtained from recitation in Norway are: 'Maria,' Bugge's Gamle Norske Folkeviser, No 18; A, p. 88; B, p. 90, a fragment, which has since been completed, but only two more stanzas printed, Grundtvig, III, 889; C, Bugge, p. 91. D, E are reported, but only a stanza or two printed, Grundtvig, III, 889 f; F, printed 890 f, and G, as obtained by Lindeman, 891: all these, D-G, communicated by Bugge. C, and one or two others, are rather Danish than Norwegian.

This is, according to Afzelius, one of the commonest of Swedish ballads. These versions are known: A, "a broadside of 1798 and 1802," Grundtvig, II, 531, Bergström's Afzelius, I, 335; B, 'Magdalena,' Atterbom's Poetisk Kalender for 1816, p. 20; C, Afzelius, II, 229; D, Arwidsson, I, 377, No 60; E, Dybeck's Svenska Visor, Häfte 2, No 6, only two stanzas; F, G, "in Wiede's collection, in

the Swedish Historical and Antiquarian Academy;" H, "in Cavallius and Stephens' collection, where also A, F, G are found;" I, Maximilian Axelson's Vesterdalarne, p. 171; J, 'Jungfru Adelin,' E. Wigström's Folkdiktning, No 38, p. 76; K, 'Jungfru Maja,' Album utgifvet af Nyländingar, VI, 227. A-F are printed in Grundtvig's notes, II, 533 ff, and also some verses of G, H.

The ballad is known to have existed in Icelandic from a minute of Arne Magnusson, who cites the line, "Swear not, swear not, wretched woman," but it has not been recovered (Grundtvig, III, 891, note d).

Finnish, 'Mataleenan vesimatka,' Kanteletar, ed. 1864, p. 240.

The story of the woman of Samaria, John, iv, is in all these blended with mediæval traditions concerning Mary Magdalen, who is assumed to be the same with the woman "which was a sinner," in Luke, vii, 37, and also with Mary, sister of Lazarus. This is the view of the larger part of the Latin ecclesiastical writers, while most of the Greeks distinguish the three (Butler, 'Lives of the Saints,' VII, 290, note). It was reserved for ballads, as Grundtvig remarks, to confound the Magdalen with the Samaritan woman.

The traditional Mary Magdalen was a beautiful woman of royal descent, who derived her surname from Magdalum, her portion of the great family estate. For some of her earlier years entirely given over to carnal delights, "unde jam, proprio nomine perduto, peccatrix consueverat appellari," she was, by the preaching of Jesus, converted to a passionate repentance and devotedness. In the course of the persecution of the church at Jerusalem, when Stephen was slain and the Christians



widely dispersed, Mary, with Lazarus, her brother, Martha, and many more, were set afloat on the Mediterranean in a rudderless ship, with the expectation that they would find a watery grave. But the malice of the unbelieving was overruled, and the vessel came safe into port at Marseilles. Having labored some time for the christianizing of the people, and founded churches and bishoprics, Mary retired to a solitude where there was neither water, tree, nor plant, and passed the last thirty years of her life in heavenly contemplation. The cave in which she secluded herself is still shown at La Sainte Baume. The absence of material comforts was, in her case, not so great a deprivation, since every day at the canonical hours she was carried by angels to the skies, and heard, with ears of the flesh, the performances of the heavenly choirs, whereby she was so thoroughly refected that when the angels restored her to her cave she was in need of no bodily aliment. (Golden Legend, Græsse, c. 96.) It is the practical Martha that performs real austerities, and those which are ascribed to her correspond too closely with the penance in the Scandinavian ballads not to be the original of it: "Nam in primis *septem* annis, glandibus et radicibus herbisque crudis et *pomis* \* silvestribus corpusculum sustentans potius quam reficiens, victitavit . . . . Extensis solo ramis arboreis aut viteis, lapide pro cervicali capiti superposito subjecto, . . . . incumbibat." (Vincent of Beauvais, Spec. Hist., ix, 100.)

The best-preserved Scandinavian ballads concur nearly in this account. A woman at a well, or a stream, is approached by Jesus, who asks for drink. She says she has no vessel to serve him with. He replies that if she were pure, he would drink from her hands. She protests innocence with oaths, but is si-

lenced by his telling her that she has had three children, one with her father, one with her brother, one with her parish priest: Danish A, B, C; Färöe; Swedish C, D, F, I, J, K; Norwegian A, C, F, G. She falls at his feet, and begs him to shrive her. Jesus appoints her a seven years' penance in the wood. Her food shall be the buds or the leaves of the tree [grass, worts, berries, bark], her drink the dew [brook, juice of plants], her bed the hard ground [linden-roots, thorns and prickles, rocks, straw and sticks]; all the while she shall be harassed by bears and lions [wolves], or snakes and drakes (this last in Swedish B, C, D, I, K, Norwegian A). The time expired, Jesus returns and asks how she has liked her penance. She answers, as if she had eaten daintily, drunk wine, slept on silk or swan's-down, and had angelic company [had been listening to music].† Jesus then tells her that a place is ready for her in heaven.

The penance lasts eight years in Swedish C, F, J, Norwegian A; nine in the Färöe ballad; fifteen in Danish B; and six weeks in Danish C. It is to range the field in Danish A, Swedish F; to walk the snows barefoot in the Färöe ballad and Norwegian B; in Norwegian D to stand nine years in a rough stream and eight years naked in the church-paths.

The names Maria, or Magdalena, Jesus, or Christ, are found in most of the Scandinavian ballads. Swedish E has 'Lena (Lilla Lena); Swedish H He-lena; J, Adelin; K, Maja. Norwegian A gives no name to the woman, and Danish A a name only in the burden; Norwegian B has, corruptly, Margjit. In Danish C, Norwegian B, G, Jesus is called an *old* man, correspondingly with the "old palmer" of English A, but the old man is afterwards called Jesus in Norwegian G (B is not printed in full), and in the burden of Danish C. The

\* The Magdalen's food is to be dry apple in Danish B 9.

† Swedish F:

14 'And tell me how has it been with thy meat?'  
'O I have eaten of almonds sweet.'

15 'And tell me how it has been with thy drink?'  
'I have drunk both mead and wine, I think.'

16 'And tell me how was that bed of thine?'  
'Oh I have rested on ermeline.'

Norwegian G:

13 'I have fed as well on herbage wild  
As others have fed on roast and broiled.

14 'I have rested as well on the hard, hard stone  
As others have rested on beds of down.

15 'I have drunk as well from the rippling rill  
As others that drank both wine and ale.'

Son is exchanged for the Father in Swedish D.

Stanzas 4, 5 of Swedish A, G, approach singularly near to English A 6, 7:

Swedish A:

- 4 'Would thy leman now but come,  
Thou wouldst give him to drink out of thy hand.'
- 5 By all the worlds Magdalen swore,  
That leman she never had.

Swedish G:

- 4 'Yes, but if I thy leman were,  
I should get drink from thy snow-white hand.'
- 5 Maria swore by the Holy Ghost,  
She neer had to do with any man.

The woman is said to have taken the lives of her three children in Danish A, B, C, and of two in Swedish C, D, F, I, J, K (B also, where there are but two in all), a trait probably borrowed from 'The Cruel Mother.'

The seven years' penance of the Scandinavian ballads is multiplied three times in English A, and four times in B and in those versions of 'The Cruel Mother' which have been affected by the present ballad (20, I, J, K; L is defective). What is more important, the penance in the English ballads is completely different in kind, consisting not in exaggerated austerities, but partly, at least, in transmigration or metempsychosis: seven years to be a fish, 20, I, J, K; seven years a bird, 20, I, J, K; seven years a stone, 21, A, B; seven years an eel, 20, J; seven years a bell, or bell-clapper, 20, I, 21, A (to ring a bell, 20, K, L). Seven years in hell seems to have been part of the penance or penalty in every case: seven years a porter in hell, 21, B, 20, I, K; seven years down in hell, 20, J; seven years to "ring the bell and see sic sights as ye darna tell, 20, L;" "other seven to lead an ape in hell," A, a burlesque variation of the portership.

The Finnish Matalena, going to the well for water, sees the reflection of her face, and bewails her lost charms. Jesus begs a drink: she says she has no can, no glass. He bids

her confess. "Where are your three boys? One you threw into the fire, one into the water, and one you buried in the wilderness." She fills a pail with her tears, washes his feet, and wipes them with her hair: then asks for penance. "Put me, Lord Jesus, where you will. Make me a ladder-bridge over the sea, a brand in the fire, a coal in the furnace."

There are several Slavic ballads which blend the story of the Samaritan woman and that of 'The Cruel Mother,' without admixture of the Magdalen. Wendish A, 'Aria' (M-aria?), Haupt and Schmaler, I, 287, No 290, has a maid who goes for water on Sunday morning, and is joined by an old man who asks for a drink. She says the water is not clean; it is dusty and covered with leaves. He says, The water is clean, but you are unclean. She demands proof, and he bids her go to church in her maiden wreath. This she does. The grass withers before her, a track of blood follows her, and in the churchyard there come to her nine headless boys, who say, Nine sons hast thou killed, chopt off their heads, and meanest to do the same for a tenth. She entreats their forgiveness, enters the church, sprinkles herself with holy water, kneels at the altar and crosses herself, then suddenly sinks into the ground, so that nothing is to be seen but her yellow hair. B, 'Die Kindesmörderin,' *ib.*, II, 149, No 197, begins like A. As the maid proceeds to the church, nine graves open before her, and nine souls follow her into the church. The oldest of her children springs upon her and breaks her neck, saying, "Mother, here is thy reward. Nine of us didst thou kill."

There are two Moravian ballads of the same tenor: A, Deutsches Museum, 1855, I, 282, translated by M. Klapp: B, communicated to the Zeitschrift des böhmischen Museums, 1842, p. 401, by A. W. Šembera, as sung by the "mährisch sprechenden Slawen" in Prussian Silesia; the first seven stanzas translated in Haupt u. Schmaler, II, 314, note to No 197. The Lord God goes out one Sunday morning, and meets a maid, whom he asks for water. She says the water is not clean. He replies that it is cleaner than she: for (A)

she has seduced fifteen men and had children with all of them, has filled hell with the men and the sea with the children. He sends her to church; but, as she enters the church-yard, the bells begin to ring (of themselves), and when she enters the church, all the images turn their backs. As she falls on her knees, she is changed into a pillar of salt.

The popular ballads of some of the southern nations give us the legend of the Magdalen without mixture.

**French.** A, *Poésies populaires de la France*, I (not paged), from Sermoyer, Ain, thirty lines, made stanzas by repetition. Mary goes from door to door seeking Jesus. He asks what she wants: she answers, 'To be shriven. Her sins have been such, she says, that the earth ought not to bear her up, the trees that see her can but tremble. For penance she is to stay seven years in the woods of Baume, eat the roots of the trees, drink the dew, and sleep under a juniper. Jesus comes to inquire about her when this space has expired. She says she is well, but her hands, once white as flower-de-luce, are now black as leather. For this Jesus requires her to stay seven years longer, and then, being thoroughly cured of her old vanities, she is told,

'Marie Madeleine, allez au paradis;  
La porte en est ouverte depuis hier à midi.'

B is nearly the same legend in Provençal: Damase Arbaud, I, 64. The penance is seven years in a cave, at the end of which Jesus passes, and asks Mary what she has had to eat and drink. "Wild roots, and not always them; muddy water, and not always that." The conclusion is peculiar. Mary expresses a wish to wash her hands. Jesus pricks the rock, and water gushes out. She bewails the lost beauty of her hands, and is remanded to the cavern for another seven years. Upon her exclaiming at the hardship, Jesus tells her that Martha shall come to console her, the wood-dove fetch her food, the birds drink. But Mary is not reconciled:

'Lord God, my good father,  
Make me not go back again!

With the tears from my eyes  
I will wash my hands clean.

'With the tears from my eyes  
I will wash your feet,  
And then I will dry them  
With the hair of my head.'

C, *Poésies populaires de la Gascogne*, Bladé, 1881, p. 339, 'La pauvre Madeleine,' seventeen stanzas of four short lines, resembles B till the close. When Jesus comes back after the second penance, and Mary says, as she had before, that she has lived like the beasts, only she has lacked water, Jesus again causes water to spring from the rock. But Mary says, I want no water. I should have to go back to the cave for another seven years. She is conducted straightway to paradise.

D, Bladé, as before, p. 183, 'Marie-Madeleine,' six stanzas of five short lines. Mary is sent to the mountains for seven years' penance; at the end of that time washes her hands in a brook, and is guilty of admiring them; is sent back to the mountains for seven years, and is then taken to heaven.

A Catalan ballad combines the legend of the Magdalen's penance with that of her conversion: Milá, *Observaciones*, p. 128, No 27, 'Santa Magdalena,' and Briz y Saltó, *Cançons de la Terra*, II, 99. Martha, returning from church, asks Magdalen, who is combing her hair with a gold comb, if she has been at mass. Magdalen says no, nor had she thought of going. Martha advises her to go, for she certainly will fall in love with the preacher, a young man; pity that he ever was a friar. Magdalen attires herself with the utmost splendor, and, to hear the sermon better, takes a place immediately under the pulpit. The first word of the sermon touched her; at the middle she fainted. She stripped off all her ornaments, and laid them at the preacher's feet. At the door of the church she inquired of a penitent where Jesus was to be found. She sought him out at the house of Simon, washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair, picked up from the floor the bones which he had thrown away. Jesus at last noticed her, and asked what she wished.

She wished to confess. He imposed the penance of seven years on a mountain, "eating herbs and fennels, eating bitter herbs." Magdalen turned homewards after the seven years, and found on the way a spring, where she washed her hands, with a sigh over their disfigurement. She heard a voice that said, Magdalen, thou hast sinned. She asked for new penance, and was sent back to the mountain

for seven years more. At the end of this second term she died, and was borne to the skies with every honor from the Virgin, saints, and angels.

Danish A is translated by Prior, II, 25, No 44: Swedish C by William and Mary Howitt, Literature and Romance of Northern Europe, I, 282.

## A

Percy MS., p. 461. Furnivall, iv, 96.

- 1 THE maid shee went to the well to washe,  
Lillumwham, lillumwham!  
The mayd shee went to the well to washe,  
Whatt then? what then?  
The maid shee went to the well to washe,  
Dew ffell of her lilly white fleshe.  
Grandam boy, grandam boy, heye!  
Leg a derry, leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope,  
whir!  
Driuanee, larumben, grandam boy, heye!
- 2 While shee washte and while shee ronge,  
While shee hangd o the hazle wand.
- 3 There came an old palmer by the way,  
Sais, 'God speed thee well, thou faire maid!'
- 4 'Hast either cupp or can,  
To giue an old palmer drinke therin?'
- 5 Sayes, 'I have neither cupp nor cann,  
To giue an old palmer drinke therin.'
- 6 'But an thy lemman came from Roome,  
Cupps and canns thou wold ffind soone.'

- 7 Shee sware by God & good St. John,  
Lemman had shee neuer none.
- 8 Saies, 'Peace, ffaire mayd, you are fforsworne!  
Nine children you haue borne.
- 9 'Three were buryed vnder thy bed's head,  
Other three vnder thy brewing leade.
- 10 'Other three on you play greene;  
Count, maid, and there be 9.'
- 11 'But I hope you are the good old man  
That all the world beleeeues vpon.
- 12 'Old palmer, I pray thee,  
Pennaunce *that* thou wilt giue to me.'
- 13 'Penance I can giue thee none,  
But 7 yeere to be a stepping-stone.
- 14 'Other seaven a clapper in a bell,  
Other 7 to lead an ape in hell.
- 15 'When thou hast thy penance done,  
Then thoust come a mayden home.'

## B

A Ballad Book, by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, edited by David Laing, p. 157 f, v11r; from Sir W. Scott's recollection.

- 1 'SEVEN years ye shall be a stone,  
.  
.  
.  
.  
For many a poor palmer to rest him upon.  
And you the fair maiden of Gowden-gane

- 2 'Seven years ye'll be porter of hell,  
And then I'll take you to mysell.'  
\* \* \* \*
- 3 'Weel may I be a' the other three,  
But porter of hell I never will be.'  
And I, etc.

- A. 2<sup>1</sup>. White shee washee & white. 2<sup>2</sup>. White.  
 9<sup>1</sup>. They were.  
 10<sup>1</sup>. on won. 10<sup>2</sup>. maids.  
 B. *Note by Scott*: "There is or was a curious  
 song with this burthen to the verse,

'And I the fair maiden of Gowden-gane.'

Said maiden is, I think, courted by the devil

in human shape, but I only recollect imperfectly the concluding stanzas [1, 2]:

'Seven years ye shall be a stone,'

(here a chorus line which I have forgot), etc.  
 The lady answers, in allusion to a former word  
 which I have forgotten,

Weel may I be [etc., st. 3]."

## 22

### ST STEPHEN AND HEROD

Sloane MS., 2593, fol. 22 b; British Museum.

THE manuscript which preserves this delightful little legend has been judged by the handwriting to be of the age of Henry VI. It was printed entire by Mr T. Wright, in 1856, for the Warton Club, under the title, *Songs and Carols*, from a manuscript in the British Museum of the fifteenth century, the ballad at p. 63. Ritson gave the piece as 'A Carol for St Stephen's Day,' in *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 83, and it has often been repeated; e. g., in *Sandys' Christmas Carols*, p. 4, *Sylvester's*, p. 1.

The story, with the Wise Men replacing Stephen, is also found in the carol, still current, of 'The Carnal and the Crane,' *Sandys*, p. 152, in conjunction with other legends and in this order: the Nativity, the Wise Men's passage with Herod, the Massacre of the Innocents, the Flight into Egypt, Herod and the Sower.

The legend of Stephen and Herod occurs, and is even still living, in Scandinavian tradition, combined, as in English, with others relating to the infancy of Jesus.

**Danish.** 'Jesusbarnet, Stefan og Herodes: 'A, *Grundtvig*, No 96, II, 525. First printed

in Erik Pontoppidan's little book on the reliques of Paganism and Papistry among the Danish People, 1736, p. 70, as taken down from the singing of an old beggar-woman before the author's door.\* *Syv* alludes to the ballad in 1695, and cites one stanza. The first five of eleven stanzas are devoted to the beauty of the Virgin, the Annunciation, and the birth of the Saviour. The song then goes on thus:

6 Saint Stephen leads the foals to water,  
 All by the star so gleaming:

'Of a truth the prophet now is born  
 That all the world shall ransom.'

7 King Herod answered thus to him:  
 'I'll not believe this story,  
 Till the roasted cock that is on the board  
 Claps his wings and crows before me.'

8 The cock he clapped his wings and crew,  
 'Our Lord, this is his birthday!'  
 Herod fell off from his kingly seat,  
 For grief he fell a swooning.

9 King Herod bade saddle his courser gray,  
 He listed to ride to Bethlem;

respondit: Me illa in dubium vocaturam averruncet Deus!"  
*Grundtvig*, II, 518.

\* *Everriculum fermenti veteris, seu residuæ in Danico orbe cum paganismi tum papismi reliquiæ in aprium prolatae.* "Rogata anus num vera esse crederet quæ canebat,

Fain would he slay the little child  
That to cope with him pretended.

10 Mary took the child in her arms,  
And Joseph the ass took also,  
So they traversed the Jewish land,  
To Egypt, as God them guided.

11 The little children whose blood was shed,  
They were full fourteen thousand,  
But Jesus was thirty miles away  
Before the sun was setting.

B. A broadside of fourteen four-line stanzas, in two copies, a of the middle, b from the latter part, of the last century. b was printed "in the Dansk Kirketidende for 1862, No 43," by Professor George Stephens: a is given by Grundtvig, III, 881. The first three stanzas correspond to A 1-5, the next three to A 6-8: the visit of the Wise Men to Herod is then intercalated, 7-10, and the story concludes as in A 9-11.

C. 'Sankt Steffan,' Kristensen, II, 123, No 36, from recitation about 1870, eight four-line stanzas, 1-3 agreeing with A 3-6, 4-6 with A 6-9, 7, 8 with A 9, 11. The verbal resemblance with the copy sung by the old beggar-woman more than a hundred and thirty years before is often close.

A Färöe version, 'Rudisar vísa,' was communicated to the Dansk Kirketidende for 1852, p. 293, by Hammershaimb, twenty-six two-line stanzas (Grundtvig, II, 519). Stephen is in Herod's service. He goes out and sees the star in the east, whereby he knows that the Saviour of the world, "the great king," is born. He comes in and makes this announcement. Herod orders his eyes to be put out:

so, he says, it will appear whether this "king" will help him. They put out Stephen's eyes, but now he sees as well by night as before by day. At this moment a cock, roast and carved, is put on the board before Herod, who cries out:

'If this cock would stand up and crow,  
Then in Stephen's tale should I trow.'

Herod he stood, and Herod did wait,  
The cock came together that lay in the plate.

The cock flew up on the red gold chair,  
He clapped his wings, and he crew so fair.

Herod orders his horse and rides to Bethlehem, to find the new-born king. As he comes in, Mary greets him, and tells him there is still mead and wine. He answers that she need not be so mild with him: he will have her son and nail him on the cross. "Then you must go to heaven for him," says Mary. Herod makes an attempt on Jesus, but is seized by twelve angels and thrown into the Jordan, where the Evil One takes charge of him.

Swedish. A single stanza, corresponding to Danish A 6, B 4, C 4, is preserved in a carol, 'Staffans Visa,' which was wont to be sung all over Sweden on St Stephen's day, in the Christmas sport, not yet given up, called Staffansskede; which consisted in young fellows riding about from house to house early in the morning of the second day of Yule, and levying refreshments.\* One of the party carried at the end of a pole a lighted lantern, made of hoops and oiled paper, which was sometimes in the shape of a six-cornered star. Much of the chant was improvised, and both

\* "Staffans-skede, lus, vel, ut rectius dicam, licentia puerorum agrestium, qui in Festo S. Stephani, equis vecti per villas discurrunt, et cerevisiam in lagenis, ad hoc ipsum præparatis, mendicando ostiatim colligunt:" a dissertation, Upsala, 1734, cited by Bergström in his edition of Afzelius, II, 358, note 28. Skede is gallop, or run, Icelandic skeið (Bergström), Norwegian skeid, skjei. Many copies of the Staffansvisa have been collected: see Bergström's Afzelius, II, 356: and for a description of the custom as practised among Swedes in Finland, with links and lanterns, but no foals, Fagerlund, Anteckningar om Korpo och Houtskärs Socknar, p. 29 ff. Something very similar was known in Holstein: see Schütze, Holsteinsches Idioticon, III, 200, as

quoted by Grundtvig, II, 521, note \*\*. From Chambers' Book of Days, II, 763 f, it appears that a custom, called a Stephen-ing, was still existing at the beginning of this century, of the inhabitants of the parish of Drayton Beauchamp, Bucks, paying a visit to the rector on December 26, and lightening his stores of all the bread, cheese and ale they wanted. Chambers, again, in his Popular Rhymes of Scotland, p. 168 f, gives a song closely resembling the Staffansvisa, which was sung before every house on New Year's eve, in Deerness, Orkney, with the same object of stimulating hospitality. Similar practices are known in the Scottish Highlands: see Campbell, Tales of the West Highlands, III, 19, and Chambers, at p. 167 of the Popular Rhymes.



the good wishes and the suggestions as to the expected treat would naturally be suited to particular cases; but the first stanza, with but slight variations, was (Afzelius, III, 208, 210):

Stephen was a stable-groom,  
We thank you now so kindly!  
He watered the five foals all and some,  
Ere the morning star was shining.  
No daylight 's to be seen,  
The stars in the sky  
Are gleaming.

or,

Stephen was a stable-groom,  
Bear thee well my foal!  
He watered the five foals all and some,  
God help us and Saint Stephen!  
The sun is not a-shining,  
But the stars in the sky  
Are gleaming.

There is also a Swedish ballad which has the substance of the story of Danish A 6-8, but without any allusion to Stephen. It occurs as a broadside, in two copies, dated 1848, 1851, and was communicated by Professor Stephens to the Dansk Kirketidende, 1861, Nos 3, 4, and is reprinted by Grundtvig, III, 882 f, and in Bergström's Afzelius, II, 360 f. There are eleven four-line stanzas, of which the last six relate how Mary was saved from Herod by the miracle of the Sower (see 'The Carnal and the Crane,' stanzas 18-28). The first five cover the matter of our ballad. The first runs:

In Bethlem of Judah a star there rose,  
At the time of the birth of Christ Jesus:  
'Now a child is born into the world  
That shall suffer for us death and torment.'

Herod then calls his court and council, and

says to them, as he says to Stephen in the Danish ballad, "I cannot believe your story unless the cock on this table claps his wings and crows." This comes to pass, and Herod exclaims that he can never thrive till he has made that child feel the effects of his wrath. He then steepes his hands in the blood of the Innocents, and falls off his throne in a marvellous swoon. Mary is warned to fly to Egypt. It is altogether likely that the person who speaks in the first stanza was originally the same as the one who says nearly the same thing in the three Danish ballads, that is, Stephen, and altogether unlikely that Herod's words, which are addressed to Stephen in the Danish ballads, were addressed to his court and council rather than to Stephen here.

Norwegian. Two stanzas, much corrupted, of what may have been a ballad like the foregoing, have been recovered by Professor Bugge, and are given by Grundtvig, III, 883.

St Stephen's appearance as a stable-groom, expressly in the Swedish carol and by implication in the Danish ballads, is to be explained by his being the patron of horses among the northern nations.\* On his day, December 26, which is even called in Germany the great Horse Day, it was the custom for horses to be let blood to keep them well during the year following, or raced to protect them from witches. In Sweden they were watered "ad alienos fontes" (which, perhaps, is what Stephen is engaged in in the carol), and treated to the ale which had been left in the cups on St Stephen's eve; etc., etc.† This way of observing St Stephen's day is presumed to be confined to the north of Europe, or at least to be derived from that quarter. Other saints are patrons of horses in the south, as St Eloi, St Antony, and we must seek the explanation of St Stephen's having that office

\* Stephen in all the ballads can be none other than the first martyr, though Ihre, and other Swedes since his day, choose, for their part, to understand a "Stephanum primum Helsingorum apostolum," who certainly did not see the star in the east. The peasantry in Helsingland, we are told, make their saints' day December 26, too, and their St Stephen is a great patron of horses. The misappropriation of the glories of the protomartyr is somewhat transparent.

† Grundtvig, whom I chiefly follow here, II, 521-24. In

a note on page 521, supplemented at III, 883 e, Grundtvig has collected much interesting evidence of December 26 being the great Horse Day. J. W. Wolf, cited by Grundtvig, II, 524, had said previously: "Nichts im leben des ersten christlichen blutzeugen erinnert auch nur fern an pferde; trotzdem machte das volk ihn zum patron der pferde, und setzte ihn also an die stelle des Fro, dem im Norden, und nicht weniger bei uns, die pferde heilig waren." Beiträge zur deutschen Mythologie, I, 124.



in Scandinavia, Germany, and England in the earlier history of these regions. It was suggested as long ago as the middle of the sixteenth century by the Archbishop Olaus Magnus, that the horseracing, which was universal in Sweden on December 26, was a remnant of heathen customs. The horse was sacred to Frey, and Yule was Frey's festival. There can hardly be a doubt that the customs connected with St Stephen's day are a continuation, under Christian auspices, of old rites and habits which, as in so many other cases, the church found it easier to consecrate than to abolish.\*

The miracle of the cock is met with in other ballads, which, for the most part, relate the wide-spread legend of the Pilgrims of St James.

**French.** In three versions, *Chants de Pauvres en Forez et en Velay*, collected by M. Victor Smith, *Romania*, II, 473 ff. Three pilgrims, father, mother, and son, on their way to St James, stop at an inn, at St Dominic. A maid-servant, enamored of the youth (*qui ressemble une image, que semblavo-z-un ange*) is repelled by him, and in revenge puts a silver cup [cups] belonging to the house into his knapsack. The party is pursued and brought back, and the young pilgrim is hanged. He exhorts his father to accomplish his vow, and to come that way when he returns. When the father returns, after three [six] months, the boy is found to be alive; his feet have been supported, and he has been nourished, by God and the saints. The father tells the judge that his son is alive; the judge replies, I will believe that when this roast fowl crows. The bird crows: **A**, *le poulet se mit a chanter sur la table*; **B**, *le poulet vole au ciel, trois fois n'a battu l'aile*; **C**, *trois fois il a chanté, trois fois l'a battu l'aile*. The boy is taken down and the maid hanged.

**Spanish.** **A**, *Milá, Observaciones sobre la Poesia Popular*, p. 106, No 7, 'El Romero;'

**B**, *Briz, Cansons de la Terra*, I, 71, 'S. Jaume de Galicia,' two copies essentially agreeing. The course of the story is nearly as in the French. The son does not ask his father to come back. It is a touch of nature that the mother cannot be prevented from going back by all that her husband can say. The boy is more than well. St James has been sustaining his feet, the Virgin his head. He directs his mother to go to the *alcalde* (*Milá*), who will be dining on a cock and a hen, and to request him politely to release her son, who is still alive. The *alcalde* replies: "Off with you! Your son is as much alive as this cock and hen." The cock began to crow, the hen laid an egg in the dish!

**Dutch.** 'Een liedeken van sint Jacob,' *Antwepener Liederbuch*, 1544, No 20, Hoffmann, p. 26; Uhland, p. 803, No 303; Willem, p. 318, No 133. The pilgrims here are only father and son. The host's daughter avows her love to her father, and desires to detain the young pilgrim. The older pilgrim, hearing of this, says, My son with me and I with him. We will seek St James, as pilgrims good and true. The girl puts the cup in the father's sack. The son offers himself in his father's place, and is hanged. The father finds that St James and the Virgin have not been unmindful of the pious, and tells the host that his son is alive. The host, in a rage, exclaims, "That's as true as that these roast fowls shall fly out at the door!"

But ere the host could utter the words,  
One by one from the spit brake the birds,  
And into the street went flitting;  
They flew on the roof of St Dominic's house,  
Where all the brothers were sitting.

The brothers resolve unanimously to go to the judicial authority in procession; the innocent youth is taken down, the host hanged, and his daughter buried alive.

**Wendish.** *Haupt und Schmalder*, I, 285, No

\* Jean Baptiste Thiers, *Traité des Superstitions*, etc., 2d ed., Paris, 1697, as cited by Liebrecht, *Gervasius von Tilbury, Otia Imperialia*, p. 233, No 169, condemns the belief, "qu'il vaut bien mieux . . . saigner des chevaux le jour de la fête de S. Estienne qu'à tout autre jour." This may be one

of the practices which Thiers had learned of from his reading (see Liebrecht's preface, p. xvii f), but might also have migrated from the east or north into France. Superstitions, like new fashions, are always sure of a hospitable reception, even though they impose a servitude.

289, 'Der gehenkte Schenkworth.' There are two pilgrims, father and son. The host himself puts his gold key into the boy's basket. The boy is hanged: the father bids him hang a year and a day, till he returns. The Virgin has put a stool under the boy's feet, and the angels have fed him. The father announces to the host that his son is living. The host will not believe this till three dry staves which he has in the house shall put out green shoots. This comes to pass. The host will not believe till three fowls that are roasting shall recover their feathers and fly out of the window. This also comes to pass. The host is hanged.

A Breton ballad, 'Marguerite Laurent,' Luzel, I, A, p. 211, B, p. 215, inverts a principal circumstance in the story of the pilgrims: a maid is hanged on a false accusation of having stolen a piece of plate. This may be an independent tradition or a corrupt form of the other. Marguerite has, by the grace of St Anne and of the Virgin, suffered no harm. A young clerk, her lover, having ascertained this, reports the case to the seneschal, who will not believe till the roasted capon on the dish crows. The capon crows. Marguerite goes on her bare knees to St Anne and to Notre-Dame du Folgoat, and dies in the church of the latter (first version).

'Notre-Dame du Folgoat,' Villemarqué, Barzaz Breiz, p. 272, No 38, 6th ed., is of a different tenor. Marie Fanchonik, wrongly condemned to be executed for child murder, though hanged, does not die. The execu-

tioner reports to the seneschal. "Burn her," says the seneschal. "Though in fire up to her breast," says the executioner, "she is laughing heartily." "Sooner shall this capon crow than I will believe you." The capon crows: a roast capon on the dish, all eaten but the feet.

Religious writers of the 13th century have their version of the story of the pilgrims, but without the prodigy of the cock. Vincent of Beauvais, *Speculum Historiale*, l. 26, c. 33, who bases his narrative on a collection of the miracles of St James incorrectly attributed to Pope Callixtus II,\* has but two pilgrims, Germans, father and son. On their way to Compostella they pass a night in an inn at Toulouse. The host, having an eye to the forfeiture of their effects, makes them drunk and hides a silver cup in their wallet. Son wishes to die for father, and father for son. The son is hanged, and St James interposes to preserve his life.† With Vincent agree the author of the Golden Legend, following Callixtus, Graesse, 2d ed., p. 426, c. 99 (94), § 5,‡ and Cæsarius Heisterbacensis, *Dialogus Miraculorum*, c. 58, II, 130, ed. Strange, who, however, does not profess to remember every particular, and omits to specify Toulouse as the place. Nicolas Bertrand, who published in 1515 a history of Toulouse, places the miracle there.§ He has three pilgrims, like the French and Spanish ballads, and the roast fowl flying from the spit to convince a doubting official, like the Dutch and Wendish ballads.

\* From a copy of this collection the story is given in *Acta Sanctorum*, vi Julii, p. 50, § 202 ff.

† Vincent, as pointed out by Professor George Stephens, knew of the miracle of the cock, and tells it at l. 25, c. 64, on the authority of Pietro Damiani. Two Bolognese dining together, one of them carved a cock and dressed it with pepper and sauce. "Gossip," says the other, "you have 'fixed' that cock so that Peter himself could not put him on his legs again." "Peter? No, not Christ himself." At this the cock jumped up, in all his feathers, clapped his wings, crew, and threw the sauce all over the blasphemous pair, whereby they were smitten with leprosy.

‡ So, naturally, the *Fornsvenskt Legendarium*, I, 170, and the *Catalan Recull de Eximplis e Miracles*, etc., Barcelona, 1880, I, 298.

§ *Opus de Tholosanorum gestis*, fol. 49 verso, according to *Acta S.*, p. 46, of the volume last cited. Toulouse rivalled with Compostella in the possession of relics of St James, and

was amply entitled to the honor of the miracle. Dr Andrew Borde, in his *First Book of the Introduction of Knowledge*, says that an ancient doctor of divinity at Compostella told him, "We have not one hair nor bone of St. James; for St James the More and St James the Less, St Bartholomew and St Philip, St Simon and Jude, St Bernard and St George, with divers other saints, Carolus Magnus brought them to Toulouse." Ed. Furnivall, p. 204 f. I do not know where the splenetic old divine got his information, but certainly from no source so trustworthy as the chronicle of Turpin. Besides other places in France, the body, or at least the head, of St James was claimed by churches in Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries. But the author of an old Itinerary of the Pilgrims to Compostella asserts that James the Greater is one of four saints who never changed his burial-place. See Victor Le Clerc in *Hist. Litt. de la France*, xxi, 283.

But, much earlier than the last date, this miracle of St James had become connected with the town of San Domingo de la Calzada, one of the stations on the way to Compostella,\* some hours east of Burgos. Roig, the Valencian poet, on arriving there in the course of his pilgrimage, tells the tale briefly, with two roasted fowls, cock and hen: *Lo Libre de les Dones e de Conçells*, 1460, as printed by Briz from the edition of 1735, p. 42, Book 2, vv. 135-183. Lucio Marineo, whose work, *De las cosas memorables de España*, appeared in 1530, had been at San Domingo, and is able to make some addition to the miracle of the cock. Up to the revivification, his account agrees very well with the Spanish ballad. A roast cock and hen are lying before the mayor, and when he expresses his incredulity, they jump from the dish on to the table, in feathers whiter than snow. After the pilgrims had set out a second time on their way to Compostella, to return thanks to St James, the mayor returned to his house with the priests and all the people, and took the cock and hen to the church, where they lived seven years, and then died, leaving behind them a pair of the same snowy whiteness, who in turn, after seven years, left their successors, and so on to Marineo's day; and though of the infinite number of pilgrims who resorted to the tomb each took away a feather, the plumage was always full, and Marineo speaks as an eye-witness. (Edition of 1539, fol. xliii.) Dr Andrew Borde gives nearly the same account as Marineo, in the First Book of the Introduction of Knowledge, 1544, p. 202 ff, ed. Farnivall.†

Early in the sixteenth century the subject was treated in at least two miracle-plays, for which it is very well adapted: *Un miracolo*

*di tre Pellegrini*, printed at Florence early in the sixteenth century, D'Ancona, *Sacre Rappresentazioni*, III, 465; *Ludus Sancti Jacobi*, fragment de mystère provençale, Camille Arnaud, 1858.‡

Nicolas Bertrand, before referred to, speaks of the miracle as depicted in churches and chapels of St James. It was, for example, painted by Pietro Antonio of Foligno, in the fifteenth century, in SS. Antonio e Jacopo at Assisi, and by Pisanello in the old church of the Tempio at Florence, and, in the next century, by Palmezzano in S. Biagio di S. Girolamo at Forlì, and by Lo Spagna in a small chapel or tribune dedicated to St James, about four miles from Spoleto, on the way to Foligno. The same legend is painted on one of the lower windows of St Ouen, and again on a window of St Vincent, at Rouen. Many more cases might, no doubt, be easily collected.§

It is not at all surprising that a miracle performed at San Domingo de la Calzada should, in the course of time, be at that place attributed to the patron of the locality; and we actually find Luis de la Vega, in a life of this San Domingo published at Burgos in 1606, repeating Marineo's story, very nearly, with a substitution of Dominic for James.¶ More than this, this author claims for this saint, who, saving reverence, is decidedly *minorum gentium*, the merit and glory of delivering a captive from the Moors, wherein he, or tradition, makes free again with St James's rightful honors. The Moor, when told that the captive will some day be missing, rejoins, If you keep him as close as when I last saw him, he will as soon escape as this roast cock will fly and crow. It is obvious that this anecdote is a simple jumble of two miracles of St James,

\* See 'La grande Chanson des Pèlerins de Saint-Jacques,' in Socard, *Noëls et Cantiques*, etc., p. 76, last stanza, p. 80, third stanza, p. 89, fifth stanza; the last = *Romancero de Champagne*, I, 165, stanza 5.

† Southey follows Marineo in his Christmas Tale of "The Pilgrim to Compostella."

‡ "Auch eine deutsche Jesuitenkomödie, *Peregrinus Compostellanus*, Innsbruck, 1624, behandelt diesen Stoff. F. Liebrecht, in *Serapeum*, 1864, S. 235."

§ Vasari, v, 184, Milan, 1809; Crowe and Cavalcaselle, III, 124, II, 566 ff, ed. 1866; Mrs Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*, I, 241, ed. 1857. Professor N. Høyen indi-

cated to Grundtvig the picture of Pietro Antonio, and d'Ancona refers to Pisanello's.

¶ He denies the perpetual multiplication of the feathers, and adds that the very gallows on which the pilgrim was hanged is erected in the upper part of the church, where everybody can see it. It is diverting to find Grossenhain, in Saxony, claiming the miracle on the ground of a big cock in an altar picture in a chapel of St James: Grässe, *Sagenschatz des Königreichs Sachsen*, 2d ed., I, 80, No 82, from Chladenius, *Materialien zu Grossenhayner Stadtechronik*, I, 2, Pirna, 1788; in verse by Ziehnert, *Volkssagen*, p. 99, No 14, ed. 1851.

the freeing of the captives, recounted in *Acta Sanctorum*, VI Julii, p. 47, § 190 f, and the saving the life of the young pilgrim.\*

The restoration of a roasted fowl to life is also narrated in *Acta Sanctorum*, I Septembris, p. 529, § 289, as occurring early in the eleventh century (the date assigned to the story of the pilgrims), at the table of St Stephen, the first king of Hungary. St Gunther was sitting with the king while he was dining. The king pressed Gunther to partake of a roast peacock, but Gunther, as he was bound by his rule to do, declined. The king then ordered him to eat. Gunther bent his head and implored the divine mercy; the bird flew up from the dish; the king no longer persisted. The author of the article, without questioning the reality of the miracle, well remarks that there seems to be something wrong in the story, since it is impossible that the holy king should have commanded the saint to break his vow.

But the prime circumstances in the legend, the resuscitation of the cock, does not belong

in the eleventh century, where Vincent and others have put it, but in the first, where it is put by the English and Scandinavian ballads. A French romance somewhat older than Vincent, *Ogier le Danois*, agrees with the later English ballad in making the occasion to be the visit of the Wise Men to Herod. Herod will not believe what they say,

‘Se cis capon que ci m’est en présant  
N’en est plumeus com il estoit devant,  
Et se redrece à la perche en cantant.’

vv 11621–23.

And what he exacts is performed for his conviction.† Nevertheless, as we shall now see, the true epoch of the event is not the Nativity, but the Passion.

The ultimate source of the miracle of the reanimated cock is an interpolation in two late Greek manuscripts of the so-called Gospel of Nicodemus: Thilo, *Codex Apocryphus Novi Testamenti*, p. cxxix f; Tischendorf, *Evangelia Apocrypha*, p. 269, note 3. After Judas had tried to induce the Jews to take

\* For Luis de la Vega, see *Acta Sanctorum*, III Maii, p. 171 f, §§ 6, 7, 8, VI Julii, p. 46, § 187. The Spanish and the Dutch ballad give due glory to St James and the Virgin; French C to God and St James. The Wendish ballad can hardly be expected to celebrate St James, and refers the justification and saving of the boy to the Virgin and the saints. French A has St Michas; B, God and the Virgin.

Luis de la Vega, with what seems an excess of caution, says, p. 172, as above, § 8: *appositique erant ad comedendum gallus et gallina, assati nescio an elixi*. Of boiled fowl we have not heard so far. But we find in a song in Fletcher’s play of ‘The Spanish Curate,’ this stanza:

The stewd cock shall crow, cock-a-looodle-loo,  
A loud cock-a-looodle shall he crow;  
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake  
Of onions and claret below.

Act III, Sc. 2; Dyce, viii, 436.

In Father Merolla’s *Voyage to Congo*, 1682, a reference to which I owe to Liebrecht, there is a story of a stewed cock, which, on the whole, justifies Luis de la Vega’s scruple. This must have been introduced into Africa by some missionary, and, when so introduced, the miracle must have had an object, which it had lost before the tale came to Father Merolla.

One of two parties at feud having marched upon the chief city of his antagonist, and found all the inhabitants fled, the soldiers fell to rifling the houses and killing all the living creatures they met, to satisfy their hunger. “Amongst the rest they found a cock of a larger size than ordinary, with a great ring of iron about one of his legs, which occasioned

one of the wisest among them to cry out, Surely this cock must be bewitched, and it is not at all proper for us to meddle with. To which the rest answered, Be it what it will, we are resolved to eat it. For this end they immediately killed and tore it to pieces after the manner of the negroes, and afterwards put it into a pot to boil. When it was enough, they took it out into a platter, and two, according to the custom, having said grace, five of them sat down to it with great greediness. But before they had touched a bit, to their great wonder and amazement, the boiled pieces of the cock, though sodden, and near dissolved, began to move about and unite into the form they were in before, and, being so united, the restored cock immediately raised himself up, and jumped out of the platter upon the ground, where he walked about as well as when he was first taken. Afterwards he leaped upon an adjoining wall, where he became new feathered all of a sudden, and then took his flight to a tree hard by, where fixing himself, he, after three claps of his wings, made a most hideous noise, and then disappeared. Every one may easily imagine what a terrible fright the spectators were in at this sight, who, leaping with a thousand Ave Marias in their mouths from the place where this had happened, were contented to observe most of the particulars at a distance.” It appears that the brother of one of the two contending parties was said to have had a very large cock, from whose crowing he took auguries, but whether this was the same as the one restored to life is not known. Churchill’s *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, 1704, I, 682, Pinkerton’s *Collection*, xvi, 229.

† *La Chevalerie Ogier de Danemarche*, par Raimbert de Paris, *Poème du xii siècle*, etc., II, 485, vv 11606–627.

back the thirty pieces, he went to his house to hang himself, and found his wife sitting there, and a cock roasting on a spit before the coals. He said to his wife, Get me a rope, for I mean to hang myself, as I deserve. His wife said to him, Why do you say such things? And Judas said to her, Know in truth that I have betrayed my master Jesus to evil-doers, who will put him to death. But he will rise on the third day, and woe to us. His wife said, Do not talk so nor believe it; for this cock that is roasting before the coals will as soon crow as Jesus rise again as you say. And even while she was speaking the words, the cock flapped his wings and crew thrice. Then Judas was still more persuaded, and straightway made a noose of the rope and hanged himself.\*

The Cursor Mundi gives its own turn to this relation, with the intent to blacken Judas a little more.† When Judas had betrayed Jesus, he went to his mother with his pence, boasting of the act. "Hast thou sold thy master?" said she. "Shame shall be thy lot, for they will put him to death; but he shall rise again." "Rise, mother?" said Judas, "sooner shall this cock rise up that was scalded yesternight."

Hardly had he said the word,  
The cock leapt up and flew,  
Feathered fairer than before,  
And by God's grace he crew;  
The traitor false began to fear,  
His peril well he knew.  
This cock it was the self-same cock  
Which Peter made to rue,  
When he had thrice denied his lord  
And proved to him untrue.

A still different version existed among the Copts, who had their copies of the apocryphal

writings, and among them the gospel of Nicodemus.

The Copts say, according to Thévenot, "that on the day of the Supper a roasted cock was served to our Lord, and that when Judas went out to sell Jesus to the Jews, the Saviour commanded the cock to get up and follow him; which the cock did, and brought back his report to our Lord that Judas had sold him, for which service this cock shall be admitted to paradise."‡

The herald of the morn is described in other carols as making known the birth of the Saviour to the animal creation, or the more familiar members of it.

"There is a sheet of carols headed thus: 'CHRISTUS NATUS EST, Christ is born,' with a wood-cut ten inches high by eight and one half inches wide, representing the stable at Bethlehem; Christ in the crib, watched by the Virgin and Joseph; shepherds kneeling; angels attending; a man playing on the bagpipes; a woman with a basket of fruit on her head; a sheep bleating and an ox lowing on the ground; a raven croaking and a crow cawing on the hay-rack; a cock crowing above them; and angels singing in the sky. The animals have labels from their mouths, bearing Latin inscriptions. Down the side of the wood-cut is the following account and explanation: 'A religious man, inventing the conceits of both birds and beasts, drawn in the picture of our Saviour's birth, doth thus express them. The cock croweth *Christus natus est*, Christ is born. The raven asked *Quando*, When? The crow replied, *Hac nocte*, This night. The ox cryeth out, *Ubi, ubi?* Where, where? The sheep bleated out, *Bethlehem*, Bethlehem. A voice from heaven sounded, *Gloria in excelsis*, Glory be on high!' " London, 1701. Hone's Every-Day Book, I, col. 1600 f.

\* The gospel of Nicodemus was introduced into the French and the Italian romance of Perceforest, but unfortunately this "narratio ab inepto Græculo pessime interpolata" (Thilo) seems to be lacking.

† Cursor Mundi, a Northumbrian poem of the 14th century, in four versions, ed. by R. Morris, p. 912 f, vv 15961-998. This passage was kindly pointed out to me by Professor George Stephens.

‡ Relation d'un Voyage fait au Levant par Monsieur De

Thévenot, Paris, 1665, I, 502. Cited by Thilo, p. xxxvii, and by Victor Smith, Romania, II, 474, who adds: "Parmi les manuscrits rapportés d'Éthiopie par M. d'Abbadie, il se trouve un volume dont le titre a pour équivalent, Actes de la passion. Un chapitre de ce volume, intitulé Le livre du coq, développe la légende indiquée par Thévenot. Catalogue raisonné des manuscrits éthiopiens, appartenant à M. A. T. d'Abbadie, in 4°, imp. impériale, Paris, 1859."



So in Vieux Noël français, in *Les Noël Bressans*, etc., par Philibert Le Duc, p. 145.

Joie des Bestes

à la nouvelle de la naissance du Sauveur.

Comme les Bestes autrefois  
Parloient mieux latin que François,  
Le Coq, de loin voyant le faict,  
S'écria : *Christus natus est* ;  
Le Bœuf, d'un air tout ébaubi,  
Demande : *Ubi, ubi, ubi?*  
La Chèvre, se torchant le groin,  
Respond que c'est à *Bethleem* ;  
Maistre Baudet, *curiosus*  
De l'aller voir, dit : *Eamus* ;  
Et, droit sur ses pattes, le Veau  
Beugle deux fois : *Volo, volo*.\*

And again, in Italian, Bolza, *Canzoni popolari comasche*, p. 654, No 30 :

Il Gallo. È nato Gesù !  
Il Bue. In dôva ?  
La Pecora. Betlèm ! Betlèm !  
L'Asino. Andèm ! Andèm ! Andèm !

A little Greek ballad, 'The Taking of Constantinople,' only seven lines long, relates a miracle entirely like that of the cock, which was operated for the conviction of incredulity. A nun, frying fish, hears a voice from above, saying, Cease your frying, the city will fall into the hands of the Turks. "When the fish fly out of the pan alive," she says, "then shall

the Turks take the city." The fish fly out of the pan alive, and the Turkish admiraud comes riding into the city. Zambelios, p. 600, No 2; Passow, p. 147, No 197. (Liebrecht, *Volkskunde*, p. 179.)

With Herod's questions and Stephen's answers in stanzas 5-8, we may compare a passage in some of the Greek ballads cited under No 17, p. 199.

Σκλάβε, πανᾶς; σκλάβε, διψᾶς; μὴ τὸ ψωμὶ σοῦ λείπει;  
Σκλάβε, πανᾶς; σκλάβε, διψᾶς; σκλάβε, κρασὶν σοῦ  
λείπει;

Lakkyt pe eyper mete or drynk?

Μήτε πεινῶ, μήτε διψῶ, μήτε ψωμὶ [κρασὶν] μου λείπει.

Lakit me neyper mete ne drynk.

Jeannarakí, p. 203, No 265 :

Sakellarios, p. 37, No 13.

Σκλάβε, πεινᾶς; σκλάβε, διψᾶς; σκλάβε, ρόγα σοῦ  
λείπει;

Σκλάβε, πεινᾶς; σκλάβε, διψᾶς; σκλάβε μου ρούχα  
θέλεις;

Lakkyt pe eyper gold or fe,

Or ony ryche wede?

Οὔτε πεινῶ, οὔτε διψῶ, οὔτε ρόγα μου λείπει.

Μήτε πεινῶ, μήτε διψῶ, μήτε καὶ ρούχα θέλω.

Lakyt me neyper gold ne fe,

Ne non ryche wede.

Tommaseo, III, 154; Passow, p. 330, No 449 :

Tommaseo, III, 152; Zambelios, p. 678, No 103; Passow, No 448.

A Danish translation of the English ballad is printed in *Dansk Kirketidende* for 1852, p. 254 (Grundtvig). Danish A is translated by Dr Prior, I, 398.

Sloane MS., 2593, fol. 22 b, British Museum.

1 SEYNT Steuene was a clerk in kyng Herowdes  
halle,  
And seruyd him of bred and clop, as euery  
kyng befalle.

2 Steuyn out of kechone cam, wyth boris hed on  
honde;  
He saw a sterre was fayr and bryzt ouer Bed-  
lem stonde.

3 He kyst adoun pe boris hed and went in to  
pe halle :

'I forsak pe, kyng Herowdes, and pi werkes  
alle.

4 'I forsak pe, kyng Herowdes, and pi werkes  
alle;

þer is a chyld in Bedlem born is beter pan  
we alle.'

5 'Quat eylyt pe, Steuene? quat is pe befalle?

\* "Ce couplet se débite en imitant successivement le chant du coq, le mugissement du bœuf, le cri de la chèvre, le

braiment de l'âne, et le béglement du veau." Bolza makes a similar explanation with regard to the Italian colloquy.

- Lakkyt þe eyper mete or drynk in kyng Her-  
owdes halle?'
- 6 'Lakit me neyper mete ne drynk in kyng Her-  
owdes halle;  
þer is a chyld in Bedlem born is beter þan we  
alle.'
- 7 Quat eylyt þe, Steuyn? art þu wod, or þu  
gynnyst to brede?  
Lakkyt þe eyper gold or fe, or ony ryche  
wede?'
- 8 'Lakyt me neyper gold ne fe, ne non ryche  
wede;  
þer is a chyld in Bedlem born xal helpyn vs  
at our nede.'
- 9 'þat is al so sop, Steuyn, al so sop, iwys,  
As þis capoun crowe xal þat lyp here in myn  
dysh.'
- 10 þat word was not so sone seyð, þat word in  
þat halle,  
þe capoun crew *Cristus natus est!* among þe  
lordes alle.
- 11 Rysyt vp, myn turmentowres, be to *and* al be  
on,  
*And* ledyt Steuyn out of þis town, *and* stonyt  
hym wyth ston!'
- 12 Tokyn he Steuene, *and* stonyd hym in the  
way,  
*And* perfore is his euyñ on Crystes owyn day.

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1<sup>2</sup>, 5<sup>1</sup>. be falle.

3<sup>1</sup>. a doun. 3<sup>2</sup>, 4<sup>1</sup>. for sak.

5<sup>2</sup>. *There is room only for the h at the end of  
the line.*

9<sup>1</sup>. also . . . also . . . I wys. 9<sup>2</sup>. dych.

10<sup>2</sup>. a mong.

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## 23

### JUDAS

MS. B. 14, 39, of the thirteenth century, library of Trinity College, Cambridge, as printed in Wright & Halliwell's *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, I, 144.

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THIS legend, which has not been heretofore recognized as a ballad, is, so far as is known, unique in several particulars. The common tradition gives Judas an extraordinary domestic history,\* but does not endow him with a sister as perfidious as himself. Neither is his selling his Master for thirty pieces accounted for elsewhere as it is here, if it may be strictly said to be accounted for here.

A popular explanation, founded upon John xii, 3-6, and current for six centuries and

more, is that Judas, bearing the bag, was accustomed to take tithes of all moneys that came into his hands, and that he considered he had lost thirty pence on the precious ointment which had not been sold for three hundred pence, and took this way of indemnifying himself.

A Wendish ballad, *Haupt und Schmalder*, I, 276, No 284, has the following story. Jesus besought hospitality for himself and his disciples of a poor widow. She could give a lodg-

\* *Legenda Aurea*, Grässe, 2d ed., p. 184 ff; Mone's *Anzeiger*, VII, col. 532 f, and du Ménil, *Poésies populaires latines du Moyen Age*, p. 326 ff; Furnivall, *Early English*

*Poems and Lives of Saints*, p. 107 ff; Douhet, *Dictionnaire des Légendes*, col. 714 ff; *Das alte Passional*, ed. K. A. Hahn, p. 312 ff; Bäckström, *Svenska Folkböcker*, II, 198 ff; etc.



ing, but had no bread. Jesus said he would care for that, and asked which of his disciples would go and buy bread for thirty pieces of silver. Judas offered himself eagerly, and went to the Jews' street to do his errand. Jews were gaming, under a tub, and they challenged Judas to play. The first time he won the stake, and the second. The third time he lost everything. "Why so sad, Judas?" they say: "go sell your Master for thirty pieces." We are to suppose Judas to have rejoined his company. Jesus then asks who has sold him. John says, Is it I? and Peter, and then Judas, to whom Jesus replies, Thou knowest best. Judas, in remorse, runs to hang himself. The Lord bids him turn, for his sin is forgiven. But Judas keeps on till he comes to a fir: "Soft wood, thou fir, thou wilt not bear me." Further on, till he comes to an aspen. "Hard wood, thou aspen, thou wilt bear me." So he hanged himself on the aspen; and still the aspen shakes and trembles for fear of the judgment day.

According to the ballads, then, Judas lost the thirty pieces at play, or was robbed of them, with collusion of his sister. But his passionate behavior in the English ballad, st. 9, goes beyond all apparent occasion. Surely it was not for his tithe of the thirty pieces.

And why does he insist to Pilate on the very thirty pieces he had lost, rejecting every other form of payment? The ballad-singer might answer, So it was, and rest contented. Or perhaps he might have heard, and might tell us by way of comment, that these pieces had for long ages been destined to be "the price of him that was valued, whom they of the children of Israel did value;" had been coined by Abraham's father for Ninus, and been given by Terah to his son; had passed through various hands to the Ishmaelites, had been paid by them as the price of Joseph, and been repaid to Joseph by his brethren for corn in Egypt; thence were transferred to Sheba, and in the course of events were brought by the Queen of the South as an offering to Solomon's temple; when the temple was despoiled by Nebuchadnezzar, were given by him to the king of Godolia, and after the kingdom of Godolia had been fused in that of Nubia, were brought as his tribute to the infant Jesus by Melchior, king of the same, etc.\*

It is much to be regretted that the manuscript from which this piece was taken has been for some years lost from Trinity College Library, so that a collation of Wright's text has not been possible.

1 Hit wes upon a Scere-thorsday that ure loverd  
aros;  
Ful milde were the wordes he spec to Judas.

2 'Judas, thou most to Jurselem, oure mete for  
to bugge;  
Thritti platen of selver thou bere up othi rugge.

3 'Thou comest fer ithe brode stret, fer ithe  
brode strete;  
Summe of thine tunesmen ther thou meiht  
imete.'

4 . . . . .  
Imette wid is soster, the swikele wimon.

5 'Judas, thou were wrthe me stende the wid  
ston,  
For the false prophete that tou bilevest upon.'

6 'Be stille, leve soster, thin herte the tobreke!  
Wiste min loverd Crist, ful wel he wolde be  
wreke.'

7 'Judas, go thou on the roc, heie upon the  
ston;  
Lei thin heved imy barm, slep thou the  
anon.'

8 Sone so Judas of slepe was awake,  
Thritti platen of selver from hym weren itake.

\* See Fabricius, *Codex Pseudepigraphus Veteris Testamenti*, II, 79; Godfrey of Viterbo (who derives his information from a lost writing of the apostle Bartholomew) in his

*Pantheon*, Pistorius, German. Script., ed. Struve, II, 243, or E. du Méril, *Poésies pop. latines du Moyen Age*, p. 321; *Genesi de Scriptura*, Biblioteca Catalana, p. 20, etc.

- 9 He drou hymselfe bi the cop, that al it lavede  
a blode ;  
The Jewes out of Jurselem awenden he were  
wode.
- 10 Foret hym com the riche Jeu that heihte Pi-  
latus :  
' Wolte sulle thi loverd, that hette Jesus ?'
- 11 'I nul sulle my loverd [for] nones cunnes  
eihte,  
Bote hit be for the thritti platen that he me  
bitaihte.'
- 12 ' Wolte sulle thi lord Crist for enes cunnes  
golde ?'  
' Nay, bote hit be for the platen that he habben  
wolde.'
- 13 In him com ur lord Crist gon, as is postles  
seten at mete :  
' Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete ?'
- 14 [' Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete ?]  
Ic am ibouht ant isold today for oure mete.'
- 15 Up stod him Judas : ' Lord, am I that . . . ?  
' I nas never othe stude ther me the evel spec.'
- 16 Up him stod Peter, and spec wid al is mihte,  
. . . . .
- 17 ' Thau Pilatus him come wid ten hundred  
cnihtes,  
Yet ic wolde, loverd, for thi love fihte.'
- 18 ' Still thou be, Peter, wel I the icnowe ;  
Thou wolt fursake me thrien ar the coc him  
crowe.'

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*Not divided into stanzas in Reliquiæ Antiquæ.*

3<sup>2</sup>. meist.  
10<sup>1</sup>. heiste.  
11<sup>1</sup>. eiste. 11<sup>2</sup>. bitaiste.  
14<sup>2</sup>. i-boust.  
16<sup>1</sup>. miste.

17<sup>1</sup>. enistes. 17<sup>2</sup>. fiste.

*In the absence of the original manuscript, I have  
thought it better to change Wright's s in the  
above instances (3-17) to h. In this substitu-  
tion I follow Mätzner's Altenglische Sprachpro-  
ben, I, 114.*

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## 24

### BONNIE ANNIE

A. 'Bonnie Annie,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Bal-  
lads, p. 123.

B. 'The High Banks o Yarrow,' Motherwell's MS.,  
p. 652.

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HAD an old copy of this still pretty and  
touching, but much disordered, ballad been  
saved, we should perhaps have had a story  
like this. Bonnie Annie, having stolen her  
father's gold and her mother's fee, and fled  
with her paramour (like the maid in No 4),  
the ship in which she is sailing encounters a  
storm and cannot get on. Annie is seized  
with the pangs of travail, and deploras the ab-

sence of women (B 6, 7, A 9, 10; compare No  
15, 21-26). The sailors say there is some-  
body on board who is marked for death, or fly-  
ing from a just doom. They cast lots, and the  
lot falls on Annie, — a result which strikes us  
as having more semblance of the "corrupted  
currents of this world" than of a pure judg-  
ment of God. Annie, conscious only of her  
own guilt, asks to be thrown overboard. Her

paramour offers great sums to the crew to save her, but their efforts prove useles, and Annie again begs, or they now insist, that she shall be cast into the sea with her babe. This done, the ship is able to sail on; Annie floats to shore and is buried there.

The captain of the ship is the guilty man in A, in B a rich squire. A may exhibit the original plot, but it is just as likely that the captain was substituted for a passenger, under the influence of another ballad, in which there is no Annie, but a ship-master stained with many crimes, whom the lot points out as endangering or obstructing the vessel. See 'Brown Robyn's Confession,' further on.

If the narrative in Jonah, i, is the ultimate source of this and similar stories, it must be owned that the tradition has maintained its principal traits in this ballad remarkably well. Jonah flies from the presence of the Lord in a ship; the ship is overtaken by a tempest; \* the sailors cast lots to know who is the guilty cause, and the lot falls on Jonah; he bids the sailors take him up and cast him into the sea; nevertheless the men row hard to bring the ship to land, but cannot succeed; they throw Jonah into the water, and the storm ceases.†

Translated in Grundtvig's *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 199, No 31.

### A

Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 123.

- 1 THERE was a rich lord, and he lived in Forfar,  
He had a fair lady, and one only dochter.
- 2 O she was fair, O dear, she was bonnie!  
A ship's captain courted her to be his honey.
- 3 There cam a ship's captain out owre the sea  
sailing,  
He courted this young thing till he got her wi  
bairn.
- 4 'Ye'll steal your father's gowd, and your  
mother's money,  
And I'll mak ye a lady in Ireland bonnie.'
- 5 She's stown her father's gowd, and her moth-  
er's money,  
But she was never a lady in Ireland bonnie.  
\* \* \* \*
- 6 'There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail  
for me,  
There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail  
for me.'

- 7 They've casten black bullets twice six and  
forty,  
And ae the black bullet fell on bonnie An-  
nie.
- 8 'Ye'll tak me in your arms twa, lo, lift me  
cannie,  
Throw me out owre board, your ain dear An-  
nie.'
- 9 He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her  
cannie,  
He has laid her on a bed of down, his ain dear  
Annie.
- 10 'What can a woman do, love, I'll do for  
ye;'  
'Muckle can a woman do, ye canna do for  
me.'
- 11 'Lay about, steer about, lay our ship cannie,  
Do all ye can to save my dear Annie.'
- 12 'I've laid about, steerd about, laid about can-  
nie,  
But all I can do, she winna sail for me.

\* Jonah is asleep below. This trait we find in several Norse ballads: see 'Brown Robyn's Confession.'

† A singular episode in the life of Saint Mary Magdalen in the Golden Legend, Grässe, c. xcvi, 2, p. 409 ff, indicates a belief that even a dead body might prejudice the safety of a ship. The princess of Marseilles, in the course of a storm, has given birth to a boy and expired. The sailors demand that the body shall be thrown into the sea (and apparently

the boy, too), for, they say, as long as it shall be with us, this thumping will not cease. They presently see a hill, and think it better to put off the corpse, and the boy, there, than that these should be devoured by sea-monsters. Fear will fasten upon anything in such a case.

The Digby Mystery of Mary Magdalene has this scene, at p. 122 of the New Shakspeare Society edition, ed. Furnivall.

13 'Ye'll tak her in your arms twa, lo, lift her  
cannie,  
And throw her out owre board, your ain dear  
Annie.'

14 He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her  
cannie,  
He has thrown her out owre board, his ain dear  
Annie.

15 As the ship sailed, bonnie Annie she swam,  
And she was at Ireland as soon as them.

16 He made his love a coffin of the gowd sae yel-  
low,  
And buried his bonnie love down in a sea val-  
ley.

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B

Motherwell's MS., p. 652. From the singing of a boy,  
Henry French, Ayr.

1 DOWN in Dumbarton there wonnd a rich mer-  
chant,  
Down in Dumbarton there wond a rich mer-  
chant,  
And he had nae family but ae only dochter.  
Sing fal lal de deedle, fal lal de deedle lair,  
O a day

2 There cam a rich squire, intending to woo  
her,  
He wooed her until he had got her wi babie.

3 'Oh what shall I do! oh what shall come o  
me!  
Baith father and mither will think naething o  
me.'

4 'Gae up to your father, bring down gowd and  
mōney,  
And I'll take ye ower to a braw Irish la-  
die.'

5 She gade to her father, brought down gowd  
and money,  
And she's awa ower to a braw Irish ladie.

6 She hadna sailed far till the young thing cried  
'Women!'  
'What women can do, my dear, I'll do for  
you.'

7 'O haud your tongue, foolish man, dinna talk  
vainly,  
For ye never kent what a woman driet for  
you.

8 'Gae wash your hands in the cauld spring  
water,  
And dry them on a towel a' giltit wi silver.

9 'And tak me by the middle, and lift me up  
saftlie,  
And throw me ower shipboard, baith me and  
my babie.'

10 He took her by the middle, and lifted her  
saftly,  
And threw her ower shipboard, baith her and  
her babie.

11 Sometimes she did sink, sometimes she did  
float it,  
Until that she cam to the high banks o Yarrow.

12 'O captain tak gowd, O sailors tak money,  
And launch out your sma boat till I sail for my  
honey.'

13 'How can I tak gowd, how can I tak money?  
My ship's on a sand bank, she winna sail for  
me.'

14 The captain took gowd, the sailors took money,  
And they launchd out their sma boat till he  
sailed for his honey.

15 'Mak my love a coffin o the gowd sae yellow,  
Whar the wood it is dear, and the planks they  
are narrow,  
And bury my love on the high banks o Yar-  
row.'

16 They made her a coffin o the gowd sae yellow,  
And buried her deep on the high banks o Yar-  
row.

- A. *Printed by Kinloch in four-line stanzas.*  
 16<sup>1</sup>. coffin off the Goats of Yarrow.
- B. 16. *Motherwell, Minstrelsy, p. xcix, 146, gives the stanza thus :*

They made his love a coffin of the gowd sae  
 yellow,

They made his love a coffin of the gowd  
 sae yellow,  
 And they buried her deep on the high  
 banks of Yarrow.  
 Sing fal lal, de deedle, fal lal, de deedle  
 lair, Oh a Day !

## 25

## WILLIE'S LYKE-WAKE

- A. 'Willie, Willie,' Kinloch's MSS, I, 53.
- B. a. 'Blue Flowers and Yellow,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 185. b. 'The Blue Flowers and the Yellow,' Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 120.
- C. Motherwell's MS., p. 187.
- D. 'Amang the blue flowers and yellow,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xix, No xvii, one stanza.

THIS piece was first printed by Buchan, in 1828, and all the copies which have been recovered are of about that date. The device of a lover's feigning death as a means of winning a shy mistress enjoys a considerable popularity in European ballads. Even more favorite is a ballad in which the *woman* adopts this expedient, in order to escape from the control of her relations : see 'The Gay Goshawk,' with which will be given another form of the present story.

A Danish ballad answering to our Feigned Lyke-Wake is preserved, as I am informed by Professor Grundtvig, in no less than fourteen manuscripts, some of them of the 16th century, and is still living in tradition. Five versions, as yet unprinted, A-E, have been furnished me by the editor of the Ballads of Denmark.

A, from a manuscript of the sixteenth century. Young Herre Karl asks his mother's rede how he may get the maid his heart is set upon. She advises him to feign sickness, and be laid on his bier, no one to know his

counsel but the page who is to do his errands. The page bids the lady to the wake that night. Little Kirstin asks her mother's leave to keep wake over Karl. The wake is to be in the upper room of Karl's house. The mother says, Be on your guard ; he means to cheat you ; but Kirstin, neither listening to her mother nor asking her father, goes to keep wake in the upper room. When she went in she could not see the lights for her tears. She begged all the good people to pray for Karl's soul, sat down by his head and made her own prayer, and murmured, While thou livedst I loved thee. She lifted the cloths, and there lay Karl wide awake and laughing. "All the devils in hell receive thy soul!" she cried. "If thou livedst a hundred years, thou shouldst never have my good will!" Karl proposed that she should pass the night with him. "Why would you deceive me!" Kirstin exclaimed. "Why did you not go to my father and betroth me honorably?" Karl immediately rode to her father's to do this, and they were married.

B. a, from MSS of 1610 and later, almost

identical with b, 'Den forstilte Vaagestue,' Levninger, Part II, 1784, p. 34, No 7.\* This version gives us some rather unnecessary previous history. Karl has sued for Ingerlille three years, and had an ill answer. He follows her to church one fine day, and, after mass, squeezes her fingers and asks, Will you take pity on me? She replies, You must ask my father and friends; and he, I have, and can get no good answer. If you will give me your troth, we can see to that best ourselves. "Never," she says. "Farewell, then; but Christ may change your mind." Karl meets his mother on his way from church, who asks why he is so pale. He tells her his plight, and is advised, as before, to use craft. The wake is held on Karl's premises.† Ingerlille, in scarlet mantle, goes with her maids. She avows her love, but adds that it was a fixed idea in her mind that he would deceive her. She lifts up the white cloth that covers the face. Karl laughs, and says, We were good friends before, so are we still. Bear out the bier, and follow me to bed with the fair maid. She hopes he will have respect for her honor. Karl reassures her, leaves her with his mother, rides to Ingerlille's house, obtains her parents' approbation, and buys wine for his wedding.

C, from manuscripts of the sixteenth century. Karl is given out for dead, and his pages ride to the convent to ask that his body may be laid in the cloister. The bier is borne in; the prioress comes to meet it, with much respect. The pages go about bidding maids to the wake. Ellin asks her mother if she may go. (This looks as if there had originally been no convent in the ballad.) Her mother tells her to put on red gold and be wary of Karl, he is so very tricky. When Ellin owns her attachment, Karl whispers softly, Do not weep, but follow me. Horses were ready at the portal — *black* horses all!

\* But a has two stanzas more: the first a stev-stamme, or lyrical introduction (see p. 7), the other, 31, nearly a repetition of Sandvig's 29.

† After the page has bidden Ingerlille to the wake, we are told, a 27, 28, b 26, 27: all the convent bells were going,

Karl sprang from the bier, took Ellin, and made for the door. The nuns, who stood reading in the choir, thought it was an angel that had translated her, and wished one would come for them. Karl, with fifteen men who were in waiting, carried Ellin home, and drank his bridal with her.

D, from recent oral tradition. As Karl lay in his bed, he said, How shall I get the fair maid out of the convent? His foster-mother heard him, and recommended him to feign death and bid the fair maid to his wake. The maid asked her father's leave to go, but he said, Nay, the moment you are inside the door he will seize you by the foot. But when the page, who had first come in blue, comes back in scarlet, she goes. She stands at Karl's head and says, I never shall forget thee; at his feet, "I wished thee well;" at his side, "Thou wast my dearest." Then she turns and bids everybody good-night, but Karl seizes her, and calls to his friends to come drink his bridal. We hear nothing of the convent after the first stanza.

E, from oral tradition of another quarter. Karl consults his mother how he shall get little Kirstin out of the convent, and receives the same counsel. A page is sent to the convent, and asks who will come to the wake now Herr Karl is dead? Little Kirstin, without application to the prioress, goes to her mother, who does not forbid her, but warns her that Karl will capture her as sure as she goes into the room.

The maid has the door by the handle,  
And is wishing them all good-night;  
Young Karl, that lay a corpse on the bier,  
Sprang up and held her tight.

'Why here's a board and benches,  
And there's no dead body here;  
This eve I'll drink my mead and wine,  
All with my Kirstin dear.

and the tidings spreading that the knight was dead; all the ladies of the convent sat sewing, except Ingerlille, who wept. But Ingerlille, in the next stanza, puts on her scarlet cloak and goes to the höjeloft to see her father and mother. The two stanzas quoted signify nothing in this version.



'Why here 's a board and beds too,  
And here there 's nobody dead;  
To-morrow will I go to the priest,  
All with my plighted maid.'

F, another copy from recent tradition, was published in 1875, in Kristensen's *Jyske Folkeviser*, II, 213, No 62, 'Vaagestuen.' There is no word of a convent here. The story is made very short. Kirsten's mother says she will be fooled if she goes to the wake. The last stanza, departing from all other copies, says that when Kirsten woke in the morning Karl was off.

G. 'Klosterranet,' *Levninger*, I, 23, No 4 (1780), *Danske Viser*, IV, 261, No 212, a very second-rate ballad, may have the praise of preserving consistency and conventual discipline. The young lady does not slip out to see her mother without leave asked and had. It is my persuasion that the convent, with its little jest about the poor nuns, is a later invention, and that C is a blending of two different stories. In G, Herr Morten betroths Proud Adeluds, who is more virtuous than rich. His friends object; her friends do not want spirit, and swear that she shall never be his. Morten's father sends him out of the country, and Adeluds is put into a convent. After nine years Morten returns, and, having rejected an advantageous match proposed by his father, advises with his brother, Herr Nilaus, how to get his true love out of the cloister. The brother's plan is that of the mother and foster-mother in the other versions. Herr Nilaus promises a rich gift if Morten's body may be buried within the cloister. From this point the story is materially the same as in C.

H. A copy, which I have not yet seen, in Rahbek's *Læsning i blandede Æmner* (or *Hesperus*), III, 151, 1822 (Bergström).

'Hertugen af Skage,' *Danske Viser*, II, 191, No 88, has this slight agreement with the foregoing ballads. Voldemar, the king's youngest son, hearing that the duke has a daughter, Hildegard, that surpasses all maids, seeks her out in a convent in which she has taken refuge, and gets a cold reception. He feigns death,

desiring that his bones may repose in the cloister. His bier is carried into the convent church. Hildegard lights nine candles for him, and expresses compassion for his early death. While she is standing before the altar of the Virgin, Voldemar carries her out of the church by force.

This, says Afzelius, 1814, is one of the commonest ballads in Sweden, and is often represented as a drama by young people in country places. A a, 'Herr Carl, eller Klosterrovet,' Afzelius, I, 179, No 26, new ed. No 24; b, Afzelius, *Sago-Häfder*, ed. 1851, IV, 106. B. Atterbom, *Poetisk Kalender* for 1816, p. 63, 'Det lefvande Liket.' C. Rancken, *Några Prof af Folksång*, o. s. v., p. 13, No 4. These differ but slightly from Danish D, E. All three conclude with the humorous verses about the nuns, which in Rancken's copy take this rollicking turn:

And all the nuns in the convent they all danced in  
a ring;  
'Christ send another such angel, to take us all under  
his wing!'

And all the nuns in the convent, they all danced  
each her lone;  
'Christ send another such angel, to take us off every  
one!'

Bergström, new Afzelius, II, 131, refers to another version in *Gyllenmärs' visbok*, p. 191, and to a good copy obtained by himself.

An Icelandic version for the 17th century, which is after the fashion of Danish C, G, is given in *Íslenzk Fornkvæði*, II, 59, No 40, 'Marteins kviða.' The lover has in all three a troop of armed men in waiting outside of the convent.

Professor Bugge has obtained a version in Norway, which, however, is as to language essentially Danish. (Bergström, as above.)

There is a very gay and pretty south-European ballad, in which the artifice of feigning death is successfully tried by a lover after the failure of other measures.

A. Magyar. Arany and Gyulai, I, 172, No 18, 'Pálbeli Szép Antal;' translated by



Aigner, *Ungarische Volksdichtungen*, p. 80, 'Schön Anton.' Handsome Tony tells his mother that he shall die for Helen. The mother says, Not yet. I will build a marvellous mill. The first wheel shall grind out pearls, the middle stone discharge kisses, the third wheel distribute small change. The pretty maids will come to see, and Helen among them. Helen asks her mother's leave to see the mill. "Go not," the mother replies. "They are throwing the net, and a fox will be caught." Tony again says he must die. His mother says, not yet; for she will build an iron bridge; the girls will come to see it, and Helen among them. Helen asks to see the bridge; her mother answers as before. Tony says once more that he shall die for Helen. His mother again rejoins, Not yet. Make believe to be dead; the girls will come to see you, and Helen among them. Helen entreats to be allowed to go to see the handsome young man that has died. Her mother tells her she will never come back. Tony's mother calls to him to get up; the girl he was dying for is even now before the gate, in the court, standing at his feet. "Never," says Helen, "saw I so handsome a dead man, — eyes smiling, mouth tempting kisses, and his feet all ready for a spring." Up he jumped and embraced her.

B. Italian. Ferraro, *Canti popolari monferrini*, p. 59, No 40, 'Il Genovese.' The Genoese, not obtaining the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant on demand, plants a garden. All the girls come for flowers, except the one desired. He then gives a ball, with thirty-two musicians. All the girls are there, but not the merchant's daughter. He then builds a church, very richly adorned. All the girls come to mass, all but one. Next he sets

the bells a ringing, in token of his death. The fair one goes to the window to ask who is dead. The good people ("ra bun-ha gent," in the Danish ballad "det gode folk") tell her that it is her first love, and suggest that she should attend the funeral. She asks her father, who consents if she will not cry. As she was leaving the church, the lover came to life, and called to the priests and friars to stop singing. They went to the high altar to be married.

C. Slovenian. Vraz, *Narodne peśni ilirske*, p. 93, 'Čudna bolezen' ('Strange Sickness'); translated by Anastasius Grün, *Volkslieder aus Krain*, p. 36, 'Der Scheintodte.' "Build a church, mother," cries the love-sick youth, "that all who will may hear mass; perhaps my love among them." The mother built a church, one and another came, but not his love. "Dig a well, mother, that those who will may fetch water; perhaps my love among them." The well was dug, one and another came for water, but not his love. "Say I am dead, mother, that those who will may come to pray." Those who wished came, his love first of all. The youth was peeping through the window. "What kind of dead man is this, that stretches his arms for an embrace, and puts out his mouth for a kiss?"

Danish G translated by the Rev. J. Johnstone, 'The Robbery of the Nunnery, or, The Abbess Outwitted,' Copenhagen, 1786 (*Danske Viser*, IV, 366); by Prior, III, 400. Swedish A, by G. Stephens, *For. Quar. Rev.*, 1841, XXVI, 49, and by the Howitts, *Lit. and Rom. of Northern Europe*, I, 292. English C, by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische V. l.*, p. 144, No 33.

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### A

Kinloch's MSS, I, 53, from the recitation of Mary Barr, Lesmahagow, aged upwards of seventy. May, 1827.

- 1 'WILLIE, Willie, I'll learn you a wile,  
And the sun shines over the valleys and a'

'How this pretty fair maid ye may beguile.'  
Amang the blue flowrs and the yellow  
and a'

- 2 'Ye maun lie doun just as ye were dead,  
And tak your winding-sheet around your head.

- 3 'Ye maun gie the bellman his bell-groat,  
To ring your dead-bell at your lover's yett.'
- 4 He lay down just as he war dead,  
And took his winding-sheet round his head.
- 5 He gied the bellman his bell-groat,  
To ring his dead-bell at his lover's yett.
- 6 'O wha is this that is dead, I hear?'  
'O wha but Willie that loed ye sae dear.'
- 7 She is to her father's chamber gone,  
And on her knees she's fallen down.
- 8 'O father, O father, ye maun grant me  
this;  
I hope that ye will na tak it amiss.
- 9 'That I to Willie's burial should go;  
For he is dead, full well I do know.'
- 10 'Ye'll tak your seven bauld brethren wi thee,  
And to Willie's burial straucht go ye.'
- 11 It's whan she cam to the outmost yett,  
She made the silver fly round for his sake.
- 12 It's whan she cam to the inmost yett,  
She made the red gowd fly round for his sake.
- 13 As she walked frae the court to the parlour  
there,  
The pretty corpse syne began for to steer.
- 14 He took her by the waist sae neat and sae sma,  
And threw her atween him and the wa.
- 15 'O Willie, O Willie, let me alane this nicht,  
O let me alane till we're wedded richt.'
- 16 'Ye cam unto me baith sae meek and mild,  
But I'll mak ye gae hame a wedded wife wi  
child.'

## B

a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 185. b.  
Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 120.

- 1 'O Willie my son, what makes you sae sad?'  
As the sun shines over the valley  
'I lye sarely sick for the love of a maid.'  
Among the blue flowers and the yellow
- 2 'Were she an heiress or lady sae free,  
That she will take no pity on thee?
- 3 'O Willie, my son, I'll learn you a wile,  
How this fair maid ye may beguile.
- 4 'Ye'll gie the principal bellman a groat,  
And ye'll gar him cry your dead lyke-wake.'
- 5 Then he gae the principal bellman a groat,  
He bade him cry his dead lyke-wake.
- 6 This maiden she stood till she heard it a',  
And down frae her cheeks the tears did fa.
- 7 She is hame to her father's ain bower:  
'I'll gang to yon lyke-wake ae single hour.'
- 8 'Ye must take with you your ain brither  
John;  
It's not meet for maidens to venture alone.'
- 9 'I'll not take with me my brither John,  
But I'll gang along, myself all alone.'
- 10 When she came to young Willie's yate,  
His seven brithers were standing thereat.
- 11 Then they did conduct her into the ha,  
Among the weepers and merry mourners a'.
- 12 When she lifted up the covering sae red,  
With melancholy countenance to look on the  
dead,
- 13 He's taen her in his arms, laid her gainst the  
wa,  
Says, 'Lye ye here, fair maid, till day.'
- 14 'O spare me, O spare me, but this single  
night,  
And let me gang hame a maiden sae bright.'
- 15 'Tho all your kin were about your bower,  
Ye shall not be a maiden ae single hour.'

16 'Fair maid, ye came here without a convoy,  
But ye shall return wi a horse and a boy.

17 'Ye came here a maiden sae mild,  
But ye shall gae hame a wedded wife with  
child.'

## C

Motherwell's MS., p. 187.

1 'O WILLIE, Willie, what makes thee so sad?'  
And the sun shines over the valley  
'I have loved a lady these seven years and  
mair.'

Down amang the blue flowers and the yel-  
low

2 'O Willie, lie down as thou were dead,  
And lay thy winding-sheet down at thy head.

3 'And gie to the bellman a belling-great,  
To ring the dead-bell at thy love's bower-yett.'

4 He laid him down as he were dead,  
And he drew the winding-sheet oer his head.

5 He gied to the bellman a belling-great,  
To ring the dead-bell at his love's bower-yett.

\* \* \* \* \*

6 When that she came to her true lover's gate,  
She dealt the red gold and all for his sake.

7 And when that she came to her true lover's  
bower,  
She had not been there for the space of half an  
hour,

8 Till that she cam to her true lover's bed,  
And she lifted the winding-sheet to look at the  
dead.

9 He took her by the hand so meek and sma,  
And he cast her over between him and the wa.

10 'Tho all your friends were in the bower,  
I would not let you go for the space of half an  
hour.

11 'You came to me without either horse or boy,  
But I will send you home with a merry con-  
voy.'

## D

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xix, No xvii.

'O JOHNNIE, dear Johnnie, what makes ye sae  
sad?'

As the sun shines ower the valley

'I think nae music will mak ye glad.'  
Amang the blue flowers and the yellow

B. *b is a with stanzas 3, 12-15 omitted, and*  
"a few alterations, some of them given from  
the recitation of an old woman." "Buchan's  
version differs little from the way the old  
woman sang the ballad." *The old woman's*  
*variations, so far as adopted, are certainly of*  
*the most trifling.*

1<sup>2</sup>. I am. 2<sup>1</sup>. Is she. 7<sup>1</sup>. And she.

16<sup>1</sup>. Ye 've come. 16<sup>2</sup>. And ye.

17. *Evidently by Christie:*

'Fair maid, I love thee as my life,  
But ye shall gae hame a lovd wedded wife.'

C. *Burden. The lines are transposed in the sec-  
ond stanza, but are given in the third in the*  
*order of the first.*

3<sup>1</sup>, 5<sup>1</sup>. *MS.* belling great.

11<sup>2</sup>. you come.

## 26

## THE THREE RAVENS

- a. *Melismata. Musically Phantasies. Fitting the Court, Citty, and Countrey Humours.* London, 1611, No 20.\* [T. Ravenscroft.]      b. 'The Three Ravens,' *Motherwell's Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p. xviii, No xii.

a was printed from *Melismata*, by Ritson, in his *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 155. Mr. Chappell remarked, about 1855, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I, 59, that this ballad was still so popular in some parts of the country that he had "been favored with a variety of copies of it, written down from memory, and all differing in some respects, both as to words and tune, but with sufficient resemblance to prove a similar origin." *Motherwell, Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxxvii, note 49, says he had met with several copies almost the same as a. b is the first stanza of one of these (traditional) versions, "very popular in Scotland."

The following verses, first printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and known in several versions in Scotland, are treated by *Motherwell* and others as a traditionary form of 'The Three Ravens.' They are, however, as *Scott* says, "rather a counterpart than a copy of the other," and sound something like a cynical variation of the tender little English ballad. Dr *Rimbault* (*Notes and Queries*, Ser. v, III, 518) speaks of unprinted copies taken down by Mr *Blaikie* and by Mr *Thomas Lyle* of *Airth*.

## THE TWA CORBIES.

a. *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, III, 239, ed. 1803, communicated by C. K. Sharpe, as written down from tradition by a lady. b. *Albyn's Anthology*, II, 27, 1818, "from the singing of Mr *Thomas Shortreed*, of *Jedburgh*, as sung and recited by his mother." c. *Chambers's Scottish Ballads*, p. 283, partly from recitation and partly from the *Border Minstrelsy*. d. *Fraser-Tytler MS.*, p. 70.

\* Misprinted 22.

- 1 As I was walking all alane,  
I heard twa corbies making a mane;  
The tane unto the t'other say,  
'Where sall we gang and dine to-day?'
- 2 'In behint yon auld fail dyke,  
I wot there lies a new slain knight;  
And naebody kens that he lies there,  
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.
- 3 'His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
His lady's ta'en another mate,  
So we may mak our dinner sweet.
- 4 'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,  
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;  
Wi ae lock o his gowden hair  
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.
- 5 'Mony a one for him makes mane,  
But nane sall ken where he is gane;  
Oer his white banes, when they are bare,  
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

'The Three Ravens' is translated by *Grundtvig*, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 145, No 23; by *Henrietta Schubart*, p. 155; *Gerhard*, p. 95; *Rosa Warrens*, *Schottische V. l. der Vorzeit*, p. 198; *Wolff*, *Halle der Völker*, I, 12, *Hausschatz*, p. 205.

'The Twa Corbies' (*Scott*), by *Grundtvig*, p. 143, No 22; *Arndt*, p. 224; *Gerhard*, p. 94; *Schubart*, p. 157; *Knortz*, *L. u. R. Alt-Englands*, p. 194; *Rosa Warrens*, p. 89. The three first stanzas, a little freely rendered into four, pass for *Pushkin's*: *Works*, 1855, II, 462, xxiv.

- 1 THERE were three rauens sat on a tree,  
Downe a downe, hay down, hay downe  
There were three rauens sat on a tree,  
With a downe  
There were three rauens sat on a tree,  
They were as blacke as they might be.  
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe,  
downe
- 2 The one of them said to his mate,  
'Where shall we our breakefast take?'
- 3 'Downe in yonder greene field,  
There lies a knight slain vnder his shield.
- 4 'His hounds they lie downe at his feete,  
So well they can their master keepe.
- 5 'His haukes they flie so eagerly,  
There's no fowle dare him come nie.'
- 6 Downe there comes a fallow doe,  
As great with yong as she might goe.
- 7 She lift vp his bloody hed,  
And kist his wounds that were so red.
- 8 She got him vp vpon her backe,  
And carried him to earthen lake.
- 9 She buried him before the prime,  
She was dead herselfe ere euen-song time.
- 10 God send euery gentleman,  
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.

b. THREE ravens sat upon a tree,  
Hey down, hey derry day  
Three ravens sat upon a tree,  
Hey down  
Three ravens sat upon a tree,  
And they were black as black could be.  
'And sing lay doo and la doo and day

And bade me flee whereer I wad,  
For winter wad be my dying day.

5. Now winter it is come and past,  
And a' the birds are biggin their  
nests,  
But I'll flee high aboon them a',  
And sing a sang for summer's sake.

*Variations of The Twa Corbies.*

- b. 1. As I cam by yon auld house end,  
I saw twa corbies sittin thereon.
- 2<sup>1</sup>. Whare but by yon new fa'en birk.
3. We'll sit upon his bonny breast-bane,  
And we'll pick out his bonny gray  
een;  
We'll set our claws intil his yallow  
hair,  
And big our bowr, it's a' blawn bare.
4. My mother clekit me o an egg,  
And brought me up i the feathers gray,

- c. 1. As I gaed down by yon hous-en,  
Twa corbies there were sittand their  
lane.
- 2<sup>1</sup>. O down beside yon new-faun birk.  
3<sup>1</sup>. His horse. 3<sup>2</sup>. His hounds to bring the  
wild deer hame.
4. O we'll sit on his bonnie breist-bane,  
And we'll pyke out his bonnie grey  
een.
- d. 1<sup>1</sup>. walking forth. 1<sup>2</sup>. the ither. 1<sup>3</sup>. we twa  
dine.
- 3<sup>2</sup>. wild bird.  
5<sup>2</sup>. naebody kens.  
5<sup>3</sup>. when we've laid them bare. 5<sup>4</sup>. win  
may blaw.

## 27

## THE WHUMMIL BORE

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 191. b. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p. xvi, No III.

THIS ballad, if it ever were one, seems not to have been met with, or at least to have been thought worth notice, by anybody but Motherwell. As already observed in the preface to 'Hind Horn,' stanza 2 seems to have slipped into that ballad, in consequence of the resemblance of stanza 1 to F 2, H 3 of 'Hind Horn.' This first stanza is, however, a

commonplace in English and elsewhere: e. g.,  
'The Squire of Low Degree:'

He served the kyng, her father dere,  
Fully the tyme of seven yere. vv 5, 6.

He loved her more then seven yere,  
Yet was he of her love never the nere. vv 17, 18.

Ritson, *Met. Rom.* III, 145 f.

1 SEVEN lang years I hae served the king,  
Fa fa fa fa lilly  
And I never got a sight of his daughter but  
ane.  
With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy eedle,  
Lillum too tee a ta too a tee a ta a tally

2 I saw her thro a whummil bore,  
And I neer got a sight of her no more.

3 Twa was putting on her gown,  
And ten was putting pins therein.

4 Twa was putting on her shoon,  
And twa was buckling them again.

5 Five was combing down her hair,  
And I never got a sight of her nae mair.

6 Her neck and breast was like the snow,  
Then from the bore I was forced to go.

a. 2<sup>2</sup>. *Variation*: And she was washing in a pond.  
6<sup>2</sup>. *Variation*: Ye might have tied me with a  
strae.

b. *Burden*: Fa, fa, falilly  
With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy  
eedle,  
Lillum too a tee too a tally.

## 28

## BURD ELLEN AND YOUNG TAMLANE

Maidment's North Countrie Garland, 1824, p. 21. Communicated by R. Pitcairn, "from the recitation of a female relative, who had heard it frequently sung in

her childhood," about sixty years before the above date.

MOTHERWELL informs us, *Minstrelsy*, p. xciv of Introduction, note to 141, that 'Burd Helen and Young Tamlane' is very popular, and that various sets of it are to be found traditionally current (1827). Still I have not

found it, out of Maidment's little book; not even in Motherwell's large folio.

I cannot connect this fragment with what is elsewhere handed down concerning Tamlane, or with the story of any other ballad.

1 BURD ELLEN sits in her bower windowe,  
With a double laddy double, and for the  
double dow  
Twisting the red silk and the blue.  
With the double rose and the May-hay

2 And whiles she twisted, and whiles she twan,  
And whiles the tears fell down amang.

3 Till once there by cam Young Tamlane:  
'Come light, oh light, and rock your young  
son.'

4 'If you winna rock him, you may let him rair,  
For I hae rockit my share and mair.'

\* \* \* \* \*

5 Young Tamlane to the seas he's gane,  
And a' women's curse in his company's gane.















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